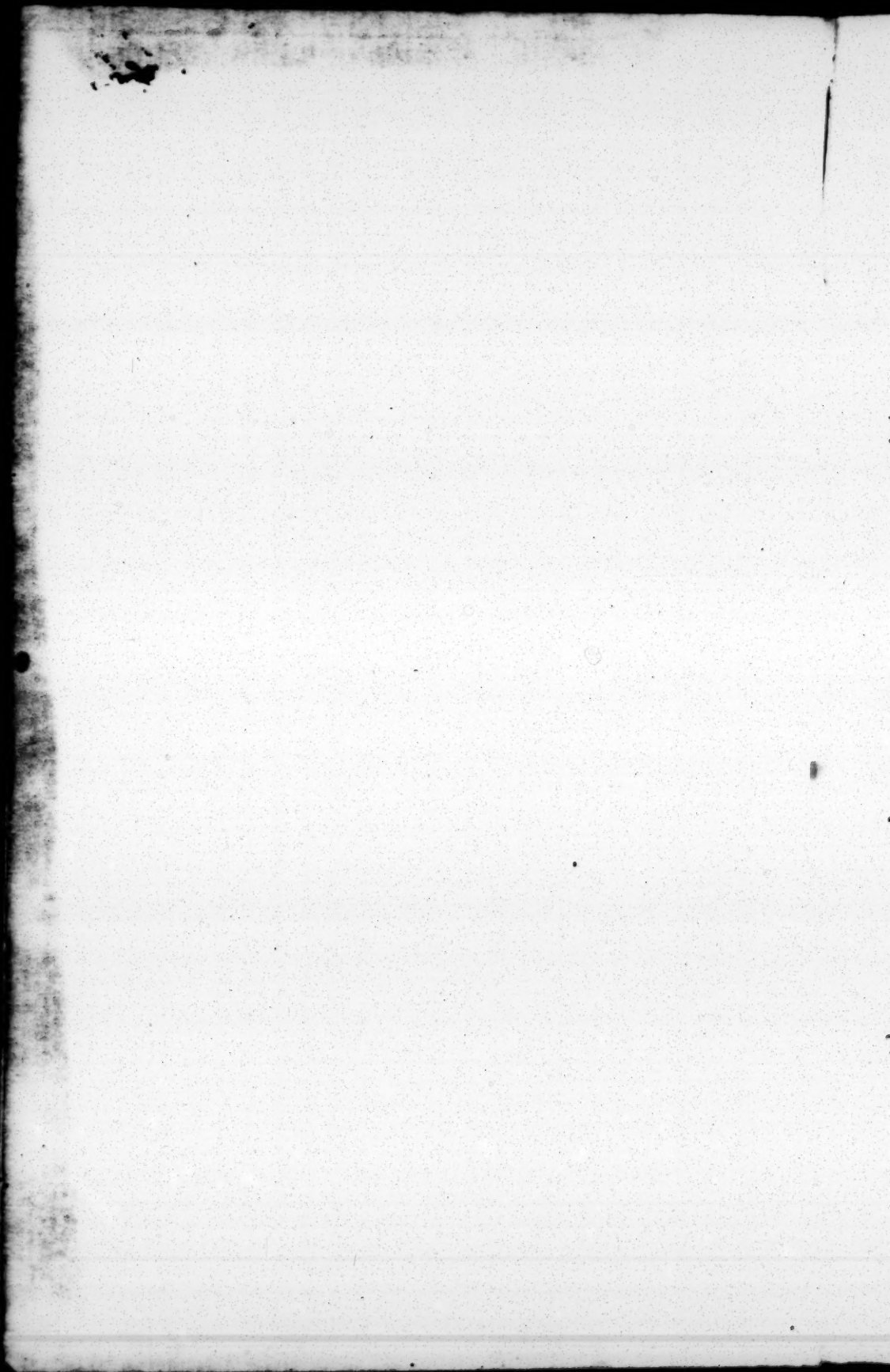

LEISURE HOURS
AMUSEMENTS
FOR
TOWN and COUNTRY.



4 Baker Jan^r 86
LEISURE HOURS
AMUSEMENTS

FOR
TOWN and COUNTRY:

BEING

A Select COLLECTION of the most humorous and diverting Stories which are dispersed in the Writings of the best ENGLISH Authors.

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A COLLECTION of CHARACTERS,
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M D C C L.





CHARACTERS.

With regard to the following Characters, I have only to say, that the Perusal of such, when they are well drawn, at the same time that they afford an agreeable Entertainment, do also point out the Beauty of Wisdom and Virtue, and the Ridiculousness and Deformity of Folly and Vice, much more clearly than Precepts; as a Picture gives a much more lively Idea of any sensible Object, than the best Description. And they likewise tend to establish right Approbations and right Aversions in the Mind.

CLEANTHES is a worthy Man, and his Wife is one of the best and most reasonable Women in the World: They are equally pleasing and agreeable in all Companies: None are more remarkable for their Politeness and Sincerity: They are to separate to-morrow, and the Articles of their Separation are prepared by their

Lawyer: Doubtless there are certain good Qualities that were never designed to be brought together, and certain Virtues that are incompatible.

LADY FIDGET has a restless Ferment in hearing of any one's Prosperity, and cannot know any Quiet till she visits her, and is Eye-witness of something that lessens it. Thus her Life is a continual Search after what does not concern her, and her Companions speak kindly even of the Absent and the Unfortunate, to tease her. She was the first that visited *Flavia* after the Small-Pox, and has never seen her since, because she is not altered. Call a young Woman handsome in her Company, and she tells you, it is Pity she has no Fortune: Say she is rich, and she is as sorry that she is silly. With all this Ill-nature, *Fidget* is herself young, rich, and handsome; but loses the Pleasure of all those Qualities, because she has them in common with others. To make up her Misery, she is well-bred; she hears Commendations till she is ready to faint for want of venting herself in Contradictions. This Madness is not expressed by the Voice, but is uttered in the Eyes and Features: Its first Symptom is, upon beholding an agreeable Object, a sudden Approbation immediately checked with Dislike.

LYDIA and CASTABELLA, the one a *Prude*, and the other a *Coquet*, (as different as they appear in their Behaviour) are in reality the same Kind of Women: The Motive of Action in both is the Affec-

CHARACTERS.

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Affectation of pleasing Men. They are Sisters of the same Blood and Constitution, only one chuses a grave, and the other a light Dress. The *Prude* appears more virtuous, the *Coquet* more vicious than she really is. The distant Behaviour of the *Prude* tends to the same Purpose as the Advances of the *Coquet*; and you have as little Reason to fall into Despair from the Severity of the one, as to conceive Hopes from the Familiarity of the other. What leads you into a clear Sense of their Character is, that you may observe each of them has the Distinction of Sex in all her Thoughts, Words, and Actions. You can never mention any Assembly you were lately in, but one asks you with a rigid, the other with a sprightly Air, *Pray, what Men were there?* As for *Prudes*, it must be confessed, that there are several of them, who, like *Hypocrites*, by long Practice of a false Part, become sincere; or at least delude themselves into a Belief that they are so.

EUCRATES is the best natured of all Men; but that natural Softness has Effects quite contrary to itself, and for Want of due Bounds to his Benevolence, while he has a Will to be a Friend to all, he has the Power of being such to none. His constant Inclinations to please makes him never fail of doing so; though (without being capable of Falsehood) he is a Friend only to those who are present; for the same Humour which makes him the best Companion, renders him the worst Correspondent. It is a melancholy Thing to consider, that

the most engaging Sort of Men in Conversation are frequently the most tyrannical in Power, and the least to be depended upon in Friendship. It is certain this is not to be imputed to their own Disposition; but he that is to be led by others, has only good Luck if he is not the worst, though in himself the best Man living. For this Reason, we are no more wholly to indulge our Good than our ill Dispositions.

ARISTÆUS is a perfect Master of himself in all Circumstances. He has all the Spirit that Man can have, and yet is as regular in his Behaviour as a meer Machine. He is sensible of every Passion, but ruffled by none. In Conversation he frequently seems to be less knowing to be more obliging, and chuses to be on a Level with others, rather than oppress with the Superiority of his Genius. In Friendship, he is kind without Profession: In Business, expeditious without Ostentation. With the greatest Softness and Benevolence imaginable, he is impartial in spite of all Importunity, even that of his good Nature. He is ever clear in his Judgment; but in his Complaisance to his Company speaks with Doubt, and never shews Confidence in Argument, but to support the Sense of another.

HONORIUS is a Person equally distinguished by his *Birth* and *Fortune*. He has, naturally, *good Sense*, and that too hath been improved
by

C H A R A C T E R S. 5

by a regular Education. His Wit is lively, and his Morals without a Stain. — Is not this an amiable Character? Yet *Honorius* is not beloved. He has, some way or other, contracted a Notion, that it is beneath a Man of Honour to fall below the Height of Truth in any Degree, or any Occasion whatsoever. From this Principle, he speaks bluntly what he thinks, without regarding the Company who are by. Some Weeks ago, he read a Lecture on Female Hypocrisy before a married Couple, though the Lady was much suspected on that Head. Two Hours after, he fell into a warm Declamation against *Simony* and *Priestcraft*, before two Dignitaries of the Church. And, from a continued Course of this Sort of Behaviour, hath rendered himself dreaded as a Monitor, instead of being esteemed as a Friend.

GARCIA, on the contrary, came into the World with the greatest Disadvantages. His Birth was mean, and his *Fortune* not to be mentioned; yet, though he is scarce forty, he has acquired a handsome Estate in the Country, and lives on it with more Reputation than most of his Neighbours. While a Servitor at the University, he, by his Affinities, recommended himself to a noble Lord, and thereby procured a Place of fifty Pounds a Year in a publick Office. His Behaviour there made him as many Friends as there were Persons belonging to that Board. His Readiness at doing Favours gained him the Hearts of his Inferiors; his Deference for those in the highest

Characters in the Office procured him their Goodwill; and the Complacency he expressed towards his Equals, and those immediately above him, made them espouse his Interest with almost as much Warmth as they did their own. By this Management, in ten Years Time, he rose to the Possession of an Office, which brought him in a thousand Pounds a Year Salary, and near double as much in Perquisites. Affluence hath made no Alteration in his Manners. The same Easiness of Disposition attends him in that Fortune to which it has raised him, and he is, at this Day, the Delight of all who know him, from an Art he has of persuading them, that their Pleasures and their Interests are equally dear to him with his own. Who, if it were in his Power, would refuse what *Honorius*, (in the preceding Character) possesses? and who would not wish that Possession accompanied with *Garcia's* Disposition?

DRACO, being of a good Family but no Fortune, it threw him into the Army when he was very young. *Dancing, Fencing, and a Smattering of French*, are all the Education either his Friends bestowed, or his Capacity would allow him to receive. He has been now Two years in Town, and from *Swearing, Drinking, and Debauching* Country Wench-
es, (the general Rout of a military Rake) the Air of *St. James's* has given his Vices a new turn. By dint of an embroidered Coat, he thrusts himself into the *Beau* Coffee-Houses, where a dauntless Effrontry, and a natural Volubility of Tongue, conspire to make him pass.

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7

pass for a Fellow of Wit and Spirit. A *Bastard Ambition* makes him envy every great Character; and he has just Sense enough to know, that his Qualifications will never recommend him to the Esteem of Men of Sense, or the Favour of Women of Virtue. He has thence contracted an Antipathy to both; and, by giving a boundless Loose to universal Malice, makes continual War against *Honour* and *Reputation*, wherever he finds them.

HECATILLA is a female Firebrand, more dangerous, and more artfully *vindictive* than *Draco* (the preceding Character) himself. Birth, Wit, and Fortune combine to render her conspicuous, while a Splenetick sours her otherwise amiable Qualities, and makes her dreaded as a Poison *doubly* dangerous, grateful to the Taste, yet mortal in Effect. All who see *Hecatilla* at a Visit, where the Brilliancy of her Wit heightens the Lustre of her Charms, are imperceptibly deluded into a Concurrence with her in Opinion, and suspect not Diffimulation under the Air of Frankness, nor a studied Design of doing Mischief in a seemingly casual Stroke of Wit. The most sacred Character, the most exalted Station, the fairest Reputation, defend not against the infectious Blast of sprightly Raillery; borne on the Wings of *Wit*, and supported by a Blaze of Beauty, the fiery Vapour withers the sweetest Blossoms, and communicates to all who hear her, an involuntary Dislike to those at whose Merit she points her Satire.

THERE was a Coffee-House some time ago, at which several Gentlemen used to meet of an Evening, who, from a happy Correspondence in their *Humours* and *Capacities*, entertain'd each other agreeably from the close of the Afternoon, till it was time to go to Bed. About six Months this *Society* subsisted with great *Regularity*, tho' without any Restraint: Every Gentleman who frequented the House, and had conversed with the *Erectors* of this occasional Club, were invited to pass an Evening, when they thought fit, in a Room one Pair of Stairs set apart for that Purpose. The Report of this Meeting, drew one Night three Gentlemen of Distinction, who were so well known to most of the Members, that Admittance could not be refused them. One of them, Major *Ramble*, turn'd of Threescore, and who had an excellent Education, seized the Discourse about an Hour before Supper, and gave a very copious Account of the Remarks he had made in three Years Travels through *Italy*. He began with a Geographical Description of the Dominions of his *Sardinian* Majesty, as Duke of *Savoy*; and, after a Digression on the Fortifications of *Turin*, in speaking of which he shew'd himself a perfect Engineer, he proceeded to the secret History of the Intrigues of that Court, from the Proposal of the Match with *Portugal*, to the Abdication of King *Victor Amedeus*. After this he run over the general History of *Milan*, *Parma*, and *Modena*, dwelt half an hour on the Adventures of the last Duke of *Mantua*, gave an hasty Sketch of the Court of
Rome,

Rome, transferred himself from thence to the Kingdom of *Naples*, repeated the Insurrection of *Maffianiell*, and, at a Quarter before Ten, finished his Observations with the Recital of what happened at the Reduction of that Kingdom to the Obedience of the late Emperor. What contributed to make this Conduct of his the more out of the way, was, that every Gentleman in the Room had been in *Italy*, as well as he; and one of them, who was a Merchant, was the very Person, at whose House the Major resided when at *Naples*. Possibly, he might imagine the Knowledge they had in those Things might give them a greater Relish for his Animadversions; or, to speak more candidly the Desire of displaying his own Parts, buried every other Circumstance in Oblivion. Just as the Major had done speaking, a Gentleman called for a Glass of Water, and happen'd to say, after Drinking it, that he found his Constitution much mended, since he had left off Malt-Liquors; Doctor *Hectic*, another of the *Strangers*, immediately laid hold of this Opportunity, and gave a large Account of the Virtues of Water, confirming whatever he advanced from the Works of the most eminent Physicians. From the main Subject he made an easy Transition to medicinal Baths and Springs; nor were his Searches bounded by our own Country, he condescended to acquaint the Company with the Properties of the Springs at *Bourbon*, particulariz'd the Genuine Smell of *Spa* Water, applauded the wonderful Effects of the *Pyrmont Mineral*, and, like a true Patriot, wound up his Disquisitions with preferring *Ahop* Wells (within

three Miles of which he was born) to them all. It was now turned of Eleven, when the *Major* and *Doctor* took their Leaves, and went away together in a Hackney-Coach. The Company seem'd inclin'd to extend their usual Time of Sitting, in order to divert themselves after the Night's Fatigue: When Mr. *Papilio*, the third new Comer, made two or three severe Reflections on the Oddity of some People's Humours, who were for imposing their own idle Conceits, as things worthy the Attention of a whole Company; tho', at the same time, their Subjects were *trivial*, and their manner of treating them *insipid*. For my part, continued he, Gentlemen, most People do me the Honour to say, that few Persons understand *Medals* better than I do. To put the musty Stories of these queer old Men out of our Heads, I'll give you the History of a valuable *Medallion*, which was sent me, about three Weeks ago, from *Venice*. Without staying for any farther Mark of Approbation than *Silence*, he enter'd immediately on a long Dissertation; in which he had scarce proceeded ten Minutes, before his Auditors, losing all Patience, followed the Example of an old *Turkey* Merchant, who, taking up his Hat and Gloves, went directly down Stairs, without saying a Word.

MESSALINA is the professed Mistress of Mankind; she has left the Bed of her Husband, and her beauteous Offspring, to give a loose to want of Shame and fullness of Desire. Wretched *Nocturnal*, her feeble Keeper! How the poor Creature fribbles

bles in his Gait, and scuttles from Place to Place to dispatch his necessary Affairs in painful Day-light; that he may return to the constant Twi-light preserved in that Scene of Wantonness, *Messalina's* Bed-Chamber! How does he, while he is absent from thence, consider in his Imagination the Breadth of his Porter's Shoulders, the spruce Night-cap of his Valet, the ready Attendance of his Butler! Any of all whom he knows she admits, and professes to approve of.

ASPASIA bears in her Countenance the lively Picture of her Mind, which is the Seat of Honour, Truth, Compassion, Knowledge and Innocence. Methinks I now see her walking in her Garden like our first Parent, with unaffected Charms, before Beauty had Spectators, and bearing celestial conscious Virtue in her Aspect. In the midst of the most ample Fortune, and Veneration of all that behold and know her, without the least Affectation, she consults Retirement, the Contemplation of her own Being, and that supreme Power which bestowed it. Without the Learning of Schools, or Knowledge of a long Course of Arguments, she goes on in a steady Course of uninterrupted Piety and Virtue, and adds to the Severity and Privacy of the last Age, all the Freedom and Ease of this. The Language and Mein of a Court she is possessed of in the highest Degree; but the Simplicity and humble Thoughts of a Cottage are her more welcome Entertainments. *Aspasia* is a female Philosopher, who does not only live up to the Resig-
nation

nation of the most retired Lives of the ancient Sages, but also to the Schemes and Plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This Lady is the most exact Oeconomist, without appearing busy ; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the Praise of it ; and shuns Applause with as much Industry, as others do Reproach. This Character is so particular, that it will very easily be fixed on her only, by all that know her ; but I dare say, among all who read it, she will be the last that finds it out.— But, alas ! if we have one or two such Ladies, how many Dozens are there like the rest of *Poluglossa*, who is acquainted with all the World but herself ; who has the Appearance of all, and Possession of no one Virtue : She has indeed in her Practice the Absence of Vice, but her Discourse is a continual History of it ; and it is apparent, when she speaks of the criminal Gratifications of others, that her Innocence is only a Restraint, with a certain Mixture of Envy. She is so perfectly opposite to the Character of *Aspasia*, that as Vice is terrible to her, only as it is the Object of Reproach, so Virtue is agreeable only as it is attended with Applause.

PAULO and *Avaro* are two wealthy Merchants ; but they differ in the Use and Application of their Riches, which you immediately see upon entering their Doors. The Habitation of *Paulo* has at once the Air of a Nobleman and a Merchant. You see the Servants act with Affection to their Master, and Satisfaction in themselves : The Master meets you with an open Countenance, full of Benevolence and Integrity :

Your

Your Business is dispatched with all that Confidence and Welcome, which always accompanies honest Minds: His Table is the Image of Plenty and Generosity, supported by Justice and Frugality.— But if you enter the House of *Avaro*, out comes an awkward Fellow with a careful Countenance; Sir, would you speak with my Master? May I crave your Name? After the first Preamble, he leads you into a noble Solitude, a great House that seems uninhabited; but from the end of the spacious Hall moves towards you *Avaro*, with a suspicious Aspect, as if he believed you a Thief; nor would you, when you approach him, take him for any thing better than a Cut-purse.— *Paulo* grows wealthy by being a common Good; *Avaro* by being a general Evil: *Paulo* as the Art, *Avaro* the Craft of Trade. When *Paulo* gains, all Men he deals with are the better: Whenever *Avaro* profits, another certainly loses. In a word, *Paulo* is a Citizen, and *Avaro* a Cit.

VERUS the Magistrate always fate in Triumph over, and contempt of Vice: He never searched after it, or spared it when it came before him: at the same time he could see thro' the Hypocrisy and Disguise of others, who have no Pretence to Virtue themselves, but by their Severity to the Vicious. *Verus* is a Man of profound Knowledge of the Laws of his Country, and as just an Observer of them in his own Person. He considered Justice as a cardinal Virtue, not as a Trade for Maintenance. Wherever he was Judge, he never forgot that he was also Counsel.

fel. The Criminal before him was always sure he stood before his Country, and, in a sort, a Parent of it. The Prisoner knew, that tho' his Spirit was broken with Guilt, and incapable of Language to defend itself, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his Safety; and that his Judge would wrest no Law to destroy him, nor conceal any that would save him.

FRANK CARELESS, as soon as his Valet has helped on and adjusted his Cloaths, goes to his Glafs, sets his Wig awry, tumbles his Cravat; and in short, undresses himself to go into Company. *Will. Nice* is so little satisfied with his Dress, that all the time he is at a Visit, he is still mending it, and is for that Reason the more insufferable; for he who studies Carelessness, has, at least, his Work the sooner done of the two. 'Tis difficult to give a just Idea of them; but, in a word, *Careless* is a *Coxcomb*, and *Nice* a *Fop*.

FLY-BLOW (who is received in all the Families in Town thro' the Degeneracy of their Manners) is to be treated like a Knave, tho' he is one of the weakest of Fools: He has by Rote, and at Second-hand, all that can be said of any Man of Figure, Wit, and Virtue in Town. Name a Man of Worth, and this Creature tells you the worst Passage of his Life. Speak of a beautiful Woman, and this Puppy will whisper the next Man to him, though he has nothing to say of her. He is a Fly that feeds on the

the

the fore Part, and would have nothing to live on, if the whole Body were in Health. You may know him by the Frequency of pronouncing the Word *But*, for which Reason he should never be heard spoke of with common Charity, without using a *But* against him.

FLORIO never interrupted any Man living when he was speaking; or ever ceased to speak but others lamented that he had done. His Discourse ever arises from the Fullness of the Matter before him, and not from Ostentation, or Triumph of his Understanding; for though he seldom delivers what he need fear being repeated, he speaks without having that End in View; and his Forbearance of Calumny or Bitterness is owing rather to his Good-nature than his Discretion; for which Reason he is esteemed a Gentleman perfectly qualified for Conversation, in whom a general Good-will to Mankind takes off the Necessity of Caution and Circumspection.

MRS. GATTY is an agreeable, Mrs. FRONTLET an awful Beauty. These Ladies are perfect Friends, out of a Knowledge that their Perfections are too different to stand in Competition. He that likes *Gatty* can have no Relish for so solemn a Creature as *Frontlet*; and an Admirer of *Frontlet* will call *Gatty* a May-pole Girl. *Gatty* for-ever smiles upon you; and *Frontlet* disdains to see you smile. *Gatty's* Love is a shining quick Flame: *Frontlet's* a
slow

flow waſting Fire. *Gatty* likes the Man that diverts her; *Frontlet* him who adores her. *Gatty* always improve the Soil in which ſhe travels; *Frontlet* lays waſte the Country. *Gatty* does not only ſmile, but laughs at her Lover; *Frontlet* not only looks ſerious, but frowns at him. All the Men of Wit (and Coxcombs their Followers) are profeſſed Servants of *Gatty*: The Politicians and Pretenders give ſolemn Worſhip to *Frontlet*. Their Reign will be beſt judged of by its Duration. *Frontlet* will never be choſen more; and *Gatty* is a Toaſt for Life.

AR A K E, whoſe Character is the moſt agreeable of all bad ones, is always to be pitied; and if he lives, is certainly one Day reclaimed; for his Faults proceed not from Choice or Inclination, but from ſtrong Paſſions and Appetites, which are in Youth too violent for the Curb of Reaſon, good Senſe, good Manners, and good Nature: All which he muſt have by Nature and Education, before he can be allowed to be or have been of this Order. He is a poor unweildy Wretch, that commits Faults out of the Redundance of his good Qualities. His Pity and Compaſſion make him ſometimes a Bubble to all his Fellows, let them be never ſo much below him in Underſtanding. His Deſires run away with him through the Strength and Force of a lively Imagination, which hurries him on to unlawful Pleaſures, before Reaſon has Power to come in to his Reſcue. Thus, with all the good Intentions in the World to Amendment, this Creature ſins on againſt Heaven,
himſelf,

himself, his Friends, and his Country, who all call for a better Use of his Talents. There is not a Being under the Sun so miserable as this: He goes on in a Pursuit he himself disapproves, and has no Enjoyment but what is followed by Remorse; no Relief from Remorse, but the Repetition of his Crime. It is possible I may talk of this Person with too much Indulgence; but I must repeat it, that I think this a Character which is most the Object of Pity of any in the World. The Man in the Pangs of the Stone, Gout, or any acute Distemper, is not in so deplorable a Condition in the Eye of right Sense, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The Fellow with broken Limbs justly deserves your Alms for his impotent Condition; but he that cannot use his own Reason is in a much worse State; for you see him in miserable Circumstances, with his Remedy at the same Time in his own Possession, if he would or could use it. This is the Cause, that of all ill Characters, the Rake has the best Quarter in the World; for when he is himself, and unruffled with Intemperance, you see his natural Faculties exert themselves, and attract an Eye of Favour towards his Infirmities. But if we look round us here, how many dull Rogues are there, that would fain be what this poor Man hates himself for? All the Noise caused towards Six in the Evening, is caused by his Mimicks and Imitators. How ought Men of Sense to be careful of their Actions, if it were merely from their Indignation of seeing themselves ill-drawn by such little Pretenders? Not to say, he that leads is guilty of all
the

the Actions of his Followers; and a Rake has Imitators, whom you would never expect would prove so. Second-hand Vice sure of all is the most nauseous. There is hardly a Folly more absurd, or which seems to be less accounted for (though it is what we see every Day) than that grave and honest Natures give into this Way, and at the same Time have good Sense, if they thought fit to use it: But the Fatality (under which most Men labour) of desiring to be what they are not, makes them go out of a Method, in which they might be received with Applause, and would certainly excel, into one, wherein they will all their Life have the Air of Strangers to what they aim at. *NOBILIS* for this Reason is not to be lamented. He was born with Sweetness of Temper, just Apprehension, and every Thing else that might make him a Man fit for his Order. But instead of the Pursuit of sober Studies and Applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a considerable Figure in the noblest Assembly of Men in the World; I say, in Spite of all that Good-nature, which is his proper Bent, he will say ill-natured Things aloud, put such as he was, and still should be, out of Countenance, and drown all the natural Good in him, to receive an artificial ill Character, in which he will never succeed, for *Nobilis* is no Rake. He may guzzle as much Wine as he pleases, talk Bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink Water-gruel, and go twice a Day to Church, for it will never do. I pronounce it again, *Nobilis* is no Rake. To be of that Order, he must be vicious
against

against his Will, and not so by Study or Application. All pretty Fellows are also excluded to a Man, as well as all Inamoratoes, or Persons of the *Epicene* Gender, who gaze at one another in the Presence of Ladies. This Class, of which I am giving you an Account, is pretended to also by Men of strong Abilities in Drinking; though they are such whom the Liquor, not the Conversation, keeps together. But Blockheads may roar, fight and stab, and be never the nearer; their Labour is all lost; they want Sense: They are no Rakes.

AS a Rake among Men is the Man who lives in the constant Abuse of his Reason, so a Coquet among Women is one who lives in continual Misapplication of her Beauty. Pretty Miss Toss is ever in Practice of something which disfigures her, and takes from her Charms; though all she does tends to a contrary Effect. She has naturally a very agreeable Voice and Utterance, which she has changed for the prettiest Lisp imaginable. She sees what she has a Mind to see at half a Mile Distance; but poring with her Eyes half shut at every one she passes by, she believes much more becoming. The *Cupid* on her Fan and she have their Eyes full on each other, all the Time in which they are not both in Motion. Whenever her Eye is turned from that dear Object, you may have a Glance, and your Bow, if she is in Humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that must not be in the Presence of a Man of greater Quality: For Miss *Toss* is so thoroughly well bred, that the chief

Person

Person present has all her Regards. And she who giggles at divine Service, and laughs at her very Mother, can compose herself at the Approach of a Man of a good Estate.

TIM. DAPPER is one of those who are very necessary, by being very inconsiderable. *Tim* is the Head of a Species: He is a little out of his Element in Town; for the Country is the true Place of Residence for this Species. The Habit of *Dapper*, when he is at home, is a light broad Cloth, with Callimanco or red Waistcoat and Breeches; and it is remarkable, that their Wigs seldom hide the Collar of their Coats. They have always a peculiar Spring in their Arms, a Riggle in their Bodies, and a Trip in their Gait. All which Motions they express at once in their drinking, bowing, or saluting Ladies; for a distant Imitation of a forward Fop, and a Resolution to overtop him in his Way, are the distinguishing Marks of a *Dapper*. These under Characters of Men are Parts of the sociable World by no Means to be neglected: They are the Pegs in a Building: They make no Figure in it, but hold the Structure together, and are as absolutely necessary as the Pillars and Columns.

EUPHUSIUS, with all the good Qualities in the World, deserves well of Nobody: that universal Good-will which is so strong in him, exposes him to the Assault of every Invader upon his Time, his Conversation, and his Property. His Diet is
Butcher's

Butcher's Meat, his Wenches are in plain Pinner's and *Norwith* Crapes, his Dress like other People's, his Income great, and yet he has seldom a Guinea at Command. From these easy Gentlemen are collected Estates by Servants or Gamesters; which latter Fraternity are excusable when we think of this Clan, who seem born to be their Prey.

MARIA has two Lovers, *Craffus* and *Lorio*: *Craffus* is prodigiously rich, but has no one distinguishing Quality; tho' at the same time he is not remarkable on the defective Side. *Lorio* has travelled, is well bred, pleasant in Discourse, discreet in his Conduct, agreeable in his Person; and with all this, he has a Competency of Fortune without Superfluity. When *Maria* considers *Lorio*, her Mind is filled with an Idea of the great Satisfaction of a pleasant Conversation. When she thinks of *Craffus*, her Equipage, numerous Servants, gay Liveries, and various Dresses, are opposed to the Charms of his Rival. In a Word, when she casts her Eyes upon *Lorio*, she forgets and despises Fortune; when she beholds *Craffus*, she thinks only of pleasing her Vanity, and enjoying an uncontrouled Expence in all the Pleasures of Life, except Love.

DUMVIR passes his Hours in all the Vicissitudes which attend Passion and Affection, without the Intervention of Reason. *Laura* his Wife, and *Phillis* his Mistress, are all with whom he has had, for some Months, the least amorous Commerce.

Dumvir

Dumvir has passed the Noon of Life; but cannot withdraw from those Entertainments which are pardonable only before that Stage of our Being, and which after that Season are rather Punishments than Satisfaction: For pall'd Appetite is humourous, and must be qualified with Sauces rather than Food; For which End *Dumvir* is provided with an haughty, imperious, expensive, and fantastick Mistress, to whom he retires from the Conversation of an affable, humble, discreet, and affectionate Wife. *Laura* receives him after Absence with an easy and unaffected Complacency; but that he calls insipid: *Phillis* rates him for his Absence, and bids him return from whence he came: This he calls Spirit and Fire. *Laura's* Gentleness is thought mean; *Phillis's* Insolence sprightly. Were you to see him at his own home, and his Mistress's Lodgings, to *Phillis* he appears an obsequious Lover, to *Laura* an imperious Master: Nay, so unjust is the Taste of *Dumvir*, that he owns *Laura* has no ill Quality, but that she is his Wife; *Phillis* no good one, but that she is his Mistress. And he has himself often said, were he married to any one else, he would rather keep *Laura* than any Woman living; yet he allows at the same time, that *Phillis*, were she a Woman of Honour, would have been the most insipid Animal breathing. The other Day *Laura*, who has a Voice like an Angel, began to sing to him: Fie Madam, he cried, we must be past all these Gaieties. *Phillis* has a Note as rude and as loud as that of a Milk-maid: When she begins to warble; Well, says he, there is such a pleasing Simplicity in

all that Wench does! — In a word, the affectionate Part of his Heart being corrupted, and his true Taste that way wholly lost, he has contracted a Prejudice to all the Behaviour of *Laura*, and a general Partiality in Favour of *Phillis*. It is not in the Power of the Wife to do a pleasing Thing, nor in the Mistress to commit one that is disagreeable. There is something too melancholy in the Reflection on this Circumstance to be the Subject of Raillery. He said a fourth Thing to *Laura* at Dinner the other Day; upon which she burst into Tears. What the Devil, Madam, says he, cannot I speak in my own House? He answered *Phillis* a little abruptly the same Evening at Supper; upon which she threw his Perriwig into the Fire. Well, said he, thou art a brave termagant Jade; dost thou know, Hussey, that fair Wig cost forty Guineas? Oh *Laura*! is it for this that the faithful *Chromius* sighed for you in vain? How is thy Condition altered, since Crowds of Youth hung on thy Eye, and watched its Glances? It is not many Months since *Laura* was the Wonder and Pride of her own Sex, as well as the Passion and Desire of ours. At Plays and at Balls, the just Turn of her Behaviour, the Decency of her Virgin Charms, chastised, yet added to Diversions. At publick Devotions, her winning Modesty, her resigned Carriage, made Virtue and Religion appear with new Ornaments, and in the natural Apparel of Simplicity and Beauty. In ordinary Conversations, a sweet Conformity of Manners, and an Humility which heightened all the Complacencies of good Breeding and Education, gave her
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more Slaves than all the Pride of her Sex ever made Woman with for. *Laura's* Hours are now spent in the sad Reflection on her Choice, and that deceitful Vanity (almost inseparable from the Sex) of believing, she could reclaim one, that had so often ensnared others; as it now is, it is not even in the Power of *Dumvir* himself to do her Justice: For though Beauty and Merit are things real and independent on Taste and Opinion, yet Agreeableness is arbitrary, and the Mistress has much the Advantage of the Wife. But whenever Fate is so kind to her and her Spouse as to end her Days, with all this Passion for *Phillis*, and Indifference for *Laura*, he has a second Wife in view, who may Avenge the Injuries done to her Predecessor. *Aglaure* is the destin'd Lady, who has liv'd in Assemblies, has Ambition and Play for her Entertainment, and thinks of a Man, not as the Object of Love, but the Tool of her Interest or Pride. If ever *Aglaure* comes to the Empire of this Inconstant, she will endear the Memory of her Predecessor. But in the mean time it is melancholy to consider, that the Virtue of a Wife is like the Merit of a Poet, never justly valued till after Death.

VARILLUS is the most perfectly modest of any Man. Modesty in *Varillus* is really a Virtue; for it is a voluntary Quality, and the Effect of good Sense. He is naturally bold and enterprising; but so justly discreet, that he never acts or speaks any thing, but those who behold him know he has forborn much more than he has performed or uttered,

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out of Deference to the Persons before whom he is. This makes *Varillus* truly amiable, and all his Attempts successful ; for as bad as the World is thought to be by those who are unskilled in it, Want of Success in our Actions is generally owing to Want of Judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a rustick Modesty, which will not give us Leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this different Temper is to those who are possessed with it, may be best seen in the Success of those who are wholly unacquainted with it. We have one peculiar Elegance in our Language above all others, which is conspicuous in the Term *Fellow*. This Word added to any of our Adjectives extremely varies, or quite alters the Sense of that with which it is joined. Thus, tho' a modest *Man* is the most unfortunate of all Men, yet a modest *Fellow* is as superlatively happy. A modest Fellow is a ready Creature, who with great Humility, and as great Forwardness, visits his Patrons at all Hours, and meets them in all Places, and has so moderate an Opinion of himself, that he makes his Court at large. If you won't give him a great Employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has so great a Deference for his Benefactor's Judgment, that as he thinks himself fit for any thing he can get, so he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young Batchelor of Arts, who came to Town recommended to a Chaplain's Place ; but none being vacant, modestly accepted of that of a Postillion.

CAPT. MARINUS is a Youth of Good-nature, Affability and Moderation: He commands his Ship, as an Intelligence moves its Orb: He is the vital Life, and his Officers the Limbs of the Machine. His Vivacity is seen in doing all the Offices of Life with Readiness and Spirit, and Propriety in the Manner of doing them. To be ever attentive in laudable Pursuits, is the distinguishing Character of a Man of Merit; while the common Behaviour of every gay Coxcomb of *Fire*, is to be confidently in the Wrong, and dare to persist in it.

MELINDA no sooner finds herself relieved from the Presence of *Romero* her Husband, than she hurries from Assembly to Assembly; gallants it with every pretty Fellow she comes in Company with; drives from one End of the Town to the other; sends for Gentlemen out of Chocolate-houses, and is the veryest Rattle in Nature.

SILAX pretends the Town is full of Distempers, and persuades his Wife to go to their Country-Seat for the Benefit of the Air; but the Coach which carries her is scarcely out of Sight, before he sends for half a Dozen Friends of his own Way of Thinking, as many Ladies of Pleasure to entertain them, and converts every Room in his House into a Erothel: Nothing but Feasting, Drinking, Dancing, and Rioting is to be seen; till tired with Debauchery, and

not till then, he retires to his Wife, and lives regular by way of Penance.

DORIMON had made a Figure little to be envied by his Neighbours, had he not been fortunate enough to appear agreeable in the Eyes of the young, rich, and beautiful *Clotilda*; in spite of all Dissuasions of her Friends, she married him, makes him the most obsequious and tender Wife; yet the ungrateful *Dorimon*, quite insensible of the Obligations he has to her, as well as of the Charms which could not fail to bind any other Man, is continually finding Pretences to be absent from her, and passes the greatest Part of his Time with a loose Creature, whom Chance brought him acquainted with at an House of ill Fame.

XEUXIS, by a long Series of Hypocrisy, Treachery, and Deceit, pretended Menaces on the one Side, equally false Friendships on the other, and every Artifice of wicked Policy, has at last forced himself, as it were, into a Seat, which neither his Birth, his Parts, nor the most sanguine Wishes of his best Friends, could ever promise; yet how wretchedly does his new Grandeur sit upon him! — Do not his sullen Looks, and contracted Brow, denote a secret Remorse, that preys upon his Soul, when, instead of the Respect he flattered himself with, he meets only with Insults, and that Dignity, so unworthily conferred upon him, has served but to ren-

der him the Object of all good Men's Contempt, and the Detestation of the Vulgar.

TIMOLION, whose untainted Virtue would honour the highest Dignities, yet is possessed of none but those deriv'd to him from his illustrious Ancestors: Uncourting, unindebted to Favour, a native Greatness shines thro' his whole Deportment; conscious Worth, and innate Peace of Mind, smile in his Eyes, at once commanding Homage and Affection: His Name is never mentioned but with Blessings; and the Love and Admiration of all Degrees of People give him that solid Grandeur, which empty Titles, and all the Pomp of Arrogance, would but in vain assume.

TH A U M A N T I U S is allowed by all his Acquaintance to be one of the greatest *Valeudinarians* in the World. He trembles at the very Mention of a Distemper, tho' in a single Person, and at the Distance of many Miles, and consults his Physician whether some Symptoms, he presently imagines he feels within himself, be not an Indication of his having catch'd it; he flies the Town on the least Increase of the Bills of Mortality, and returns to it at the News of even an Infant's being sick in the Country. In Summer he is apprehensive of a Fever, in Winter of an Ague. Autumn and the Spring threaten some Change in the Constitution, which he is sure to think will be for the worse. He was told that
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the Attitudes of the Body in Fencing opened the Breast, and thereby prevented all Distempers of the Lungs, on which he passed three Parts in four of his Time in that Exercise ; but afterwards happening to hear one say, the Motion was too violent and precipitate, and might possibly occasion Languors, and fainting Sweats, hurtful to the human System, he threw away his Foils, and never since could be persuaded to wear a Sword, lest some Affront should provoke him to draw it to the Prejudice of his Muscles. When the Wind is in the East it affects his Eyes ; if in the North, it gives him Cold ; in the South, it destroys his Appetite ; in the West, it spoils his Digestion : It can veer to no Point of the Compass without affecting him, and every Change brings with it new Terrors. Nor Sun, nor Moon, nor Air, can satisfy him for three Minutes together ; and the continual Anxiety he is in at every little Motion, either of celestial or terrestrial Bodies, has at length brought him into a Habit of Peevishness, which it is much to be feared, will cause, in a short Time, some of those Distempers he is so fearful of, and takes such an Over-care to avoid.

MIRANDOLA had once a very graceful Person, fine Eyes, and a Complexion rather too delicate for his Sex : His whole Ambition was to be well with the Ladies ; but Envy at his younger Brother's good Fortune has wore him to a Skeleton, given a Sourness to his Features, and spread a livid

Paleness over his Face, rendering him rather an Object of Pity than Admiration.

PLAUDA, finding the Charms of her Person decay, destroys those which she might retain even in old Age, by becoming discontented in herself, and harsh in her Behaviour to others.

DRAXALLA, possessed with an Imagination that her Husband had not that Affection for her he pretended, and she believed her Due, became so termagant a Wife, and continued so long to persecute him with lawless Jealousies, that he grew at last weary of her Society; in Fact, sought Consolation for his Disquiets at home in the Arms of a more endearing Companion abroad; leaving her to pine almost to Death, for a Misfortune her own ill Temper has been the Occasion of.

ORSON THICKET is a meer Huntsman, whose Father's Death, and some Difficulties about Legacies, brought out of the Woods to Town. He was at that Time one of those Country Savages, who despise the Softness they meet in Town and Court, and professedly shew their Strength and Roughness in every Motion and Gesture, in Scorn of our bowing and cringing. He was, at his first Appearance, very remarkable for that Piece of good Breeding peculiar to natural *Britons*, to wit, Defiance, and shewed every one he met he was as good a Man as he.

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HOW bitterly does DALINDA repent her giving Way to an inconsiderate Passion, which hurried her to throw herself into the Arms of the mean-born, but meaner-soul'd, ill-natured MACRO. She imagined, that by marrying one so infinitely beneath her, she would have been sole Mistress of herself and Fortune; that he would never dare to take any Privileges with the one, without her Permission, nor pretend to have the least Command over the other; and that instead of being under the Authority of a Husband, she would have found in him an obsequious Slave: But poor mistaken Woman! *Macro* was no sooner possessed of the Power, than he made her see a sad Reverse to all her Expectations: He was so far from regulating the Affairs of her Estate and Family, according to her Pleasure, or as she had been accustomed to do, that he plainly shewed he took a Pride in contradicting her: He consulted her Inclinations in nothing; and ever before her Face gave Commands, which he knew would be the most disagreeable to her, and which, if she offered to oppose, told her in the rudest Manner, that he was Master, and as such would be obeyed. At first she raved, reproached him with Ingratitude, and vowed Revenge; but what, alas, could she do! She had taken no Care that proper Settlements, in case of Accidents, should be made, and was ashamed to have Recourse to any of her Kindred, whom she had disgraced and disoblged by so unworthy a Match. The Resentment she testified therefore, only served to render her

Condition worse; and add new Weight to the galling Yoke she had so precipitately put on: He retrenched her Equipage and Table; set Limits even to her Dress; would suffer her neither to visit, nor be visited, but by those whom he approved, which were all Creatures or Relations of his own, and such as she had not been used to converse with; denied her even Pocket-money; took every Measure he could invent to break her Spirit, and make her wholly subservient to his Will; till at last his Tyranny got the better, and reduced her to the most abject Slavery.

BELLAIR is a very accomplished Gentleman, has a large Estate, and lives up to his Income, without going beyond it; is charitable to the Poor; liberal to Merit, especially in Distress; hospitable and generous to his Friends; punctual in the Payment of his Tradesmen; keeps a handsome Equipage, and a yet better Table; is a Lover of Pleasure, but a Hater of Vice; and, in a Word, has nothing in his Character, that might not make a prudent and good-natur'd Woman happy in a Husband: He had many oblique Hints given him to that Purpose, but he listened to none for a long time, nor seem'd inclin'd to alter his Condition, till he saw *Miseria*. He had the Pleasure, I cannot say the Happiness, to meet this young Lady at a Ball; she was tall, well-shaped, had something extremely graceful in her Air in Dancing; a Face, tho' not exquisitely beautiful, yet very agreeable; and the most winning Softness in her Conversation and Manner. Such as she was, however, the Heart of
Bellaïr

Bellair gave her the Preference to all he had ever seen before ; and having made some slight Enquiry into her Character and Fortune, desired her Father's Permission to visit her in the Quality of a Lover ; the Offer was too advantageous to be refused ; and the old Gentleman hesitated not to give his Consent, and *Miseria* received her new Admirer with as much Complaisance, as the Modesty of her Sex admitted. A few Weeks compleated the Courtship ; *Bellair* married, and after some Days, carried her Home : But, good Gods ! what a Change did she immediately cause in his House ! a Bill of Fare being by her Order brought to her every Morning, she struck out three Parts in four of the Articles ; and when *Bellair*, on finding his Table thus retrenched, remonstrated gently to her, that there was not sufficient for his Servants, she told him, that she would therefore have the Number of them diminished ; that she thought it a Sin to keep so many idle Fellows, who might serve their Country either Abroad or in the Wars, or in Husbandry at home ; and as for the Maid-Servants, instead of five, she was determined to keep no more than two : She even took the Liberty to desire he would make less frequent Invitations to his Friends and Kindred ; and as for the Poor, they were presently driven from the Gate, nor dared appear in sight of it again, for fear of being sent to the House of Correction. This kind of Behaviour makes him extremely uneasy ; his Discontent increases every Day, as none pass over without affording him some fresh occasion. His Reason and his Love are continually at

War: but the former has so much the Advantage, that he is loth to do any thing which may give Offence to a Wife so dear to him, yet he is still more loth to become the Jester of his Acquaintance, forbearing farther with her Railings than becomes a Man of Sense and Spirit. He begins of late to exert the Authority of a Husband, and in spite even of her Tears, has retaken some of those Servants she had displaced, and put many Things relating to the Oeconomy of his Family nearer to their former Footing. As for *Miseria*, she frets incessantly; all that Softness in her Eyes, which once was so enchanting, is now converted to a sullen Gloom; her Voice, her Manner, is quite changed: She either sits in his Company obstinately silent, or speaks in such a manner, that it would better become her to be silent. The little Satisfaction he finds at Home, drives him to seek it Abroad, and every Thing between them seems drawing towards a mutual Dislike. And if that should happen, what Consequences may possibly ensue! Reciprocal Revilings on the sacred Ceremony which united them; every Act of Resentment against each other; Remorse, Hatred, Separation, Ruin, and eternal Loss of Peace to both.

A MASIA, of all Women in the World, seems the most formed to render a Man of Sense and Generosity happy in the Marriage State. Yet, I am persuaded, you might see her a thousand times, and she never attract your particular Observation, for she

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is of the number of those who are ever overlooked in a Crowd. Whenever you converse with her, she puts you in mind of the Golden Age; for there is an Innocency and Simplicity in all her Words and Actions, that equals any thing the Poets have described of those pure and artless Times. Indeed the greatest part of her Life has been spent much in the same way as the early Inhabitants of the World, in that blameless Period of it, used, we are told, to dispose of theirs; under the Shade and Shelter of her own venerable Oaks, and in those rural Amusements which are sure to produce a confirmed Habit both of Health and Cheerfulness. *Amasia* never said, or attempted to say, a sprightly Thing in all her Life: But she has done ten Thousand generous ones; and if she is not the most conspicuous Figure at an Assembly, she never envied or maligned those who are. Her Heart is all Tenderness and Benevolence: No Success ever attended any of her Acquaintance which did not fill her Bosom with the most disinterested Complacency, as no Misfortune ever reached her Knowledge, that she did not relieve or participate by her Generosity. If ever she should fall into the Hands of the Man she loves, (and I am persuaded she would esteem it the worst kind of Prostitution, to resign herself into any other) her whole Life would be one continued Series of Kindness and Compliance. The humble Opinion she has of her own uncommon Merit, would make her so much the more sensible of her Husband's; and those little Submissions, which a Woman of more Pride and Spirit

rit would consider only as a claim of Right, would be esteemed by *Amasia* as so many additional Motives to her Love and Gratitude.

CÆLICOLA, whose truly pious, great, and superior Mind, is frequently exalted by the Raptures of heavenly Meditation, is to all his Friends (with regard to their Disputes) of the same Use as if an Angel were to appear for their Decision. They very well understand he is as much disinterested and unbiassed as such a Being. He considers all Applications made to him, as those Addresses will affect his own Application to Heaven. All his Determinations are delivered with a beautiful Humility; and he pronounces his Decisions with the Air of one who is more frequently a Supplicant than a Judge.

FLA VIA is ever well-dressed, and always the genteelst Woman you meet: But the Make of her Mind very much contributes to the Ornament of her Body. She has the greatest Simplicity of Manners of any of her Sex. This makes every Thing look native about her, and her Cloaths are so exactly fitted, that they appear as it were part of her Person. Every one that sees her knows her to be of Quality; but her Distinction is owing to her Manner, and not to her Habit. Her Beauty is full of Attraction, but not of Allurement. There is such a Composure in her Looks, and Propriety in her Dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the Garb you one Day see her in for any thing so becoming, till you
next

next Day see her in another. There is no other Mystery in this, but that however she is apparelled, she is herself the same: For there is so immediate a Relation between our Thoughts and Gestures, that a Woman must think well to look well.

TOM COURTLEY, who is the Pink of Courtesy, is an Instance of how little Moment an undistinguishing Application of Sounds of Honour are to those who understand themselves. *Tom* never fails of paying his Obeisance to every Man he sees, who has Title or Office to make him conspicuous; but his Deference is wholly given to outward Considerations. whoever knows *Tom*, can tell within half an Acre, how much Land one Man has more than another by *Tom's* Bow to him. Title is all he knows of Honour, and Civility of Friendship: For this Reason, because he cares for no Man living, he is religiously strict in performing what he calls his Respects to you. To this End he is very learned in Pedigree, and will abate something in the Ceremony of his Approaches to a Man, if he is in any doubt about the Bearing of his Coat of Arms. What is the most pleasant of all his Character is, that he acts with a sort of Integrity in these Impertinencies; and though he would not do any Man any solid Kindness, he is wonderfully just and careful not to wrong his Quality. But as Integrity is very scarce in the World, it is some Virtue to be bound by any thing; and tho' one cannot but laugh at his serious Consideration of things so little essential,

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one must have a Value even for a frivolous good Conscience.

TOM MERCET has as quick a Fancy as any one living; but there is no reasonable Man can bear him half an Hour. His Purpose is to entertain, and it is of no Consequence to him what is said, so it be what is call'd well said; as if a Man must bear a Wound with Patience, because he that pushed at you came up with a good Air and Mein. *Tom Mercet* means no Man ill, but does ill to every Body. His Ambition is to be witty; and to carry on that Design, he breaks through all things that other People hold sacred. If he thought Wit was no way to be used but to the Advantage of Society, that Sprightliness would have a new Turn, and we should expect what he is going to say, with Satisfaction instead of Fear. It is no Excuse for being mischievous, that a Man is mischievous without Malice; nor will it be thought an Atonement, that the Ill was done not to injure the Party concerned, but to divert the Indifferent.

URBANUS is, I take it, a Man one might live with whole Years, and enjoy all the Freedom and Improvement imaginable, and yet be insensible of a Contradiction to you in all the Mistakes you can be guilty of. His great Good-will to his Friends has produced in him such a general Deference in his Discourse, that if he differs from you in his Sense of any thing, he introduces his own Thoughts by some agreeable Circumlocution; or he has often observed such
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and such a Circumstance that made him of another Opinion. Again, where another would be apt to say, This I am confident of, I may pretend to judge of this Matter as well as any Body: *Urbanus* says, I am verily persuaded, I believe one may conclude. In a Word, there is no Man more clear in his Thoughts and Expressions than he is, or speaks with greater Diffidence. You shall hardly find one Man of any Consideration, but you shall observe one of less consequence form himself after him. This happens to *Urbanus*; but the Man who steals from him almost every Sentiment he utters in a whole Week, disguises the Theft, by carrying it with quite a different Air. *Umbratiles* knows *Urbanus*'s doubtful way of Speaking proceeds from good Nature and good Breeding, and not from Uncertainty in his Opinions. *Umbratiles* therefore has no more to do but repeat the Thoughts of *Urbanus* in a positive manner, and appear to the undiscerning a wiser Man than the Person from whom he borrows: But those who know him, can see the Servant in his Master's Habit; and the more he struts, the less do his Cloaths appear his own.

CALLISTHENES has great Wit, accompanied with that Quality (without which a Man can have no Wit at all) a sound Judgment. This Gentleman rallies the best of any Man; for he forms his Ridicule upon a Circumstance which you are in your Heart not unwilling to grant him, to wit, that you are guilty of an Excess in something which is in itself laudable. He very well understands what you would be,

be, and needs not fear your Anger for declaring you are a little too much that thing. The Generous will bear being reproached as lavish, and the Valiant as rash, without being provoked to Resentment against their Monitor. What has been said to be the Mark of a good Writer, will fall in with the Character of a good Companion. The good Writer makes his Reader better pleased with himself, and the agreeable Man makes his Friends enjoy themselves, rather than him, while he is in their Company. *Callisthenes* does this with inimitable Pleasantry. He whispered a Friend the other Day, so as to be overheard by a young Officer, who gave Symptoms of Cocking upon the Company, that Gentleman has very much the Air of a General Officer. The Youth immediately put on a composed Behaviour, and behaved himself suitably to the Conceptions he believed the Company had of him. It is to be allowed that *Callisthenes* will make a Man run into impertinent Relations, to his own Advantage, and express the Satisfaction he has in his own dear Self, till he is very ridiculous, but in this Case the Man is made a Fool by his own Consent, and not exposed as such whether he will or no. I take it therefore, that, to make Raillery agreeable, a Man must either know he is not rallied, or think never the worse of himself if he sees he is.

ACETUS is of a quite contrary Genius, and is more generally admired than *Callisthenes*, but not with Justice. *Acetus* has no regard to the Modesty or Weakness of the Person he rallies: But
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if the Quality or Humility give him any Superiority to the Man he would fall upon, he has no Mercy on making the Onset. He can be pleased to see his best Friend out of Countenance, while the Laugh is loud in his own Applause. His Raillery always puts the Company into little Divisions and separate Interests, while that of *Callisthenes* cements it, and makes every Man not only better pleased with himself, but also with all the rest in the Conversation. To rally well, it is absolutely necessary that Kindness run through all you say, and you must ever preserve the Character of a Friend, to support your Pretensions to be free with a Man. *Acetus* ought to be banished human Society, because he raises his Mirth, upon giving Pain to the Person upon whom he is pleasant. Nothing but the Malevolence, which is too general towards those who excel, could make his Company tolerated; but they, with whom he converses, are sure to see some Man sacrificed whenever he is admitted; and all the Credit he has for Wit, is owing to the Gratification it gives to other Men's ill Nature.

MINUTIUS has Wit that conciliates a Man's Love, at the same time that it is exerted against his Faults. He has an Art in keeping the Person he rallies in Countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilty of the same Imperfection. This he does with so much Address, that he seems rather to bewail himself, than fall upon his Friend.

CLEANTHES had good Sense, a great Memory, and a Constitution capable of the closest Application. In a Word, there was no Profession in which *Cleanthes* might not have made a very good Figure; but this won't satisfy him, he takes up an unaccountable Fondness for the Character of a fine Gentleman; all his Thoughts are bent upon this: Instead of attending a Dissection, frequenting the Courts of Justice, or studying the Fathers, *Cleanthes* reads Plays, dresses, and spends his Time in Drawing Rooms; instead of being a good Lawyer, Divine, or Physician, *Cleanthes* is a downright Coxcomb, and will remain to all that know him a contemptible Example of Talents misapplied. It is to this Affectation the World owes its whole Race of Coxcombs: Nature in her whole Drama never drew such a Part; she has sometimes made a Fool, but a Coxcomb is always of a Man's own making, by applying his Talents otherways than Nature designed, who ever bears a high Resentment for being put out of her Course, and never fails of taking her Revenge on those that do so. Opposing her Tendency in the Application of a Man's Parts, has the same Success as declining from her Course in the Production of Vegetables, by the Assistance of Art, or an hot Bed: We may possibly extort an unwilling Plant, or an untimely Sallad; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid? Just as insipid as the Poetry of *Valerio*: *Valerio* had an universal Character, was genteel, had Learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; 'twas believed there was nothing in which

Valerio

Valerio did not excel ; and 'twas so far true, that there was but one ; *Valerio* had no Genius for Poetry, yet he's resolv'd to be a Poet ; he writes Verses, and takes great Pains to convince the Town, that *Valerio* is not that extraordinary Person he was taken for.

HONESTUS is a well-meaning and judicious Trader, hath substantial Goods, and trades with his own Stock, husbands his Money to the best Advantage, without taking all the Advantages of the Necessities of his Workmen, or grinding the Face of the Poor. *Fortunatus* is flocked with Ignorance, and consequently with Self-Opinion ; the Quality of his Goods cannot but be suitable to that of his Judgment. *Honestus* pleases discerning People, and keeps their Custom by good Usage ; makes modest Profit by modest Means, to the decent Support of his Family : Whilst *Fortunatus* blustering always, pushes on, promising much, and performing little ; with Obsequiousness offensive to People of Sense, strikes at all, catches much the greater part ; raises as considerable Fortune by Imposition on others, to the Discouragement and Ruin of those who trade in the same way.

CÆLIA has all the Charms of Person, together with an abundant Sweetness of Nature, but wants Wit, and has a very ill Voice ; *Iras* is ugly and ungenteel, but has Wit and good Sense : If *Cælia* would be silent, her Beholders would adore her ; if *Iras* would talk, her Hearers would admire her ;

her; but *Cælia*'s Tongue runs incessantly, while *Iras* gives herself silent Airs, and soft Langours; so that 'tis difficult to persuade oneself that *Cælia* has Beauty, and *Iras* Wit; each neglects her own Excellence, and is ambitious of the o her's Character. *Iras* would be thought to have as much Beauty as *Cælia*, and *Cælia* as much Wit as *Iras*.

HORTENSIA is of a good Stature, and perfectly well-proportioned; but one cannot so properly say her Air is genteel, as that it is pleasing: For there is a certain unaffected Carelessness in her Dress and Mein that wins by degrees, rather than strikes at first sight. If you were to look no farther than the Upper-part of her Face, you would think her handsome; were you only to examine the lower, you would immediately pronounce the Reverse; yet there is something in her Eyes which, without any pretence to be called fine, gives such an agreeable Liveliness to her whole Countenance, that you scarce observe, or soon forget, all her Features are not regular. Her Conversation is rather chearful than gay, and more instructive than sprightly. But the principal and most distinguished Faculties of her Mind, are her Memory and her Judgment, both which she possesses in a far higher Degree than one usually finds even in Persons of our Sex. She has read most of the capital Authors both in *French* and *Engliss*; but her chief and favourite Companions of that kind have lain among the Historical and Dramatick Writers. There is hardly a remarkable Event in ancient or modern Story, of which

which she cannot give a very clear and judicious Account ; as she is equally well versed in all the principal Characters and Incidents of the most approved Stage Compositions. The Mathematicks is not wholly a Stranger to her ; and tho' she did not think proper to pursue her Enquiries of that kind, to any great Length, yet the very uncommon Facility with which she entered into the Reasonings of that Science, plainly discovered she was capable of attaining a thorough Knowledge of all its most abstruse Branches. Her Taste in Performances of polite Literature is always just, and she is an excellent Critick without knowing any thing of the artificial Rules of that Science. Her Observations therefore upon Subjects of that sort, are so much the more to be relied upon, as they are the pure and unbiass'd Dictates of Nature and good Sense. But her uncommon Strength of Understanding has preserved her from that fatal Rock of all Female Knowledge, the impertinent Ostentation of it : And she thinks a reserve in this Article an essential Part of that Modesty which is the Ornament of her Sex. It is an Observation of her's, that it is not in the acquired Endowments of the female Mind, as the Beauties of her Person, where it may be sufficient Praise, perhaps, to follow the Example of the Virgin described by *Tasso*, who, *Non copre sue bellezze, e non l'espouse*. On the contrary, she esteems it a Point of Decency to throw a Veil over the superior Charms of her Understanding : And if ever she draws it aside, you plainly perceive it is rather to gratify her good Nature than her Vanity ; less in Compliance with her own Inclinations,

tions, than with those of her Company. Her refined Sense and extensive Knowledge have not, however, raised her above the more necessary Acquisitions of Female Science: It has only taught her to fill that part of her Character with higher Grace and Dignity. She enters into all the domestick Duties of her Station, with the most consummate Skill and Prudence. Her oeconomical Department is calm and steady; and she presides over her Family like the Intelligence of some planetary Orb, conducting it in all its proper Directions without Violence or disturbed Efforts. These Qualities, however considerable they might appear in a less shining Character, are but Under-parts in *Hortensia's*: For it is from the Virtues of her Heart that she derives her most irresistible Claim to Esteem and Approbation. A constant Flow of uniform and unaffected Chearfulness gladdens her own Breast, and enlivens that of every Creature around her.

JACK SIPPET never keeps the Hour he has appointed to come to a Friend's to Dinner; but he is an insignificant Fellow who does it out of Vanity. He could never, he knows, make any Figure in Company, but by giving a little Disturbance at his Entry, and therefore takes care to drop in when he thinks you are just seated. He takes his Place after having discomposed every Body, and desires there may be no Ceremony; then does he begin to call himself the saddest Fellow, in disappointing so many Places as he was invited to elsewhere. It is the Fop's Vanity to name Houses of better Chear, and to acquaint you
that

that he chose yours out of ten Dinners which he was obliged to be at that Day.

SYNCOPIUS leads, of all Men living, the most ridiculous Life; he is ever offending and begging Pardon. If his Man enters the Room without what he was sent for, *That Blockhead*, begins he—*Gentlemen I ask your Pardon, but Servants now-a-Days—* The wrong Plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the Room; his Wife stands by in Pain for him, which he sees in her Face, and answers, as if he heard all she was thinking; *Why, what the Devil! Why don't you take care to give Orders in these Things?* His Friends sit down to a tasteless Plenty of every Thing, every Minute expecting new Insults from his impertinent Passions. In a Word, to eat with, or visit *Syncopius*, is no other than going to see him exercise his Family, exercise their Patience, and his own Anger.

STILOTES in his Youth was esteemed to have good Sense and a tolerable Taste for Letters; as he gained some Reputation at the University in the Exercises usual at that Place. But as soon as he was freed from the Restraint of Tutors, the natural Restlessness of his Temper broke out, and he has never, from that Time to this, applied himself for half an Hour together to any single Point. He is extremely active in his Disposition; but his whole Life is one incessant Whirl of Trifles. He rises, perhaps, with a full Intent of amusing himself all the Morning with
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his Gun ; but before he has got half the Length of a Field, he recollects that he owes a Visit which he must instantly pay ; accordingly his Horse is saddled, and he sets out : But in his Way he remembers that he has not given proper Orders about such a Flower, and he must absolutely return, or the whole Oeconomy of his Nursery will be ruined. Thus, in whatever Action you find him engaged, you may be sure it is the very Reverse of what he proposed. Yet with all this Quickness of Transition and Vivacity of Spirits, he is so indolent in every thing that has the Air of Business, that he is at least two or three Months before he can persuade himself to open any Letter he receives : And from the same Disposition he has suffered the Dividends of his Stocks to run on for many Years, without receiving a Shilling of the Interest. *Stilotes* is possessed of an Estate in *Dorsetshire* ; but that being the Place where his chief Business lies, he chuses constantly to reside with a Friend near *London*. This Person submits to his Humour and his Company, in hopes that *Stilotes* will consider him in his Will ; but it is more than possible, that he will never endure the Fatigue of signing one. However, having here every thing provided for him but Cloaths and Pocket-Money, he lives perfectly to his Satisfaction, in full Employment, without any real Business ; and while those who look after his Estate take care to supply him with sufficient to answer those two Articles, he is intirely unconcerned as to all the rest : Though when he is disposed to appear more than ordinarily important, he will very gravely harangue
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upon the Roguery of Stewards, and complain that his Rents will scarce maintain him in Powder and Shot half the Partridge Season. In short, *Stilotes* is a most extraordinary Compound of Indolence and Activity.

RUSTICUS and his Wife are intirely opposite in their Tastes and Inclinations. The Wife is an old Coquet, that is always hankering after the Diversions of the Town; the Husband a morose Rustick, that frowns and frets at the Name of it. The Wife is over-run with Affectation, the Husband sunk into Brutality: The Lady cannot bear the Noise of the Larks and Nightingales, hates your tedious Summer Days, and is sick at the Sight of shady Woods and purling Streams; the Husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the Fooleries of Plays and Operas, and rails from Morning till Night at essenced Fops and tawdry Courtiers. The Children are educated in these different Notions of their Parents. The Sons follow their Father about his Grounds, while the Daughters read Volumes of Love-Letters and Romances to their Mother. By this Means it comes to pass, that the Girls look upon their Father as a Clown, and the Boys think their Mother no better than she should be. How different are the Lives of *Aristus* and *Aspasia*? The innocent Vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the cheerful Gravity of the other. The Wife grows wise by the Discourses of her Husband, and the Husband good-humoured by the Conversations of the Wife.

Aristus would not be so amiable were it not for his *Aspasia*, nor *Aspasia* so much esteemed were it not for *Aristus*. Their Virtues are blended in their Children, and diffuse through the whole Family a perpetual Spirit of Benevolence, Complacency, and Satisfaction.

WILL. FUNNELL, the Toper, who is now in the Decline of Life, frequently amuses himself with reckoning up how much Liquor has past through him in the last twenty Years, which, according to his Computation, amounts to twenty-three Hogheads of *Otober*, four Tuns of Port, half a Kilderkin of Small Beer, nineteen Barrels of Cyder, and three Glasses of *Champaigne*; besides which, he has assisted at four hundred Bowls of Punch, not to mention Sips, Drams, and Whets without Number. I question not but every Reader's Memory will suggest to him several ambitious young Men, who are as vain in this Particular as *Will. Funnell*, and can boast of as glorious Exploits.

TOM PUZZLE is one of the most eminent immethodical Disputants. *Tom* has read enough to make him very impertinent; his Knowledge is sufficient to raise Doubts, but not to clear them. It is Pity that he has so much Learning, or that he has not got a great deal more. With these Qualifications *Tom* sets up for a Freethinker, finds a great many Things to blame in the Constitution of his Country, and gives shrewd Intimations that he does not believe

another World. In short, *Puzzle* is an Atheist as much as his Parts will give him Leave. He has got about half a dozen Common-place Topicks, into which he never fails to turn the Conversation, whatever was the Occasion of it; though the Matter in Debate be about *Dorway* or *Dunain*, it is ten to one but half his Discourse runs upon the Unreasonableness of Bigotry and Priestcraft. This Mr. *Puzzle* is the Admiration of all those who have less Sense than himself, and the Contempt of all those who have more. There is none whom *Tom* dreads so much as *Will Dry*. *Will*, who is acquainted with *Tom's* Logic, when he finds him running of the Question, cuts him short with a *What then? we allow all this to be true, but what is it to our present Purpose?* *Tom* is sometimes eloquent for half an Hour together, and triumphing, in his own Imagination, in the Superiority of the Argument, when he has been nonplused on a sudden by Mr. *Dry's* desiring him to tell the Company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, *Dry* is a Man of a clear methodical Head, but few Words, and gains the same Advantage over *Puzzle*, as a small Body of regular Troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined Militia.

MALVOLIO has Wit, Learning, and Discernment, but tempered with an Alloy of Envy, Self-Love and Detraction: *Malvolio* turns pale at the Mirth and Good-humour of the Company, if it centers not in his Person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only Person ad-

mired, and looks upon the Commendations paid to another as a Detraction from his Merit, and an Attempt to lessen the Superiority he affects; and by this very Method, he bestows such Praise as can never be suspected of Flattery. His Uneasiness and Distastes are so many sure and certain Signs of another's Title to that Glory he desires, and has the Mortification to find himself not possessed of.

ACASTO is a Man whom you frequently meet at the Tables and Conversations of the Wise, the Impertinent, the Grave, the Frolick, and the Witty; and yet his own Character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one Sect of Men; but *Acasto* has natural good Sense, good Nature, and Discretion, so that every Man enjoys himself in his Company; and though *Acasto* contributes nothing to the Entertainment, he was never at a Place where he was not welcome a second Time.

ASPASIA is a Lady of great Understanding and noble Spirit. She has past several Years in Widowhood, with that abstinent Enjoyment of Life, which has done Honour to her deceased Husband, and devolved Reputation upon her Children. As she has both Sons and Daughters marriageable, she is visited by many on that Account, but by many more for her own Merit. She is not in the shining Bloom of Life, but at those Years, wherein the Gratifications of an ample Fortune, those of Pomp and Equipage, of being much esteemed, much visited,
and

and generally admired, are usually more strongly pursued than in younger Days: In this Condition she might very well add the Pleasures of Courtship, and the grateful Persecution of being followed by a Crowd of Lovers; but she is an excellent Mother and great Oeconomist; which Considerations, joined with the Pleasure of living her own Way, preserve her against the Intrusion of Love. I will not say that she has not a secret Vanity in being still a fine Woman, and neglecting those Addresses, to which perhaps, in part, is owing her Constancy in that Neglect.

BELVIDERA is a Woman of good Sense without Affectation, and can converse with Men without any private Design of imposing Chains and Fetters. You cannot converse with *Belvidera* without having an invincible Prejudice in Favour of all she says, from her being a beautiful Woman, because she does not consider herself as such when she talks to you. This amiable Temper gives a certain Tincture to all her Discourse, and makes it extremely agreeable.

NED FASHION hath been bred all his Life about Court, and understands to a Tittle all the Punctilios of a Drawing-Room. He visits most of the fine Women near St. James's, and upon every Occasion says the civilest and softest Things to them of any Man breathing. To his Dancing-Master he owes an easy Slide in his Bow, and a graceful Manner of coming into a Room: But in some other

Cases he is very far from being a well-bred Person. He laughs at Men of far superior Understanding to his own, for not being as well-dressed as himself; despiseth all his Acquaintance who are not of Quality, and in publick Places hath, on that Account, avoided taking notice of some of the best Speakers of the House of Commons. He railleth strenuously at both Universities before the Members of either; and is never heard to swear an Oath, or break in upon Religion or Morality, except in the Company of Divines. On the other hand, a Man of right Sense hath all the Essentials of good Breeding, although he may be wanting in the Forms of it. *Horatio* hath spent most of his Time at *Oxford*: He hath a great deal of Learning, an agreeable Wit, and as much Modesty as may serve to adorn, without concealing his other good Qualities. In that retired Way of Living he seemeth to have formed a Notion of human Nature as he hath found it described in the Writings of the greatest Men, not as he is likely to meet with it in the common Course of Life. Hence it is that he giveth no Offence, but converseth with great DefERENCE, Candour, and Humanity. His Bow, it must be confessed, is somewhat awkward, but then he hath an extensive, universal, and unaffected Knowledge, which may perhaps a little excuse him. He would make no extraordinary Figure at a Ball, but the Ladies may be assured, for their Consolation, that he has wrote better Verses on them than any Man now living.

MEZEN.

MEZENTIUS, with the Design and Artifice of a *Cataline*, affects the Integrity and Patriotism of a *Caesar*. Liberty, Justice, and Honour, are Words which he knows perfectly well how to apply with Address; and having them always ready upon proper Occasions, he conceals the blackest Purpose under the fairest Appearances: For void, as in truth he is, of every worthy Principle, he has too much Policy not to pretend to the noblest; well knowing that counterfeit Virtues are the most successful Vices. It is by Arts of this Kind, that notwithstanding he has shewn himself unrestrained by the most sacred Engagements of Society, and uninfluenced by the most tender Affections of Nature, he has still been able to retain some Degree of Credit in the World: For he never sacrifices his Honour to his Interest, that he does not, in some less considerable, but more open Instance, make a Concession of his Interest to his Honour; and thus, while he sinks his Character on the one Side, very artfully raises it on the other.

FIDELIA is a Lady who forms herself after the Pattern of her Mother: It's her Study and constant Endeavour to assist her in the Management of her Household, to keep all idle Whispers from her, and discourage them before they come at her from any other Hand; to enforce every thing that makes for the Merit of her Brothers and Sisters towards her, as well as the Diligence and Chearfulness of her Servants. 'Tis by *Fidelia's* Management that the whole Family

is governed, neither by Love nor Fear, but a certain Reverence which is composed of both. *Fidelia* is, in short, what one would call a perfect good young Woman.

ANNABELLA has a very lively Wit, a great deal of good Sense, is very pretty, but there is a certain dishonest Cunning in her, from whence she can seem blind and careless, and full of herself only, and entertain with twent affected Vanities, whilst she is observing all the Company, laying up Store for Ridicule; and, in a word, is selfish, and interested under all the agreeable Qualities in the World.

CLEANTHES is possessed of the most extraordinary Qualities: But his Talents are of a Kind, which can only be exerted upon uncommon Occasions. They are formed for the greatest Depths of Business and Affairs; but absolutely out of all Size for the Shallows of ordinary Life. In Circumstances that require the most profound Reasonings, in Incidents that demand the most penetrating Politicks; there *Cleantes* would shine with supreme Lustre: But view him in any Situation inferior to these; place him where he cannot raise Admiration, and he will most probably sink into Contempt. *Cleantes*, in short, wants nothing but the Addition of certain minute Accomplishments, to render him a finished Character; but being wholly destitute of those little Talents which are necessary to render a Man useful or agreeable in the daily Commerce of the World,

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those great Abilities which he possesses, lie unobserved or neglected.

MERAB is attended with all the Charms of Woman and Accomplishments of Man. It is not to be doubted but she has a great deal of Wit, if she were not such a Beauty; and she would have more Beauty had she not so much Wit. Affectation prevents her Excellencies from walking together. If she has a mind to speak such a thing, it must be done with such an Air of her Body; and if she has an Inclination to look very careless, there is such a smart thing to be said at the same time, that the Design of being admired destroys itself. Thus the unhappy *Merab*, tho' a Wit and a Beauty, is allow'd to be neither; because she will always be both.

SIR ANDREW FREEPORT is a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *London*, a Person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has usually some sly way of Jestings, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms; for true Power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade was well cultivated, we should gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. He will prove that Diligence

makes more lasting Acquisitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruin'd more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, amongst which the greatest Favourite is, 'A Penny fav'd is a Penny got.' A general Trader of good Sense is pleasanter Company than a general Scholar, and Sir *Andrew* having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perspicuity of his Discourse gives the same Pleasure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes himself; and says that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain Methods as he himself is richer than other Men; tho' at the same time it may be said of him, that there is not a Point in the Compass but blows Home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

ALACINDA has the Skill as well as Power of pleasing. Her Form is majestick, but her Aspect humble. All good Men should beware of the Destroyer. She will speak to you like your Sister till she has you sure; but is the most vexatious of Tyrants when you are so. Her Familiarity of Behaviour, her indifferent Questions, and general Conversation, make the silly part of her Votaries full of Hopes, while the Wise fly from her Power. She well knows she is too beautiful and too witty to be indifferent to any who converse with her, and therefore knows she does not lessen herself by Familiarity, but gains occasions of Admiration, by seeming Ignorance of her Perfections.

EUDOCIA

EUDOCIA adds to the Height of her Stature a Nobility of Spirit, which still distinguishes her above the rest of her Sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in *Eudocia* it is commending: Love towards *Eudocia* is a Sentiment like the Love of Glory. The Lovers of other Women are soften'd into Fondness, the Admirers of *Eudocia* exalted into Ambition.

EUCRATIA presents herself to the Imagination with a more kindly Pleasure, and as she is a Woman, her Praise is wholly Feminine. If we were to form an Image of Dignity in a Man, we should give him Wisdom and Valour, as being essential to the Character of Manhood. In like manner, if you describe a right Woman in a laudable Sense, she should have gentle Softness, tender Fear, and all those Parts of Life which distinguish her from the Sex: with some Subordination to it, but such an Inferiority that makes her still more lovely. *Eucratia* is that Creature, she is all over Woman, Kindness is all her Art, and Beauty all her Arms. Her Looks, her Voice, her Gesture, and whole Behaviour is truly Feminine. A Goodness mix'd with Fear, gives a Tincture to all her Behaviour. It would be savage to offend her, and Cruelty to use Art to gain her. Others are beautiful, but *Eucratia*, thou art Beauty!

OMNAMANTE is made for Deceit, she has an Aspect as innocent as the fam'd *Lucretia*, but a Mind as wild as the more fam'd *Cleopatra*. Her Face speaks a *Vestal*, but her Heart a *Messalina*. Who that beheld *Omnamante's* negligent unobserving Air, would believe that she hid under that regardless Manner the witty Prostitute, the rapacious Wench, the prodigal Courtezen? She can when she pleases, adorn those Eyes with Tears like an Infant that is chid! she can cast down that pretty Face in Confusion, while you rage with Jealousy, and storm at her Perfidiousness; she can wipe her Eyes, tremble and look frighted, till you think yourself a Brute for your Rage, own yourself an Offender, beg Pardon, and make her new Presents.

CAPTAIN SENTRY is a Gentleman of great Courage, good Understanding, but invincible Modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their Talents within the Observation of such as should take Notice of them. He was some Years a Captain, and behav'd himself with great Gallantry in several Engagements, and at several Sieges, but having a small Estate of his own, he has quitted a way of Life in which no Man can rise suitably to his Merit, who is not something of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. He has often been heard to lament, that in a Profession where Merit is plac'd in so conspicuous a View, Impudence should get the better of Modesty. When he has talk'd to this Purpose

pose he never makes a four Expression, but frankly confesses that he left the World, because he was not fit for it. A strict Honesty, and an even, regular Behaviour, are in themselves Obstacles to him that must press through Crowds, who endeavour at the same End with himself, the Favour of a Commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse Generals, for not disposing according to Men's Desert, or inquiring into it: For, says he, that great Man who has a Mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: Therefore he will conclude, that the Man who would make a Figure, especially in a Military way, must get over all false Modesty, and assist his Patron against the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Assurance in his own Vindication. He says it is a civil Cowardice to be backwards in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be slow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candour does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same Frankness runs through all his Conversation. The military Part of his Life has furnish'd him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agreeable to the Company; for he is never overbearing, tho' accustomed to command Men in the utmost Degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

MR.

MR. WORTHY is an old Man who passes for an Humourist, and one who does not understand the Figure he ought to make in the World, while he lives in a Lodging of ten Shillings a Week with only one Servant: While he dresses himself according to the Season in Cloth or Stuff, and has no one necessary Attention to any thing but the Bell which calls to Prayers twice a Day. This Gentleman gives away all which is the Overplus of a great Fortune, by secret Methods, to other Men. If he has not the Pomp of a numerous Train, and of Professors of Service to him, he has every Day he lives the Conscience that the Widow, the Fatherless, the Mourner, and the Stranger, bless his unseen Hand in their Prayers. He gives up all the Compliments which People of his own Condition could make him, for the Pleasures of helping the Afflicted, supplying the Needy, and befriending the Neglected. He keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast Refuse of his Superfluities to purchase Heaven, and by freeing others from the Temptations of worldly Want, to carry a Retinue with them thither.

IRUS is now turn'd of Fifty, but has not appear'd in the World in his real Character, since Five and Twenty, at which Age he ran out a small Patrimony, and spent some time after with Rakes who had liv'd upon him: A Course of ten Years time, pass'd in all the little Allies, By-paths, and sometimes open Taverns and Streets of this Town, gave *him* a perfect
Skill

Skill in judging of the Inclinations of Mankind, and acted accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the general Horror which most Men have of all who are in that Condition. *Irus* judged very rightly, that while he could keep his Poverty a Secret, he should not feel the Weight of it; he improv'd this Thought into an Affectation of Closeness and Covetousness. Upon this one Principle he resolved to govern his future Life; and in the Thirty-sixth Year of his Age he repaired to *Long-Lane*, and looked upon several Dresses which hung there deserted by their first Masters, and expos'd to the Purchase of the best Bidder. At this Place he exchanged his gay Shabbishness of Cloaths, fit for a much younger Man, to warm ones, that would be decent for a much older one. *Irus* came out thoroughly equip'd from Head to Foot, with a little oaken Cane, in the form of a substantial Man that did not mind his Dress, turn'd of Fifty. He had at this time fifty Pounds in ready Money: and in this Habit, with this Fortune, he took his present Lodging in *St. John's Street*, at the Mansion-house of a Taylor's Widow, who washes, and can clear-starch his Bands. From that Time to this, he has kept the main Stock, without Alteration under or over to the Value of five Pounds. He left off all his old Acquaintance to a Man, and all his Arts of Life, except the Play of Back-gammon, upon which he has more than bore his Charges. *Irus* has, ever since he came into this Neighbourhood, given all the Intimations he skilfully could, of being a close Hunk worth Money: Nobody comes to visit him, he receives

ceives no Letters, and tells his Money Morning and Evening. He has, from the publick Papers, a Knowledge of what generally passes, shuns all Discourses of Money, but shrugs his Shoulder when you talk of Securities; he denies his being rich with the Air, which all do who are vain of being so: He is the Oracle of a neighbouring Justice of Peace, who meets him at the Coffee-House; the Hopes that what he has must come to Somebody, and that he has no Heirs, have that Effect wherever he is known, that he every Day has three or four Invitations to dine at different Places, which he generally takes care to chuse in such a manner, as not to seem inclin'd to the richer Man. All the young Men respect him, and say he is just the same Man he was when they were Boys. He uses no Artifice in the World, but makes use of Men's Designs upon him to get a Maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain Peevishness (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could possibly enter into the Head of a poor Fellow. His Mein, his Dress, his Carriage, and his Language, are such, that you would be at a loss to guess whether in the active Part of his Life he had been a sensible Citizen, or Scholar that knew the World. These are the great Circumstances in the Life of *Luc*, and thus does he pass away his Days a Stranger to Mankind; and at his Death, the worst that will be said of him will be, that he got by every Man who had Expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

MR.

MR. WISEWOOD is a Gentleman who has an Affectation of being thought a great *Philosopher*: His Pretensions to it consist in nothing else but refining away all the Happiness of his Life. By a great Force of Reasoning, he is arriv'd at a total *Disrelish* of *himself*, and as compleat an *Indifference* to *others*. I am quite weary of living, says he; I have gone through every thing that bears the name of Pleasure, and am absolutely disgusted with it all. I have no Taste for the common Amusements of Wine, Women, or Play, because I have experienc'd the Folly of pursuing them: And as for Business, it appears to me to be more *ridiculous* than any of the Three. The Bustle of the Town disturbs my Quiet, and in the Country I am dying of the Spleen. I believe, says he, I shall go into *Persia*, only to change the Scene a little; and when I am tir'd of being there, take a Dose of *Opium*, and remove to the other World.

MR. EASY is also a *Philosopher*, but of a Species very different from him I describ'd last. He is possess'd of a considerable Estate, which his Friends are as much Masters of as he. His Children love him out of a Principle of *Gratitude*, by far more endearing than that of *Duty*; and his Servants consider him as a *Father*, whom it would be *unnatural* for them not to *obey*. His Tenants are never hurt by Draught or Rain, because the Goodness of their Lord makes amends for the Inclemency of the Sky. The whole Country looks *gay* about his Dwelling, and
you

you may trace all his Footsteps by his Bounties. Is it not strange says he, that Men should be so delicate as not to bear a *disagreeable Picture* in their Houses, and yet force every *Face* they see about them to wear a Cloud of Uneasiness and Discontent? Is there any Object so pleasing to the Eye, as the Sight of a Man whom you have obliged, or any Musick so agreeable to the Ear, as the Voice of one that owns you for his Benefactor. He has also a deep Sense of Religion; which is so far from casting a Gloom over his Mind, that it is to *that* chiefly he owes his constant Serenity. Were there no Reward, says he, for Virtue after this Life, a wise Man would practise it for its own Beauty and Reasonableness *here*: Yet the wisest Man in that Case might be unhappy from the Perversity of Accidents; but he who adds to the *Pleasures of Virtue*, the *Hopes of Religion*, has no Excuse for sinking under any Misfortune; and without the Extravagance of philosophical Pride, may always find a Recourse in his Mind as much superior to all human Events, as the infinite Extent of Eternity is beyond the short Bounds of human Duration. Such are the Notions of this Man concerning *Happiness*; and it is probable they are not very *wrong*, for he himself is never out of *Humour*, nor is it possible to be so in his Company.

HYPERPHYLUS bows and kisses, and squeezes by the Hand as heartily, and wishes you as much Health and Happiness, when he is going a Journey Home of ten Miles, from a common Acquaintance,

quaintance, as if he was leaving his nearest Friend or Relation on a Voyage to the *East Indies*.

METHUSUS, when he pays a Visit to his Friend, plainly discovers he rather pays it to his Friend's Bottle; nor will *Philopafus* abstain from Cards, though he is certain they are agreeable only to himself: And the slender *Leptines* gives his fat Entertainer a Sweat, and makes him run the Hazard of breaking his Wind up his own Mounts.

WHEN the well-born *Hyperdulus* approaches a Nobleman in any publick Place, you would be persuaded he was one of the meanest of his Domesticks: His Cringes fall little short of Prostration; and his whole Behaviour is so mean and servile, that an Eastern Monarch would not require more Humiliation from his Vassals. On the other Side; *Anaschyntus*, whom fortunate Accidents, without any Pretensions from his Birth, have raised to associate with his Betters, shakes my Lord Duke by the Hand, with a Familiarity favouring not only of the most perfect Intimacy, but the closest Alliance. The former Behaviour properly raises our Contempt, the latter our Disgust. *Hyperdulus* seems worthy of wearing his Lordship's Livery; *Anaschyntus* deserves to be turn'd out of his Service for his Impudence. Between these two is that golden Mean, which declares a Man ready to acquiesce in allowing the Respect due to a Title by the Laws and Customs of his Country, but impatient of any Insult, and disdaining to purchase the Intimacy

timacy with, and Favour of a Superior, at the Expence of Conscience or Honour.

THAT beastly Custom of Befotting, and ostentatious Contention for Pre-eminence Men strive at in their Cups, seems at present pretty well abolished among the better Sort of People. Yet *Methus* still remains, who measures the Honesty and Understanding of Mankind by the Capaciousness of their Swallow. He sings forth the Praises of a Bumper, and complains of the Light in your Glass; and at his Table it is as difficult to preserve your Senses, as to preserve your Purse at a Gaming-Table, or your Health at a B——y-House. On the other Side, *Sotbronus* eyes you carefully whilst you are filling out his Liquor. The Bottle as surely stops when it comes to him, as your Chariot at *Temple-Bar*; and it is almost as impossible to carry a Pint of Wine from his House, as to gain the Love of a reigning Beauty, or borrow a Shilling of the greatest Miser.

AUTHADES is so absolutely abandoned to his Humour, that he never gives it up on any Occasion. If *Seraphina* herself, whose Charms one would imagine should infuse Alacrity into the Limbs of a Cripple sooner than the *Bath Waters*, was to offer herself for his Partner, he would answer, *He never danc'd*, even though the Ladies lost their Ball by it. Nor doth this Denial arise from an Incapacity; for he was in his Youth an excellent Dancer, and still retains sufficient Knowledge of the Art, and sufficient Abili-

ties

ties in his Limbs to practise it; but from an Affectation of Gravity, which he will not sacrifice to the eagerest Desire of others.

DYSKOLUS hath the same Aversion with this last to Cards; and though competently skill'd in all Games, is by no Importunities to be prevail'd on to make a Third at *Ombre*, or a Fourth at *Whisk* or *Quadrille*. He will suffer any Company to be disappointed of their Amusement, rather than submit to pass an Hour or two a little disagreeably to himself. The Refusal of *Philautus* is not so general: He is very ready to engage, provided you will indulge him in his favourite Game, but it is impossible to persuade him to any other. I should add, both these are Men of Fortune, and the Consequences of Loss or Gain, at the Rate they are desired to engage, very trifling and inconsiderable to them.

HOW different from these last is CHARISTUS, the Benevolence of whose Mind scarce permits him to indulge his own Will, unless by Accident. Tho' neither his Age nor Understanding incline him to dance, nor will admit his receiving any Pleasure from it, yet would he caper a whole Evening, rather than a fine young Lady should lose an Opportunity of displaying her Charms, by the several genteel and amiable Attitudes which this Exercise affords the skilful of that Sex. And tho' Cards are not adapted to his Temper, he never once baulk'd the Inclinations of others on that Account.

THEORETUS,

THEORETUS, when he is in Company, conceives that the Assembly is only met to see and admire him; and is uneasy unless he engrosses the Eyes of the whole Company. The Giant doth not take more Pains to be viewed, and as he is unfortunately not so tall, he carefully deposits himself in the most conspicuous Place: Nor will that suffice, he must walk about the Room, though to the great Disturbance of the Company; and if he can purchase general Observation at no less Rate, will condescend to be ridiculous; for he prefers being laughed at, to being taken little notice of.

DUSOPIUS is so bashful, that he hides himself in a Corner; he hardly bears being looked at, and never quits the first Chair he lights upon, lest he should expose himself to publick View. He trembles when you bow to him at a Distance; is shocked at hearing his own Voice; and would almost swoon at the Repetition of his Name.

THE audacious ANEDES, who is extreamly amorous in his Inclinations, never likes a Woman, but his Eyes ask her the Question, without considering the Confusion he often occasions to the Object: He ogles and languishes at every pretty Woman in the Room. As there is no Law of Morality which he would not break to satisfy his Desires, so is there no Form of Civility which he does not violate to communicate them. When he gets Possession

possession of a Woman's Hand, which those of stricter Decency never give him but with Reluctance, he considers himself as its Master. Indeed there is scarce a Familiarity which he will abstain from, on the slightest Acquaintance, and in the most publick Place.

AGROCIUS is of so rough a Temper, that *Seraphina* herself can make no Impression on him. Neither her Quality nor her Beauty can exact the least Complaisance from him; and he would let her lovely Limbs ach, rather than offer her his Chair: While the gentle *Lycerus* tumbles over Benches, and overthrows Tea-Tables, to take up a Fan or a Glove: He forces you as a good Parent doth his Child, for your own Good: He is absolutely Master of a Lady's Will nor will allow her the Election of standing or sitting in his Company. The impertinent Civility of *Lycerus* is as troublesome, though perhaps not so offensive, as the brutish Rudeness of *Agrocious*.

CENODAXUS, having had the Advantage of a liberal Education, and having made a pretty good Progress in Literature, is constantly advancing learned Subjects in common Conversation. He talks of the Classics before Ladies; and of *Greek* Criticisms among fine Gentlemen. What is this less than an Insult on the Company, over whom he thus affects a Superiority, and whose Time he sacrifices to his Vanity.

W I S E

WISELY different is the amiable Conduct of *SOPHRONUS*; who, tho' he exceeds the former in Knowledge, can submit to discourse on the most trivial Matters, rather than introduce such as the Company are utter Strangers to. He can talk of Fashions and Diversions among the Ladies; nay, can even condescend to Horses and Dogs with Country Gentlemen. This Gentleman, who is equal to dispute on the highest and abstrusest Points, can likewise talk on a Fan, or a Horse-Race; nor had ever any one, who was not himself a Man of Learning, the least Reason to conceive the vast Knowledge of *Sophronus*, unless from the Report of others. Let us compare these two last together. *Cenodoxus* proposes the Satisfaction of his own Pride from the Admiration of others; *Sophronus* thinks of nothing but their Amusement. In the Company of *Cenodoxus*, every one is rendered uneasy, laments his own Want of Knowledge, and longs for the End of the dull Assembly: With *Sophronus* all are pleased, and contented with themselves in their Knowledge of Matters which they find worthy the Consideration of a Man of Sense. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former; to the latter it is given joyfully. The former receives it with Envy and Hatred; the latter enjoys it as the sweet Fruit of Good-will: The former is shunned, the latter courted by all.

WILL.

WILL. HONEYCOMB is a Gentleman, who, according to his Affairs, should be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his Person, and always had a very easy Fortune, Time has made but very little Impression, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Person is well-turned, of a good Height: He is very ready at that sort of Discourse with which Men usually entertain Women: He has all his Life dressed very well, and remembers Habits as others do Men: He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the History of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the *French King's* Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods; whose Frailty was covered by such a sort of Petticoat, and whose Vanity, to shew her Foot, made that Part of her Dress so short in such a Year. In a word, all his Conversation and Knowledge have been in the female World. As other Men of his Age will take notice to you what such a Minister said upon such and such an Occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court, such a Woman was then smitten, and another was taken with him at the Head of his Troop in *Hyde-Park*. In all these important Relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind Glance, or a Blow of a Fan, from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the present Lord *Such-a one*. If you speak of a young Commoner, that said a lively Thing in the House, he starts up.

“ He has good Blood in his Veins, *Tom Mirabell*
 “ begat him, the Rogue cheated me in that Affair,
 “ that young Fellow’s Mother used me more like a
 “ Dog than any Woman I ever made Advances to.”
 This Way of Talking of his very much enlivens the
 Conversation among Men of a more sedate Turn.
 To conclude his Character, where Women are not
 concerned, he is an honest worthy Man.

DE C I O is a Clergyman, a very philosophick
 Man, of general Learning, great Sanctity of
 Life, and the most exact good Breeding. He has the
 Misfortune to be of a very weak Constitution, and
 consequently cannot accept of such Cares and Busi-
 ness as Preferments in his Function would oblige him
 to : He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-
 Counsellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his
 Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him Fol-
 lowers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. If
 he falls on any divine Topick in Conversation, he al-
 ways treats it with much Authority, as one who has
 no Interests in this World, as one who is hastening to
 the Object of all his Wishes, and conceives Hope
 from his Decays and Infirmities.

CA N I D I A is now a superannuated Coquet,
 and was a haughty Beauty of the last Age, and
 was followed by Crowds of Adorers, whose Passions
 only pleased her, as they gave her Opportunities of
 playing the Tyrant. She then contracted that aw-
 ful Cast of the Eye and forbidding Frown, which she
 has

has not yet laid aside, and has still all the Insolence of Beauty without its Charms. If she now attracts the Eyes of any Beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even her own Sex laugh at her Affectation; and the Men, who always enjoy an ill-natured Pleasure in seeing an imperious Beauty humbled and neglected, regard her with the same Satisfaction that a free Nation sees a Tyrant in Disgrace.

JACK TRUEPENNY has a whorish unresisted Good-nature, which makes him incapable of having a Property in any thing. His Fortune, his Reputation, his Time, and his Capacity, are at any Man's Service that comes first. When he was at School he was whipped thrice a Week for Faults he took upon him to excuse others; and once when a Friend of his had suffered in a Vice of the Town, all the Physick his Friend took was conveyed to him by *Jack*, and inscribed, "a Bolus or an Electuary for "Mr. Truepenny." *Jack* had a good Estate left him, which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to Demands upon it. This Easiness and Credulity destroy all the other Merit he has; and he has all his Life been a Sacrifice to others, without ever receiving Thanks, or doing one good Action.

HYÆNA is one of those who form themselves into a melancholy and indolent Air, and endeavour to gain Admirers from their Inattention to Things around them. *Hyæna* can loll in her

E :

Coach.

Coach, with something so fixed in her Countenance, that it is impossible to conceive her Meditation is employed only on her Dress and her Charms in that Posture. If it were not too coarse a Simile, I should say, *Hyæna*, in the Figure she affects to appear in, is a Spider in the Midst of a Cobweb, that is sure to destroy every Fly that approaches it. The Net *Hyæna* throws is so fine, that you are taken in it before you can observe any Part of her Work ; and she is of that unreasonable Temper, as not to value the Inconstancy of her Lovers, provided she can boast she once had their Addressees.

THE Vanity of *EIBLIS* lies in purchasing the Adorers of others, and not in rejoicing in their Love itself. *Biblis* is no Man's Mistress, but every Woman's Rival.

THE Son of *RURICOLA* (whose Life was one continued Series of worthy Actions, and Gentleman-like Inclinations) is the Companion of drunken Clowns, and knows no Sense of Praise but in the Flattery he receives from his Servants ; his Pleasures are mean and inordinate, his Language base and filthy, his Behaviour rough and absurd.

THE Father of the Family of the *CORNELII*, lives with his Sons like their eldest Brother, and the Sons converse with him as if they did it for no other Reason, but that he is the wisest Man of their Acquaintance. As the *Cornellii* are eminent Traders, their

their good Correspondence with each other is useful to all that know them, as well as to themselves: And their Friendship, Goodwill, and kind Offices, are disposed of jointly as well as their Fortune, so that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the Obligation multiplied in Returns from them all.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY was a Baronet of ancient Descent in *Worcestershire*. His Great Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is called after him. Sir *Roger* is a Gentleman that is very singular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Sense, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World in the Wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourness or Obstinacy; and his being unconfin'd to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. It is said he keeps himself a Bachelor, by reason he was crossed in Love by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next Country to him. Before this Disappointment, Sir *Roger* was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord *Rochester* and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a Duel upon his first coming to Town, and kicked Bully *Dawson* in a publick Coffee-house for calling him Youngster: But being ill-used by the abovementioned Widow, he was very serious for a Year and a half; and though, his Temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never

dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in Fashion at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry Humours he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir *Roger* grew humble in his Desires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, infomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in Point of Chastity with Beggars and Gypsies: But this was looked upon by his Friends rather as a Matter of Raillery than Truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth Year, chearful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good House both in Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is such a mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young Women profess Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a House he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the Way Up-stairs to a Visit. I must not omit that Sir *Roger* is a Justice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the Chair at a Quarter-Sessions with great Abilities, and three Months ago gained universal Applause, by explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.

THERE is a kind of People who live in the World without having any thing to do in it; and either by the Affluence of their Fortunes, or Laziness of their Dispositions, have no other Business with the rest of Mankind, but to look upon them. Under this Class of Men are comprehended all contemplative

templative Tradesmen, titular Physicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and Statesmen that are out of Business; in short, every one that considers the World as a Theatre, and desires to form a right Judgment of those who are the Actors on it.

THERE is a Set of Men who may be called the *Blanks* of Society, as being altogether unfurnished with Ideas, till the Business and Conversation of the Day has supplied them. These poor Souls should be considered with an Eye of great Commiseration, when they are heard asking the first Man they meet with, Whether there was any News stirring? and by that Means gathering together Materials for Thinking. These needy Persons don't know what to talk of, till about Twelve o'Clock in the Morning; for by that Time they are pretty good Judges of the Weather, know which Way the Wind sits, and whether the *Dutch* Mail be come in. These poor Devils lie at the Mercy of the first Man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the Day long, according to the Notions which they have imbibed in the Morning.

ARIETTA is visited by all Persons of both Sexes, who have any Pretence to Wit and Gallantry. She is in that Time of Life which is neither affected with the Follies of Youth, nor Infirmities of Age; and her Conversation is so mixed with Gaiety and Prudence, that she is agreeable both to the

Young and the Old. Her Behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable ; and as she is out of the Track of any amorous or ambitious Pursuits of her own, her Visitants entertain her with Accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their Passions or their Interests.

AURELIA, though a Woman of great Quality, delights in the Privacy of a Country Life, and passes away a great Part of her Time in her own Walks and Gardens. Her Husband, who is her Bosom Friend, and Companion in her Solitudes, has been in Love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good Sense, consummate Virtue, and a mutual Esteem, and are a perpetual Entertainment to one another. Their Family is under so regular an Oeconomy, in its Hours of Devotion and Repast, Employment and Diversion, that it looks like a little Commonwealth within itself. They often go into Company, that they may return with the greater Delight to one another, and sometimes live in Town, not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the Relish of a Country Life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their Children, adored by their Servants, and are become the Envy, or rather the Delight of all that know them.

H O W

HOW different to this is the Life of *Fulvia* ! She considers her Husband as her Steward, and looks upon Discretion and good Housewifry, as little domestick Virtues, unbecoming a Woman of Quality. She thinks Life lost in her own Family, and fancies herself out of the World when she is not in the Ring, the Playhouse, or the Drawing-Room ; She lives in a perpetual Motion of Body, and Restlessness of Thought, and is never easy in any one Place, when she thinks there is more Company in another. The missing of an Opera the first Night, would be more afflicting to her than the Death of a Child. She pities all the valuable Part of her own Sex, and calls every Woman of a prudent, modest, and retired Life, a poor-spirited, unpolished Creature. What a Mortification would it be to *Fulvia*, if she knew that her setting herself to View is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous.

TH E R E are in this Town a great Number of insignificant People, who are by no means fit for the better Sort of Conversation, and yet have an impertinent Ambition of appearing with those to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the *Park*, one of them will certainly join with you, tho' you are in Company with Ladies ; if you drink a Bottle, they will find your Haunts. What makes such Fellows the more burthensome, is, that they neither offend nor please so far as to be taken notice

of for either. A like Impertinence is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent Part of the *Fair Sex*. It is, it seems, a great Inconvenience, that those of the meanest Capacities will pretend to make Visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the Furniture of the House (by filling an empty Chair) than to the Conversation they come into when they visit.

LÆTITIA and *Daphne* are two Sisters. The former is one of the greatest Beauties of the Age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any Charms in her Person. Upon this one Circumstance of their outward Form, the Good and Ill of their Life seems to turn. *Latitia* has not, from her very Childhood, heard any thing else but Commendations of her Features and Complexion, by which Means she is no other than Nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The Consciousness of her Charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent, towards all who have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was almost twenty before one civil Thing had ever been said to her, found herself oblig'd to acquire some Accomplishments to make up for the want of those Attractions which she saw in her Sister. Poor *Daphne* was seldom submitted to in a Debate wherein she was concerned; her Discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good Sense of it, and she was always under a Necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while *Latitia* was listened to with Partiality, and Approbation sat in the

the Countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These Causes have produced suitable Effects, and *Lætitia* is as insipid a Companion as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Lætitia*, confident of Favour, has studied no Arts to please; *Daphne*, despairing of any Inclination towards her Person, has depended only on her Merit. *Lætitia* has always something in her Air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate; *Daphne* has a Countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A young Gentleman saw *Lætitia* at the Play, and became her Captive. His Fortune was such, that he wanted very little Introduction to speak his Sentiments to her Father. The Lover was admitted with the utmost Freedom into the Family, where a constrain'd Behaviour, severe Looks, and distant Civilities, were the highest Favours he could obtain of *Lætitia*, while *Daphne* us'd him with the Good-humour, Familiarity, and Innocence of a Sister: Insomuch that he would often say to her, *Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia!*—She receiv'd such Language with that ingenious and pleasing Mirth, which is natural to a Woman without Design. He still sigh'd in vain for *Lætitia*, but found certain Relief in the agreeable Conversation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tir'd with the haughty Impertinence of *Lætitia*, and charm'd with repeated Instances of Good-humour he had observ'd in *Daphne*, he one Day told the latter, he had something to say to her he hop'd she would be pleas'd with.—*Faith Daphne*, continued he, *I am in love with thee, and despise thy Sister sincerely.* The manner

manner of his declaring himself gave his Mistress occasion for a very hearty Laughter. — *Nay*, says he, *I knew you would laugh at me, but I'll ask your Father.* He did so; the Father receiv'd his Intelligence with no less Joy than Surprise, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to Market at his Leisure. All *Daphne's* Acquaintance congratulate her upon her Chance-medley, and laugh at that pre-meditating Murderer her Sister.

LEONORA was formerly a celebrated Beauty, and is still a very lovely Woman. She has been a Widow for two or three Years, and being unfortunate in her first Marriage, has taken a Resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no Children to take care of, and leaves the Management of her Estate to Sir *Roger de Coverly*, whom she hears with great Pleasure, and without Scandal. As her Reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular Turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her House, her Gardens, and her Furniture. Her Country-Seat is situated in a kind of Wilderness about an hundred Miles distant from *London*, and looks like a little enchanted Palace. The Rocks about her are shaped into artificial Grotto's, cover'd with Woodbines and jessamines. The Woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into Bow-ers, and fill'd with Cages of Purtles. The Springs are made to run among Pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are ke-
wife

wife collected into a very beautiful Lake, that is inhabited by a couple of Swans, and empties itself by a little Rivulet which runs through a green Meadow, and is known in the Family by the Name of *the purling Stream*. This Lady also preserves her Game better than any Gentleman in the Country; not that she sets so great a value upon her Partridges and Pheasants, as upon her Larks and Nightingales. For she says that every Bird which is kill'd in her Ground, will spoil a Consort, and that she shall certainly miss him the next Year. When one reflects how oddly this Lady is improv'd by Learning, she may be look'd upon with a Mixture of Admiration and Pity. Amidst these innocent Entertainments which she has form'd to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her Sex, who employ themselves in Diversions that are less reasonable, tho' more fashionable? What Improvements would a Woman have made, who is so susceptible of Impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such Books as have a tendency to enlighten the Understanding and rectify the Passions, as well as to those that are of little more Use than to divert the Imagination.

SEMPRONIA is at present the most profest Admirer of the *French* Nation, but is so modest as to admit her Visitants no farther than her Toilet. It is a very odd Sight that beautiful Creature makes, when she is talking Politicks with her Tresses flowing about her Shoulders, and examining that Face in the Glass, which does such Execution upon all the Male Standers-

Standers-by. How prettily does she divide her Discourse between her Woman and her Visitants? What sprightly Transitions does she make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory Comb or a Pin-cushion? What a pleasing Thing it is to see her interrupted in an Account of her Travels, by a Message to her Footman; and holding her Tongue in the Midst of a moral Reflection, by applying the Tip of it to a Patch?

THE Persons to whose Behaviour and Discourse the most Regard ought to be had, are such as have not Spirits too active to be happy and well pleas'd in a private Condition, nor Complexion too warm to make them neglect the Duties and Relations of Life. Of these sort of Men consist the worthier Part of Mankind; of these are all good Fathers, generous Brothers, sincere Friends, and faithful Subjects. Their Entertainments are derived rather from Reason than Imagination, which is the Cause that there is no Impatience or Instability in their Speech or Action. You see in their Countenances they are at Home, and in quiet Possession of the present Instant, as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any Passion, or prosecuting any new Design. These are the Men form'd for Society, and those little Communities which we express by the Word *Neighbourhoods*. In *London* the *Coffee-house* is the Place of Rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turn'd to relish calm and ordinary Life. *Eubulus* presides over this Assembly when they meet. He enjoys a great Fortune handsomely, without launch-

ing into Expence; and exerts many noble and useful Qualities, without appearing in any publick Employment. His Wisdom and Knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the Office of a Council, a Judge, an Executor, and a Friend to all his Acquaintance, not only without the Profits which attend such Offices, but also without the Deference and Homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of Thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest Gratitude you can shew him, is to let him see you are the better Man for his Services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you. In the private Exigencies of his Friends he lends, at legal Value, considerable Sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the publick Stocks. He does not consider in whose Hands his Money will improve most, but where it will do most Good. *Eubulus* has so great an Authority in his little diurnal Audience, that when he shakes his Head at any Piece of News, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their Dinners with a good Stomach and chearful Aspect, when *Eubulus* seems to intimate that Things go well. Nay, their Veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other Company they speak and act after him; are wise in his Sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own Tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the Coffee-House. In a word, every Man is *Eubulus* as soon as his Back is turn'd.

CLEOMERA dances with all the Elegance of Motion imaginable ; but her Eyes are so chastised with the Simplicity and Innocence of her Thoughts, that she raises in her Beholders Admiration and Goodwill, but no loose Hope or wild Imagination. The true Art in this Case is, to make the Mind and Body improve together ; and if possible, to make Gesture follow Thought, and not let Thought be employed upon Gesture.

MENALCAS comes down in a Morning, opens his Door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his Night-cap on ; and examining himself further finds, he is but half shaved, that he has stuck his Sword on his right Side, that his Stockings are about his Heels, and that his Shirt is over his Breeches. When he is dressed he goes to Court, comes into the Drawing-Room, and walking bolt upright under a Branch of Candlesticks his Wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the Air. All the Courtiers fall a laughing, but *Menalcas* laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the Person that is the Jest of the Company. Coming down to the Court-gate he finds a Coach, which taking for his own he whips into it ; and the Coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his Master. As soon as he stops, *Menalcas* throws himself out of the Coach, crosses the Court, ascends the Stair-case, and runs through all the Chambers with the greatest Familiarity, reposes himself on a Couch,
and

and fancies himself at Home. The Master of the House at last comes in, *Menalcas* rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The Gentleman of the House is tir'd and amazed, *Menalcas* is no less so, but is every moment in Hopes that his impertinent Guest will at last end his tedious Visit. Night comes on when *Menalcas* is hardly undeceiv'd. When he is playing at Back-gammon, he calls for a full Glass of Wine and Water; tis his turn to throw, he has the Box in one Hand, and the Glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose Time, he swallows down both the Dice, and at the same time throws his Wine into the Tables. He writes a Letter and flings the Sand into the Ink-bottle: He writes a second and mistakes the Supercription of both: A Nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: *I would have you, honest Jaak, immediately upon the Receipt of this, take in Hay enough to serve the Winter:* His Farmer receives the other, and is amaz'd to see in it, *My Lord, I receiv'd your Grace's Commands with an entire Submission to—* If he is at an Entertainment, you may see the Pieces of Bread continually multiplying round his Plate: 'Tis true the rest of the Company want it, as well as their Knives and Forks, which *Menalcas* does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a Morning he puts his whole Family in a Hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his Coach or Dinner, and for that Day you may see him in every part of the Town, except the very Place he had appointed to be

upon

upon a Business of Importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a Fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a Fool, for he talks to himself, and has an hundred Grimaces and Motions with his Head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud Man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no Notice of your saluting him: The Truth on't is, his Eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any Man, nor any thing else. He came once from his Country House, and his own Footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded: They held a Flambeau to his Throat, and bid him deliver his Purse; he did so, and coming Home told his Friends he had been robb'd; they desire to know the Particulars, *Ask my Servants*, says Menalcas, *for they were with me.*

HARRY TERSETT and his Lady are a very extraordinary Couple. *Harry* was in the Days of his Celibacy one of those pert Creatures who have Vivacity and little Understanding; Mrs. *Rebecca Quickly*, whom he married, had all that the Fire of Youth and a lively Manner could do towards making an agreeable Woman. These two People of seeming Merit fell into each other's Arms, and Passion being fated, and no Reason or good Sense in either to succeed it, their Life is now at a Stand, their Meals are insipid, and their Time tedious; their Fortune has plac'd them above Care, and their Loss of Taste reduc'd them below Diversion.

WILL

WILL WIMBLE is younger Brother to a Baronet, and descended of the ancient Family of the *Wimbles*. He is now between Forty and Fifty; but being bred to no Business, and born to no Estate, he generally lives with his elder Brother as Superintendant of his Game. He hunts a Pack of Dogs better than any Man in the Country, and is very famous for finding out a Hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little Handicrafts of an idle Man: He makes a *May-fly* to a Miracle; and furnishes the whole Country with Angle-rods. As he is a good natur'd officious Fellow, and very much esteemed upon Account of his Family, he is a welcome Guest at every House, and keeps up a good Correspondence among all the Gentlemen about him. He carries a Tulip-root in his Pocket from one to another, or exchanges a Puppy between a couple of Friends, that live perhaps in opposite Sides of the County. *Will* is a particular Favourite of all the young Heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a Net that he has weaved, or a setting Dog that he has *made* himself. He now and then presents a Pair of Garters of his own knitting to their Mothers or Sisters; and raises a great deal of Mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them, *how they wear?* These Gentlemen-like Manufacturies make *Will* the Darling of the Country.

LAERTES has fifteen hundred Pounds a Year; which is mortgaged for six thousand Pounds; but it is impossible to convince him, that if he sold as much as would pay off that Debt, he would save four Shillings in the Pound, which he gives for the Vanity of being the reputed Master of it. Yet if *Laertes* did this, he would, perhaps, be easier in his Fortune; but then *Irus*, a Fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a Year, would be his Equal. Rather than this shall be, *Laertes* goes on to bring well-born Beggars into the World, and every Twelvemonth charges his Estate with at least one Year's Rent more by the Birth of a Child. *Laertes* is peevish of Spirit, because his Estate is dipped, and is eating out with Usury; and yet he has not the Heart to sell any Part of it. His proud Stomach, at the Cost of restless Nights, constant Inquietudes, Danger of Affronts, and a thousand nameless Inconveniencies, preserves this Canker in his Fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a Man of fewer Hundreds a Year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the Torment of Poverty, to avoid the Name of being less rich. If you go to his House you see great Plenty; but served in a Manner that shews it is all unnatural, and that the Master's Mind is not at home. There is a certain Waste and Carelessness in the Air of every thing, and the Whole appears but a coveted Indigence, a magnificent Poverty. That Neatness and Cheerfulness, which attends the Table of him who lives within Compass, is wanting, and exchanged
for.

for a libertine Way of Service in all about him. *Laertes* and *Irus* are Neighbours, whose Way of Living are an Abomination to each other. *Irus* is moved by the Fear of Poverty, and *Laertes* by the Shame of it. Though the Motive of Action is so near in Affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "That to each of them Poverty is the greatest of all Evils;" yet are their Manners widely different. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* launch into unnecessary Equipage, vain Expence, and lavish Entertainments; Fear of Poverty makes *Irus* allow himself only plain Necessaries, appear without a Servant, sell his own Corn, attend his Labourers, and be himself a Labourer. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* every Day go a Step nearer to it; and Fear of Poverty stirs up *Irus* to make every Day some further Progress from it.

KA T E W I L L O W is a witty mischievous Wench, who was a Beauty. She was so flippant with her Answers to all the honest Fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her Beauty, that she has valued herself upon her Charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her Business to prevent other young Women from being more discreet than she was herself.

H A R R Y

HARRY NICKIT is a Yeoman of about an hundred Pounds a Year, an honest Man: He is just within the Game-Act, and qualified to kill an Hare or a Pheasant: He knocks down a Dinner with his Gun twice or thrice a Week; and by that Means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an Estate as himself. He would be a good Neighbour if he did not destroy so many Partridges: In short, he is a very sensible Man; shoots flying, and has been several Times Foreman of the Petty Jury.

TOM TOUCHY is a Fellow famous for *taking the Law* of every body. There is not one in the Town where he lives that he has not sued at Quarter Sessions. His Head is full of Costs, Damages, and Ejectments: He plagued a Couple of honest Gentlemen so long for a Trespas in breaking one of his Hedges, till he was forced to sell the Ground it enclosed to defray the Charges of the Prosecution. His Father left him fourscore Pounds a Year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty.

POOOR COTILLUS, among so many real Evils, as a chronical Distemper and a narrow Fortune, is never heard to complain: That equal Spirit of his, which any Man may have, that, like him, will conquer Pride, Vanity, and Affectation, and follow Nature,

ture, is not to be broken, because it has no Points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what Nature demands as necessary, if it is not the Way to an Estate, it is the Way to what Men aim at by getting an Estate. This Temper will preserve Health in the Body, as well as Tranquility in the Mind; and *Cotillus* sees the World in a Hurry, with the same Scorn that a sober Person sees a Man drunk.

URANIUS has arrived at that Composure of Soul, and wrought himself up to such a Neglect of every thing with which the Generality of Mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute Pains can give him Disturbance; and against those too he will tell his Friends, he has a Secret which gives him present Ease. *Uranus* is so thoroughly persuaded of another Life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an Interest in it, that he looks upon Pain but as a quickening of his Pace to an home, where he shall be better provided for than his present Apartment. Instead of the melancholy Views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the Time of his Birth, he entered into an eternal Being; and the short Article of Death he will not allow an Interruption of Life; since that Moment is not of half the Duration of his ordinary Sleep. Thus is his Being one uniform and consistent Series of chearful Diversions and moderate Cares, without Fear or Hope of Futurity. Health to him

is

is more than Pleasure to another Man, and Sickneſs leſs affecting to him than Indifpoſition to another.

AMARYLLIS, who has been in Town but one Winter, is extremely improved with the Arts of good Breeding, without leaving Nature. She has not loſt the native Simplicity of her Aſpect, to ſubſtitute that Patience of being ſtared at, which is the uſual Triumph and Diſtinction of a Town Lady. In publick Aſſemblies you meet her careleſs Eye diverting herſelf with Objects around her, inſenſible that ſhe herſelf is one of the brighteſt in the Place.

MR. BENCHER is a Member of the *Inner Temple*, a Man of great Probity, Wit, and Underſtanding; but he has choſen his Place of Reſidence rather to obey the Direction of an old humourſome Father, than in Purſuit of his own Inclinations. He was placed there to ſtudy the Laws of the Land, and is the moſt learned of any of the Houſe in thoſe of the Stage. *Ariſtotle* and *Longinus* are much better underſtood by him than *Littleton* or *Coke*. The Father ſends up every Poſt Queſtions relating to Marriage Articles, Leaſes, and Tenures, in the Neighbourhood; all which Queſtions he agrees with an Attorney to anſwer and take care of in the Lump. He is ſtudying the Paſſions themſelves, when he ſhould be enquiring into the Debates among Men which ariſe from them. He knows the Argument of each of the Orations of *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, but not one Caſe in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever

took

took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit, This Turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Business, they are most of them fit for Conversation. His Taste of Books is a little too just for the Age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Antients, makes him a very delicate Observer of what occurs to him in the present World. He is an excellent Critick, and the Time of the Play is his Hour of Business; exactly at Five he passes through *New-Lun*, crosses through *Russel-Court*, and takes a Turn at *Will's* till the Play begins; he has his Shoes rubb'd, and his Perriwig powder'd at the Barber's as you go into the *Rose*. It is for the Good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an Ambition to please him.

DULCISSA is almost a Beauty by Nature, but more than one by Art. If it were possible for her to let her Fan, or any Limb about her rest, she would do some Part of the Execution she meditates; but though she designs herself a Prey, she will not stay to be taken. No Painter can give you Words for the different Aspects of *Dulcissa* in half a Moment, whenever she appears: so little does she accomplish what she takes so much Pains for, to be gay and careless.

The E N D of the CHARACTERS.

PYRAMUS and THISBE.

PYRAMUS was a young Man of extraordinary Beauty: He dwelt in the City of *Babylon*, and the very next Door to him there lived a young Woman named *Thisbe*, who in the Qualifications both of her Mind and Person was much superior to the other Women of her Age and Country. Living so near together they had frequent Opportunities of seeing each other, and contracting an Acquaintance. This begat between them a Love, which by degrees grew to such a Height, that they did intend to have been joined together in Marriage, had not their Parents, who were very averse to this Match, interposed and prevented it.

The Authority of their Parents, though it put them under some Restraint, could not prevent the Continuance and Increase of their Love. They had Recourse to Signs and Nods; and were forced to make use of that dumb Language to express to each other their Affection, which though not suffered to break out into an open Flame, was rather increased than diminished by being thus forcibly concealed.

It happened that at the first Building of the Houses in which they lived, there was by Accident left in the Wall which separated them, a small Crack; no body had ever taken notice of this till these two (so quick-sighted is Love) first found it out, and being in a great measure debarred all other Methods of Communication

tion, made use of it as the safest Way of conveying their Thoughts to each other. Hither they would frequently resort, and in gentle Whispers breathe the Sentiments of their Hearts; they would discourse till it was proper for them to retire to their several Apartments: They gave a parting Kiss, which the Wall hindered from ever reaching the Lips of either, and soon as the Morning began to shine, their first Care was to repair to this Spot, the only one they could find favourable to their Love and Courtship.

In this manner they carried on their Correspondence for a considerable Time, till growing impatient of this Confinement, they resolved, let the Consequence be what it would, to procure a more free and unrestrained Access to each other. One Day, after having vented themselves in many Complaints, and after a great deal of other tender Discourse, they made an Appointment that towards Night they would, if possible, get out of the Reach of those who had the Care of them, and rendezvous at *Nin*'s Tomb, a Place at a little Distance from the Town, near which was a large Mulberry-Tree, and near that a famous Spring of Water. Which ever first came to the Mulberry-Tree was to wait there in Expectation of the other.

The impatient Desire they had entertained for this Meeting, made them fancy the Sun was a great while a going down. *Thisbe*, as soon as ever she perceived the Night coming on, contrived to leave her Father's House unobserved, and with a Veil over her Face,

made her Way to the Mulberry-Tree, under which she sat down in Expectation of her Lover.

She had not been long there when there approached toward her a Lioness, who having been preying upon some Sheep, came thither, with her Jaws all bloody, to drink at the neighbouring Fountain. *Thisbe* perceiving her by the Light of the Moon, coming forwards, was frightened almost to Death, and with the utmost Haste fled to a Cave at some Distance. In her Hurry, she dropped her Veil.

The Lioness, having satiated her Thirst, in her Return from the Fountain met with the Veil which *Thisbe* had dropp'd. She tumbled it about for some Time, till she had made it all over bloody, and then leaving it on the Ground, retired into the Woods. By this Time *Pyramus* had found Means to leave the City, and coming towards the Place of Appointment, observed in the Sand the Impressions which the Feet of the Beast had made. He was immediately filled with a thousand Uncertainties and Fears; but when he came a little forwards, and found the Veil all over bloody, he no longer doubted of his *Thisbe's* Death, and unable to contain himself, broke out into this passionate Exclamation.—“ And is this the miserable End of our Loves. Oh my *Thisbe*! — Thou deservedst another Fate. But I — 'tis I who have occasioned this, who first tempted you to this Place of Danger, and yet came not Time enough to be of any Assistance to you. Devour me too, ye Beasts who live in this Desert! — Tear me to Pieces, ye Lions! Or rather let me die by my

“ own

“ own Hands : I will myself avenge my Crime by
 “ a voluntary Death.”

This said, he takes the Veil into his Hand, and walks with it to the Tree. He bedewed it with many Tears and many Kisses ; at length unsheathing his Sword, And let my Blood, said he, be mingled with my *Thisbe's*. With these Words he stuck the Sword deep into his Groin ; then falling to the Ground he drew it out again, and composed himself for Death, while the Blood ran spouting out of the Orifice with great Violence.

By this Time *Thisbe*, a little recovered from her Fright, and unwilling to disappoint her Lover, stole from her lurking Place, and returned towards the appointed Tree. Her Eyes were greedily employed in looking to discover him, and she was impatient to relate to him what a Danger she had escaped. She soon perceived a Man lying on the Ground wounded and dying : she started back, turned pale, and was in the utmost Disorder : But when, upon a nearer Approach, she discovered it to be *Pyramus*, she broke out into the most violent Expressions of Sorrow. She beat her Breasts, tore her Hair, and embracing the dead Body mingled her Tears with his Blood ; she kissed his cold Cheeks, and cried out, “ *Pyramus !*
 “ Oh my *Pyramus !* what hath thus torn thee from
 “ me ? Answer me, Oh my *Pyramus !* 'tis your
 “ *Thisbe* that calls : hear me, and once more bless
 “ me with a Sight of those Eyes.”

Pyramus, though just expiring, at the Name of

Thibbe lift up his Eyes ; but immediately closed them again and died.

When *Thibbe* perceived her Veil lying near him, she was not at a Loss to know what had urged him to this fatal End. 'Tis the Violence of your Love, says she, that has destroyed you. I have a Love too not less violent than yours, and Strength enough to follow you into the other World. As I am the Cause, so I will be the Companion of your Death. Death itself shall not be able to separate us. May our Parents, our miserable Parents, not deny this our last Prayer, that we, both in Life and in Death so united by Love, may rest together in the same Tomb. Having said this, she fell upon the Sword, yet warm with the Blood of *Tyromus*. Her dying Prayer was not without Success : Their Bodies were conveyed to the same Funeral Pile.

ATYS and PHRYNE.

THERE was an old Man whose Name was *Sophronius*, who had two Children, a Son and a Daughter. The Name of the Son was *Atys* ; the Daughter was called *Phryne*.

It happened that as these two were one Day playing together, they found a Looking-glass which was in their Mother's Bed-chamber ; and looking into it they discovered that *Atys* was extremely handsome, but *Phryne* very deformed.

The Boy was not a little proud of this : He immediately began to entertain a very high Opinion of himself,

himself, and to despise his Sister. He was always talking of his own Beauty, and putting *Phryne* in mind of her Deformities. He would run to the Glass every Minute, and call upon his Sister to observe how differently they appeared in it: In short, he omitted nothing which might create a Mortification to his Sister, or improve the Opinion which he thought every body entertained of the Comeliness of his Person.

Phryne, grieved to find herself the constant Subject of her Brother's Mirth, at length complained to her Father of his Behaviour. The old Man, who had a tender Affection for them both, and was sorry to find there was any Quarrel between his Children, thought this was a proper Occasion to bestow some good Advice upon them. After having kissed them both, " If, said he, *Atys*, you find by looking into
 " the Glass, that Nature has bestowed an handsome
 " Face upon you, I would have you by all means
 " endeavour to render your inward Accomplishments
 " answerable to such an Outside. Let your Actions
 " be handsome as well as your Person. And you,
 " said he, my dear *Phryne*, if you cannot recom-
 " mend yourself by your Beauty, you may by your
 " Behaviour. The World will pardon the Defects
 " of your Person, if they find you are not wanting
 " in the Perfections of the Mind."

King LEAR and his Three Daughters.

THERE was a King who had three Daughters, *Goneril*, *Regan*, and *Cordelia*. He being old and infirm, came to a Resolution to marry his Daughters, and to divide his Kingdom among them. But having a Mind, first of all, to know which of them loved him best, he resolved to make an Experiment, by asking each of them separately. *Goneril*, the eldest, apprehending too well her Father's Weakness, makes Answer, that she loved him above her own Soul. Therefore, quoth the old Man overjoyed, to thee and to the Husband whom thou shalt chuse, I give the third Part of my Realm.

Regan the second Daughter being asked the same Question, and hoping to obtain as large a Share of her Father's Countie as her elder Sister had done, made Answer, that she loved him above all Creatures; and so receives an equal Reward with her Sister.

The King then proceeded to ask *Cordelia* his youngest Daughter, whom he had hitherto loved most tenderly of the three; who, although she perceived how much the two eldest had gained by their Flattery, yet would she not thereby be induced to make other than a solid and a virtuous Answer. Father, says she, I love you as a Child ought to love her Parent: They who pretend more than this, do but flatter you. The old Man, sorry to hear this, wished her to recall those Words, and a second Time demanded

K. Lear and his three Daughters. 105

demanded what Love she bore unto him: She repeating the same Answer which she had made before. Then hear thou, quoth *Lear*, (for that was the King's Name) now all in a Passion, what thy Ingratitude hath gained thee; because thou hast not revered thy aged Father equal to thy Sisters, thou shalt have no Part of my Kingdom or my Riches. And soon after this he bestows in Marriage his two eldest Daughters, *Goneril* to *Maglaunus* Duke of *Albania*, *Regan* to *Henninus* Duke of *Cornwall*, giving to them half his Kingdom in present, and promising the rest at his Death.

In the mean while Fame was not sparing to divulge the Wisdom and other Graces of *Cordelia*, infomuch that *Aganippus*, a great King in *Gaul*, seeks her to Wife; and nothing alter'd at the Loss of her Dowry, receives her gladly in such manner as she was sent unto him. After this, King *Lear*, more and more drooping with Years, became an easy Prey to his Daughters and their Husbands, who now by daily Encroachment had seized the whole Kingdom into their Hands, and the old King is put to sojourn with his eldest Daughter, attended only by threescore Knights. But they, in a short while grudged at as too numerous and disorderly for continual Guests, are reduced to thirty. Not brooking that Affront, the old King betakes him to his second Daughter: But there also Discord soon arising between the Servants of differing Masters in one Family, five only are suffered to attend him. Then back again he returns to the other; hoping that she his eldest could not but

I have more pity on his grey Hairs : But she now refuses to admit him, unless he will be content with one only of his Followers. At last the Remembrance of his youngest, *Cordelia*, comes to his Thoughts ; and now acknowledging how true her Words had been, tho' he entertained but little Hope of Relief from one whom he had so much injured, yet resolved to make an Experiment if his Misery might something soften her, he takes his Journey into *France*.

Now might be seen a Difference between the silent and downright spoken Affection of some Children to their Parents, and the talkative Obsequiousness of others, while the Hope of Inheritance acts in them, and on the Tongue's end enlarges their Duty. *Cordelia*, out of mere Love, without the Suspicion of expected Reward, at the Message only of her Father in Distress pours forth true filial Tears. And not enduring either that her own or any other Eye should see him in such forlorn Condition as his Messenger described, she discreetly appoints one of her most trully Servants, first to convey him privately towards some good Sea-Town, there to array him, bathe him, cherish him, and furnish him with such Attendants and State, as becom'd his Dignity ; that then, as from his first Landing, he might send word of his Arrival to her Husband *Aganippus*. Which done, with all mature and requisite Contrivance, *Cordelia*, with the King her Husband, and all the Barony of his Realm, who then first had news of his passing the Sea, go out to meet him ; and after all honourable and joyful Entertainment, *Aganippus*, as to his Wife's Father and his

Royal

Shadrach, Meshach, *and* Abednego. 107

Royal Guest, surrenders to him, during his Abode there, the Power and Disposal of his whole Dominion; permitting his Wife *Cordelia* to go with an Army, and replace her Father upon his Throne: wherein her Piety so prosper'd, as that she vanquished her impious Sisters with those Dukes, and *Lear* again obtained the Crown: which he continued to enjoy some Years in Peace. When he dyed, *Cordelia* caused him with all Regal Solemnities to be buried in the Town of *Leicester*.

SHADRACH, MESHACH and ABED-
NEGO.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR King of *Babylon* made an Image of Gold, whose height was threescore Cubits, and the breadth thereof six Cubits: He set it up in the Plain of *Dura* in the Province of *Babylon*. Then *Nebuchadnezzar* the King sent to gather together the Princes, the Governors, and the Captains, the Judges, the Treasurers, the Counsellors, the Sheriffs, and all the Rulers of the Provinces, to come to the Dedication of the Image which *Nebuchadnezzar* the King had set up. Then the Princes, the Governors, and Captains, the Judges, the Treasurers, the Counsellors, the Sheriffs, and all the Rulers of the Provinces, were gathered together unto the Dedication of the Image that *Nebuchadnezzar* the King had set up; and they stood before the Image that *Nebuchadnezzar* had set up. Then an Herald cried aloud, To you it is commanded, O People, Nations,

108 Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

Nations, and Languages, That at what time ye hear the Sound of the Cornet, Flute, Harp, Sackbut, Psaltery, Dulcimer, and all kinds of Musick, ye fall down and worship the Golden Image that *Nebuchadnezzar* the King hath set up. And whoso falleth not down and worshippingeth, shall the same Hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery Furnace. Therefore at that time when all the People heard the Sound of the Cornet, Flute, Harp, Sackbut, Psaltery, Dulcimer, and all kinds of Musick, all the People, the Nations, and the Languages, fell down and worshipped the Golden Image, that *Nebuchadnezzar* the King had set up.

Wherefore at that time certain *Chaldeans* came near and accused the *Jews*. They spake and said to the King *Nebuchadnezzar*, O King, live for ever. Thou, O King, hast made a Decree, that every Man that shall hear the Sound of the Cornet, Flute, Harp, Sackbut, Psaltery, Dulcimer, and all kinds of Musick, shall fall down and worship the Golden Image: And whoso falleth not down and worshippingeth, he should be cast into the midst of a burning fiery Furnace. There are certain *Jews* whom thou hast set over the Affairs of the Province of *Babylon*, *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego*; these Men, O King, have not regarded thee, they serve not thy Gods, nor worship the Golden Image which thou hast set up. Then *Nebuchadnezzar* in his Rage and Fury commanded to bring *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego*: Then they brought these Men bound before the King. *Nebuchadnezzar* spake and said unto them, Is it true, O *Shadrach*,
Meshach,

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. 109

Meshach, and *Abednego*? Do not ye serve my Gods, nor worship the Golden Image which I have set up? Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the Sound of the Cornet, Flute, Harp, Sackbut, Psaltery, Dulcimer, and all kinds of Musick, ye fall down and worship the Image which I have made, well: But if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same Hour into the midst of a burning fiery Furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my Hands? *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego*, answered and said to the King. O *Nebuchadnezzar*, we are not careful to answer thee in this Matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery Furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine Hand, O King: but if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy Gods, nor worship the Golden Image which thou hast set up.

Then was *Nebuchadnezzar* full of Fury, and the Form of his Visage was changed against *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego*; therefore he spake and commanded, that they should heat the Furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heat. And he commanded the most mighty Men that were in his Army to bind *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego*, and to cast them into the burning fiery Furnace. Then these Men were bound in their Coats, their Hose, and their Hats, and their other Garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery Furnace. Therefore because the King's Commandment was urgent, and the Furnace exceeding hot, the Flame of the Fire slew those Men that took up *Shadrach*, *Meshach*,

110 Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

Shach, and *Abednego*. And these three Men, *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego*, fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery Furnace. Then *Nebuchadnezzar* the King was astonished, and rose up in haste, and spake and said unto his Counsellors, Did not we cast three Men bound into the midst of the Fire? They answered and said unto the King, True, O King. He answered and said, Lo, I see four Men, loose, walking in the midst of the Fire, and they have no hurt, and the Form of the Fourth is like the Son of God. Then *Nebuchadnezzar* came near to the Mouth of the burning fiery Furnace, and spake and said, *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego*, ye Servants of the most High God, come forth and come hither. Then *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego* came forth of the midst of the Fire. And the Princes, Governors, and Captains, and the King's Counsellors, being gathered together, saw these Men, upon whose Bodies the Fire had no Power, nor was an Hair of their Head singed, neither were their Coats changed, nor the Smell of Fire had passed on them. Then *Nebuchadnezzar* spake and said, Blessed be the God of *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego*, who hath sent his Angel and delivered his Servants that trusted in him, and have changed the King's Word, and yielded their Bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any God, except their own God. Therefore I make a Decree, That every People, Nation, and Language, which speak any thing amiss against the God of *Shadrach*, *Meshach*, and *Abednego*, shall be cut in Pieces, and their Houses shall be made a Dunghill, because there is no other God that can deliver after this Sort.

Then

The five Sons of MORINDUS. III

Then the King promoted *Shadrach*, *Mefach*, and *Abednego*, in the Province of *Babylon*.

The five Sons of MORINDUS.

THE ancient Histories of *Britain* make mention of one *Morindus*, a famous King, valiant, liberal, and fair of Aspect. He had five Sons, *Corbonian*, *Archigallo*, *Elidure*, *Vigenius* and *Peredure*. *Corbonian*, the eldest, than whom a juster Man lived not in his Age, was a great Builder of Temples, and gave to all what was their Due; to his Gods, devout Worship; to Men of Desert, Honour and Preferment; to the Commons, Encouragement in their Labours and Trades; to all, Defence and Protection from Injuries and Oppressions; so that the Land flourished above her Neighbours; Violence and Wrong were seldom heard of. His Death was a general Loss.

Archigallo the second Brother, followed not his Example, but depressed the ancient Nobility; and by peeling the wealthier Sort, stuffed his Treasury; and in short, render'd himself so odious to his Subjects, that they deposed him, and *Elidure* his next Brother, surnamed the *Pious*, was set up in his Place.

Elidure was a Man of so noble and moderate a Mind, as is almost incredible to have been ever found. For after he had held the Scepter five Years, as he was one Day hunting in a Forest, he chanc'd to meet his deposed Brother, wandering in mean Condition, who

who had been long in vain beyond the Seas, importuning foreign Aids to his Restoremēt, and was now in a poor Habit, with only ten Followers, privately returned to find Subsistence among his secret Friends. At the unexpected Sight of him, *Elidure*, himself also then but thinly accompanied, runs to him with open Arms, and after many dear and sincere Welcomings, conveys him to the City *Alclud*, and there hides him in his own Bed chamber. Afterwards feigning himself sick, he summons all his Peers as about greatest Affairs; where, admitting them one by one (as if his Weakness endured not the Disturbance of more at once) he causes them, willing or unwilling, once more to swear Allegiance to *Archigallo*. Whom after Reconciliation made on all Sides, he leads to *York*, and, from his own Head, places the Crown on the Head of his Brother. Who thenceforth, Vice itself dissolving in him, and forgetting her firmest hold with the Admiration of a Deed so heroick, became a true converted Man, ruled worthily ten Years, died, and was buried in *Caerlieur*. Thus was a Brother saved by a Brother, to whom Love of a Crown, the thing that so often dazzles and vitiates mortal Men, for which thousands of nearest Blood have destroyed each other, was, in respect of Brotherly Dearness, a contemptible Thing.

Elidure now, in his own behalf, re-assumes the Government, and did as was worthy such a Man to do. When Providence, that so great Virtue might want no sort of Trial to make it more illustrious, stirs up *Vigenius* and *Poredure* his youngest Brethren, against him

him who had deserved so nobly of that Relation, as least of all by a Brother to be injured; yet him they defeat, him they imprison in the Tower of *Trinowant*, and divide his Kingdom; the North to *Peredure*, the South to *Vigenius*; after whose Death *Peredure* obtaining all, so much the better used his Power, by how much worse he got it, so that *Elidure* now is hardly missed.

Peredure dying, *Elidure*, after many Years Imprisonment, is now the third time seated on the Throne, which at last he enjoyed long in Peace; finishing the interrupted Course of his mild and just Reign, as full of virtuous Deeds as Days, to the End.

DANIEL.

IT pleased King *Darius* to set over the Kingdom an hundred and twenty Princes, which should be over the whole Kingdom, and, over these, three Presidents (of whom *Daniel* was first) that the Princes might give Accounts unto them, and the King should have no Damage. Then this *Daniel* was prefer'd above the Presidents and Princes, because an excellent Spirit was in him; and the King thought to set him over the whole Realm. Then the Presidents and Princes sought to find Occasion against *Daniel* concerning the Kingdom, but they could find no Occasion nor Fault; forasmuch as he was faithful, nei-
ther

ther was there any Error or Fault found in him. Then said these Men, We shall not find any Occasion against this *Daniel*, except we find it against him concerning the Law of his God. Then these Presidents and People assembled together to the King, and said thus unto him, King *Darius*, live for ever. All the Presidents of the Kingdom, the Governors and the Princes, the Counsellors and the Captains, have consulted together to establish a Royal Statute, and to make a firm Decree, that whosoever shall ask a Petition of any God or Man for thirty Days, save of thee, O King, he shall be cast into the Den of Lions: Now, O King, establish the Decree, and sign the Writing, that it be not changed, according to the Law of the *Medes* and *Persians*, which altereth not. Wherefore King *Darius* signed the Writing and the Decree.

Now when *Daniel* knew that the Writing was signed, he went into his House, and his Windows being open in his Chamber towards *Jerusalem*, he kneeled upon his Knees three times a Day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime. Then these Men assembled, and found *Daniel* praying, and making Supplication before his God. Then they came near, and spake before the King concerning the King's Decree, Hast thou not signed a Decree, that every Man that shall ask a Petition of any God or Man, within thirty Days, save of thee, O King, shall be cast into the Den of Lions? The King answered and said, The thing is true, according to the Law of the *Medes* and *Persians*, which altereth

not.

not. Then answered they and said before the King, That *Daniel* which is of the Children of the Captivity of *Judah*, regardeth not thee, O King, nor the Decree that thou hast signed, but maketh Petition three times a Day. Then the King, when he heard these Words, was fore displeased with himself, and set his Heart on *Daniel* to deliver him; and he laboured till the going down of the Sun to deliver him. Then these Men assembled unto the King, and said unto the King, Know, O King, that the Law of the *Medes* and *Persians* is, that no Decree nor Statute which the King establisheth, may be changed. Then the King commanded, and they brought *Daniel*, and cast him into the Den of Lions: Now the King spake and said unto *Daniel*, The God whom thou serveest continually, he will deliver thee. And a Stone was brought, and laid upon the Mouth of the Den, and the King sealed it with his own Signet, and with the Signet of his Lords; that the Purpose might not be changed concerning *Daniel*. Then the King went to his Palace, and passed the Night fasting; neither were Instruments of Musick brought before him, and his Sleep went from him.

Then the King arose very early in the Morning, and went in haste unto the Den of Lions; and when he came to the Den, he cried with a lamentable Voice unto *Daniel*; and the King spake and said to *Daniel*, O *Daniel*, Servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou serveest continually, able to deliver thee from the Lions? Then said *Daniel* unto the King, O King, live for ever. My God hath sent his Angel,
and

and hath shut the Lions Mouths that they have not hurt me; forasmuch as before him Innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O King, have I done no Hurt. Then was the King exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take *Daniel* up out of the Den: So *Daniel* was taken up out of the Den, and no manner of Hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God. And the King commanded, and they brought those Men who had accused *Daniel*, and they cast them into the Den of Lions, them, their Children, and their Wives; and the Lions had the Mastery of them, and brake all their Bones in pieces, or ever they came at the Bottom of the Den.

Then King *Darius* wrote unto all People, Nations, and Languages, that dwell in all the Earth, Peace be multiplied unto you. I make a Decree, that in every Dominion of my Kingdom, Men tremble and fear before the God of *Daniel*; for he is the living God, and stedfast for ever, and his Kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his Dominion shall be even unto the End. He delivereth and rescueth, and he worketh Signs and Wonders in Heaven and in Earth, who hath delivered *Daniel* from the Power of the Lions. So this *Daniel* prospered in the Reign of *Darius*, and in the Reign of *Cyrus* the *Persian*.

ALFRED.

A L F R E D.

OF all the Kings of *England* before the Conquest, the most deservedly famous was *Alfred*, fourth Son of *Ethelwolf*. He was born at a place called *Wanading* (now *Wantage*) in *Berkshire*; his Mother *Osburga* the Daughter of *Oslac* the King's Cup-bearer, a *Goth* by Nation, and of noble Descent.

He was of a Person comelier than all his Brethren, of pleasing Tongue and graceful Behaviour, ready Wit and Memory; yet through the Fondness of his Parents towards him, he had not been taught to read till the twelfth Year of his Age; but the great Desire of Learning which was in him, soon appear'd, by his conning of *Saxon* Poems Day and Night, which with great Attention he heard by others repeated. He was besides, excellent at Hunting, and the new Art then of Hawking, but more exemplary in Devotion, having collected into a Book certain Prayers and Psalms, which he carried ever with him in his Bosom to use on all Occasions. He thirsted after all Liberal Knowledge, and oft complained that in his Youth he had no Teachers, in his middle Age so little Vacancy from Wars and the Cares of his Kingdom; yet Leisure he found sometimes, not only to learn much himself, but to communicate thereof what he could to his People, by translating Books out of *Latin* into *English*, *Orosius*, *Boetbius*, *Beda's History*, and others.

At

At twenty Years of Age, not yet reigning, he took to wife *Egelfætha*, the Daughter of *Ethelred* a *Merician* Earl. The Extremities which beset him in the sixth Year of his Reign, *Neothan* an Abbot told him, were justly come upon him for neglecting in his younger Days, the Complaints of such as, injur'd and oppress'd repaired for Redress to him, as then second Person in the Kingdom; which Neglect, were it such indeed, were yet excusable in his Youth, thro' Jollity of Mind, unwilling perhaps to be detained long with sad and sorrowful Narrations: But from the time of his undertaking Regal Charge, no Man more patient in hearing Causes, more inquisitive in examining, more exact in doing Justice, and providing good Laws, which are yet extant; more severe in punishing unjust Judges, and obstinate Offenders. Thieves especially and Robbers, to the Terror of whom were hung in Cross-ways upon a high Post certain Chains of Gold, as it were daring any one to take them thence; so that Justice seem'd in his Days not to flourish only, but to triumph: No Man than he more frugal of two precious Things in Man's Life, his Time and his Revenue; no Man wiser in the Disposal of both. His Time, the Day and Night, he distributed, by the burning of certain Tapers, into three equal Portions: the one was for Devotion, the other for publick or private Affairs, the third for bodily Refreshment: How each Hour past, he was put in mind by one who had that Office. His whole annual Revenue, which his first Care was should be justly his own, he divided into two equal Parts; the one he employed in

In secular Uses, and subdivided those into three, the first to pay his Soldiers, Household Servants and Guard, of which divided into three Bands, one attended monthly by Turn; the second was to pay his Architects and Workmen, whom he had got together of several Nations, for he was also an elegant Builder, above the Custom and Conceit of *English men* in those Days: the third he had in readiness to relieve and honour Strangers according to their Worth, who came from all Parts to see and to live under him. The other equal Part of his yearly Wealth he dedicated to Religious Uses; those of four Sorts; the first to relieve the Poor; the second to building and maintenance of two Monasteries; the third to a School, where he had persuaded the Sons of many Noblemen to study sacred Knowledge and liberal Arts, some lay at *Oxford*; the fourth was for Relief of Foreign Churches, as far as *India*, sending thither *Sigismund* Bishop of *Sherburn*, who both returned safe, and brought with him many rich Gems and Spices.

Thus far, and much more might be said of his noble Mind, which rendered him the Mirror of Princes; his Body was diseased in his Youth with a great Soreness contracted in a Siege, and that ceasing of itself, with another inward Pain of unknown Cause, which held him by frequent Fits to his dying Day; yet not disabled to sustain those many glorious Labours of his Life both in Peace and War. He died in the Year of our Lord 900, in the 51st Year of his Age, and the 30th of his Reign, and was buried regally at *Winchester*.

E D G A R.

WE will here relate some Part of the Life of **EDGAR**, who was King of *England* about an hundred Years before the *Norman* Conquest, a Man very remarkable both in his Virtues and his Vices. He came to the Crown at the Age of sixteen; and though of such tender Years, he made use of very wise Precautions for the Safety of his People. During the whole Course of his Reign he entered into no War, yet was always well prepared for it, and governed the Kingdom in great Peace, Honour and Prosperity, gaining thereby the Name of *Peaceable*, much extolled for Justice, Clemency, and many other kingly Virtues. In the Winter and Spring Time he usually rode the Circuit as a Judge through all his Provinces, to see Justice well administered, and the Poor not oppressed.

Whatever was the Cause, he was not crowned till the 30th Year of his Age, but then with great Splendor and Magnificence in the City of *Bath*: The Year after which he went to *Chester*, and summoning to his Court there all the Kings that held of him, took Homage of them. These he had in such Awe, that going one Day into a Gally, he caused them to take each Man his Oar, and row him down the River *Dee*, while he himself sat at the Stern: Which might be, done in Merriment, easily obeyed; but if with a serious Brow, discovered rather Vain-glory and insulting Haughtiness, than Moderation of Mind.

He

He was of Stature not tall, of Body slender, yet so well made, that in Strength he chose to contend with such as were thought strongest, and disliked nothing more than that they should spare him for Respect or Fear to hurt him. *Kened*, King of *Scots*, sitting one Day at Table in the Court of *Edgar*, was heard to say jestingly among his Servants, He wondered how so many Provinces could be held in Subjection by such a little dapper Man: His Words were brought to the King's Ear; he sends for *Kened* as about some private Business, and in Talk drawing him forth to a secret Place, takes from under his Garment two Swords which he had brought with him; one of them he gave to *Kened*, And now, saith he, it shall be tried which of us two ought to be the Ruler, and which the Subject; for it is shameful for a Man to boast at Table, and shrink in Fight. *Kened* much abashed fell presently at his Feet, and besought him to pardon what he had simply spoken, no Way intended to his Dishonour or Disparagement: Wherewith the King was satisfied.

In his Youth having heard of *Elfrida*, Daughter to *Ordgar* Duke of *Devonshire*, much commended for her Beauty, he sent *Athelwold* whose Loyalty he trusted most, to see her; intending, if she were found such as answered Report, to demand her in Marriage. He at the first View, being taken with her Presence, disloyally, as it often happens in such Employments, began to sue for himself; and with Consent of her Parents obtained her. Returning therefore with scarce an ordinary Commendation of her Features, he easily

took off the King's Mind, soon diverted another Way. But the Matter coming to Light, how *Athelwold* had forestalled the King, and *Elfrida's* Beauty being more and more spoken of, the King now heated not only with a Relapse of Love, but with a deep Sense of the Abuse, yet dissembling his Disturbance, pleasantly told the Earl, what Day he meant to come and visit him and his fair Wife. The Earl seemingly assured his Welcome, but in mean while acquainting his Wife, earnestly advised her to deform herself, what she might, either in Dress or otherwise, lest the King, whose amorous Inclination was not unknown, should chance to be attracted. She, who by this Time was not ignorant how *Athelwold* had step'd between her and the King, against his coming arrayed herself richly, using whatever Art she could devise might render her more amiable; and it took Effect: For the King inflamed with her Love, the more for that he had been so long defrauded and robbed of her, resolved not only to recover his intercepted Right, but to punish the Interloper of his destined Spouse; and appointing with him, as was usual, a Day of Hunting, drawn aside in a Forest, now called *Harewood*, smote him through with a Dart. Some censure this Act as cruel and tyrannical; but considered well, it may be judged more favourably, and that no Man of sensible Spirit, but in his Place, without extraordinary Perfection, would have done the like; for next to Life, what worse Treason could be committed against him? It chanced, that the Earl's base Son coming by upon the Fact, the
King

King sternly asked him, how he liked this Game ? he submissively answering, That whatsoever pleased the King must not displease him : The King returned to his wonted Temper, took an Affection to the Youth, and ever after highly favoured him, making Amends in the Son for what he had done to the Father. *Elfrida* forthwith he took to Wife, who, to expiate her former Husband's Death, though therein she had no Hand, covered the Place of his Bloodshed with a Monastery of Nuns to sing over him.

Another Fault is laid to his Charge no ways excusable, that he took a Virgin (*Wilfrida*) by Force out of the Nunnery, where she was placed by her Friends to avoid his Pursuit ; and kept her as his Concubine : Yet he lived not obstinately in the Offence ; for being sharply reprov'd by *Dunstan*, he submitted to seven Years Penance, and for that Time to want his Coronation.

Another Story there goes of *Edgar*, fitter for a Novel than a History ; thus related by *Malmesbury*. While he was yet unmarried, coming on a Day to *Andover*, he caused a Duke's Daughter there dwelling to be brought unto him. The Mother, not daring flatly to deny, yet abhorring that her Daughter should be so defloured, at fit Time of Night sent in her Attire one of her Waiting-Maids ; a Maid it seems not unhandsome nor unwitty, who supplied the Place of her young Lady. Night passed, the Maid going to rise, Day-light scarce yet appearing, was by the King asked why she made such Haste ? She answered, To do the Work which her Lady had set her :

At which the King wondring, and with much ado staying her to unfold the Riddle (for he took her to be the Duke's Daughter) she falling at his Feet besought him, that since at the Command of her Lady she came to his Bed, and was enjoyed by him, he would be pleased in recompence to set her free from the hard Service of her Mistress. The King awhile standing in a Study whether he had best be angry or not, at length turning all to a Jest, took the Maid away with him, advanced her above her Lady, loved her, and accompanied with her only, till he married *Elfrida*.

C A N U T E.

TH E R E is a remarkable Passage in the Life of CANUTE King of *England*, which, because it contains Matter of Instruction both to Prince and People, we will here relate. His Courtiers (ever too prone to magnify and flatter whom they think to please by so doing) would frequently extol his Power and Wealth, and pretend sometimes almost to adore his Person. *Canute* was a Man of too good Understanding not to see the Folly of such Flattery, and the Persons from whom it came; but for their effectual Conviction, and to shew the small Power of Kings in respect of God (which, unless to Court Parasites, needed no such laborious Demonstration) he caused his Royal Seat to be placed on the Sea-shore, while

while the Tide was coming in; then in the Midst of his Nobles and great Lords, whom he had caused to be gathered together for that Purpose, arrayed in Robes of Gold, his Crown on his Head, he, with all the State that Royalty could put into his Countenance, said thus unto the Sea, “Thou, Sea, belong-
 “est unto me, and the Land whereon I sit is mine,
 “nor hath any one unpunished resisted my Com-
 “mands: I charge thee come no farther upon my
 “Land, neither presume to wet the Feet of thy So-
 “vereign Lord.” But the Sea, as before, came rolling on; and without Reverence, both wet and dashed him. Whereat the King quickly rising, wished all about him to behold and consider the weak and frivolous Power of a King, and that none indeed deserved the Name of a King, but he, whose eternal Laws both Heaven, Earth, and Sea obey. A Truth so evident of itself, that, unless to shame his Court Flatterers, who would not else be convinced, *Canute* needed not to have gone wetshod home. The best is, from that Time forth he would never wear a Crown, esteeming earthly Royalty contemptible and vain.

ASTYAGES, CYRUS, HARPAGUS.

ASTYAGES was King of the *Medes*: He had a Daughter, named MANDANE, married to *Cambyses* King of *Persia*. During the Time of her being with Child, *Astyages* dreamed one Night that the

voided ſo great a Quantity of Urine, as not only filled the City, but even cauſed an Inundation over all *Aſia*. And at another Time he dreamed, that out of her Daughter's Belly there ſprang a Vine, which by Degrees overſhadowed all *Aſia*.

Theſe two Dreams put him into a great Diſorder, and being informed by the Magicians whom he conſulted upon that Occaſion, that they portended that he muſt one Day become ſubject to the Child that ſhould be born of *Mandane*, he determined to ſend for her out of *Perſia*, and to make away with her Child if ſhe were delivered of any. Accordingly his Daughter came to his Court, and was there brought to Bed of a Boy, afterwards *Cyrus* the Great. Soon after he was born, *Aſtyages* ſends for *Harpagus*, one of his Servants, whom he uſed chiefly to rely on and employ in his Affairs. *Harpagus*, ſays he, I have an Affair of Conſequence which I would have you take particular Care of ; and ſee to the Performance of it yourſelf, upon Pain of the utmoſt Diſpleaſure. Take this Child of *Mandane's* ; carry him home to your Houſe, and kill him ; and then bury him where you pleaſe. *Harpagus* replied, Sir, you have always found me obedient to your Orders, and you may depend upon it I ſhall be punctual in the Execution of this ; and immediately takes the Child in his Arms, and with a ſorrowful Heart, returned to his own Houſe ; where meeting his Wife, he related to her the whole Converſation that had paſſed between *Aſtyages* and him : And pray, ſays ſhe, how do you intend to act in this Matter ? Depend upon it, ſays

he, let what will be the Consequence, I shall never obey his Orders in this Particular, for many Reasons : First of all, the Child, you know, is related to me ; in the next Place, *Assyages* is old, and has no Male Issue ; so that if upon his Death the Crown should descend upon his Daughter *Mandane*, I may chance to be hanged for this Fact. Therefore though it be necessary, in order to keep well with *Assyages*, for me to have this Boy dispatched one Way or other, yet I shall not let any of my Servants be concerned in it, but will employ somebody of *Assyages*'s Household.

When he had said this, he immediately sent for one *Mitrادات*, a Herdsman belonging to *Assyages*, and told him, he had an Order to deliver to him from *Assyages*, which was to take this Infant, whom, says he, you see here, and expose him in some desert Part of the Mountains, where you think he may be soonest starved. If you fail in this, depend upon it you will be punished very severely. Upon which the Fellow takes away the Child with him, and went home to his own House.

It happened that this Herdsman's Wife was that Day brought to Bed of a Son while her Husband was gone into the City, and had been all Day long in some Fear upon her Husband's Account, because *Harpagus* had so unexpectedly sent for him. When he came back she immediately asked him the Occasion of it. My Dear, says he, I have this Day seen and heard what gives me a great deal of Concern. *Harpagus*'s Family I found all in Tears. Upon my

Entrance I ſaw a little Babe lying, dreſſed very fine, panting and crying. *Harpagus* ordered me to take him away, and expoſe him amongſt the Mountains, in ſome Part moſt infeſted with wild Beaſts. He told me at the ſame Time that this was by *Aſtyages*'s Order, and that if I failed in it, I might expect to be very ill handled. So I took the Child, and have brought him along with me. I little imagined at firſt of what Parents he was, though as I ſaid, he was extremely finely dreſſed; but as I came along, the Servant who attended me Part of the Way, let me into the Secret, that this is *Mandane*'s Son, the Daughter of *Aſtyages*.

Upon this he gave the Child into his Wife's Hands, who, uncovering him, and obſerving him to be an healthful beautiful Boy, begged of her Huſband that he would by no means deſtroy him. He told her it was as much as his Life was worth to neglect it; and that *Harpagus* intended to ſend ſome Perſons on Purpoſe to ſee the Thing executed. The Woman finding ſhe could not prevail, bethought herſelf of another Project. I have, ſays ſhe, this Day been delivered of a Son, but 'tis a dead one; take him and expoſe him, and this Grandſon of *Aſtyages* let us breed up as our own. This Scheme the Man liked very well, and immediately put in Execution. His own Son he dreſſed up in fine Cloaths, and then laid him in ſome wild deſart Place, after which away he goes to *Harpagus* to acquaint him with it. Who ſoon after diſpatched Meſſengers whom he had a Confidence in,
who

who ſeeing the Child was dead, took Orders for his Burial. The other Child, who was in reality the Son of *Mandane*, paſſed for the Child of the Herdſman and his Wife, and was accordingly educated by them as their own. But there happened, in proceſs of Time, an Accident which diſcovered to the World who he was. When he was about ten Years of Age he was at Play with ſome other Boys of the ſame Village where he lived, and was by them choſe to be their King. He immediately began to exerciſe an Authority among them, appointing ſome to be Soldiers, ſome to be Builders, ſome to one Employment, and ſome to another. One of the Boys, Son of *Artembares*, a Man of Diſtinction among the *Medes*, not performing what he was directed to do, *Cyrus* ordered the other Boys to take him and laſh him pretty ſeverely. The Boy, exceedingly offended with this Uſage, gets away to his Father *Artembares*, and made a Complaint to him, how ill he had been uſed by the Herdſman's Son, as he called him; for he did not then go by the Name of *Cyrus*. *Artembares* fell into a high Rage upon this Occaſion, and taking his Son with him, goes directly to *Aſtyages*, to acquaint him with the Fact, and to let him know how great an Indignity he thought it, that his Boy ſhould be thus handled by an Herdſman's Son. *Aſtyages*, willing to gratify him in this Particular, ordered the Herdſman and his Son to be ſent for. When they appeared, *Aſtyages*, looking pretty ſternly upon *Cyrus*, How dare you, ſaid he, being what you are, abuſe, in the Manner you have done, the Son of a

Perſon of ſuch Diſtinction, and ſo near to me ? Sir, replied *Cyrus*, I believe you will think what I did very juſtifiable ; for the Boys of that Village, being at Play together, choſe me for their King. The reſt of the Boys were very obedient, and did what I ordered them ; but he refuſed to be directed, and made light of my Authority, for which he was puniſhed, not more than he deſerved. If you think I have herein acted any thing amiſs, I ſubmit. While *Cyrus* was talking in this Manner, *Aſtyages* having fixed his Eye upon him, thought he ſaw ſomething in his Countenance that promiſed more than ordinary ; and that his Features had in them ſomewhat reſembling his own. This, together with the Boy's Age, which agreed exactly, gave him a Suſpicion that this might be his own Grandſon, which ſtruck him ſo that it was a good while before he could utter a Word. At length recovering himſelf, and having a Mind to diſcourſe the Herdſman in private, he ſaid to *Artembares*, I will ſee that you have Juſtice done you ; and diſmiſſed him.

Every body but the Herdſman being withdrawn, *Aſtyages* began to queſtion him about *Cyrus*, and aſked him, whence he had that Boy. By my own Wife, answered he, who is now at home. *Aſtyages* not ſatisfied with this Account, after ſome Threats to the Man if he did not reveal the whole Truth, ordered him into Cuſtody. The poor Man, frightened with this Proceeding, thought it better to diſcover the Whole, and concluded with aſking Pardon in the humbleſt Manner for what he had done. *Aſtyages* ſaid little to him, but immediately diſpatched a Meſſenger

senger for *Harpagus*, against whom he was exceedingly enraged.

A L B A N.

AT what Time *Dioclesian* and *Maximilian*, the Pagan Emperors, had directed out their Letters with all Severity for the persecuting of Christians, *ALBAN*, though at that Time an Infidel, received into his House a certain Clerk, flying from the Persecutor's Hands; whom when *Alban* beheld continually both Day and Night to persevere in Watching and Prayer, suddenly, by the great Mercy of God, he began to imitate the Example of his Faith and virtuous Life: Whereupon, by little and little, he being instructed by his wholesome Exhortation, and leaving the Blindness of his Idolatry, became at length a perfect Christian. And when the forenamed Clerk had lodged with him a certain Time, Information was given that this good Man, and Confessor of Christ (not yet condemned to Death) was harboured in *Alban's* House, or very near unto him; whereupon immediately Charge was given to the Soldiers to make more diligent Inquisition into the Matter; who, as soon as they came to the House of *Alban*, he putting on the Apparel wherewith his Guest and Master was apparel'd, offered himself instead of the other to the Soldiers, who binding him, brought him forthwith to the Judge,

It

It fortun'd, that at that Instant, when *Alban* was brought unto the Judge, they found the same Judge at the Altars offering Sacrifice unto Devils; who, as soon as he saw *Alban* was strait in a great Rage, for that he would presume of his own voluntary Will to offer himself to Peril, and give himself a Prisoner to the Soldiers, for Safeguard of his Guest whom he harboured, and commanded him to be brought before the Images of the Devils whom he worshipp'd, saying, For that thou hadst rather hide and convey away a Rebel, than deliver him to the Officers, that (as a Contemner of our Gods) he should not suffer Punishment for his Blasphemy; look, what Punishment he should have had, thou for him shalt suffer the same, if I perceive thee any whit to revolt from our Manner of worshipping. But blessed *Alban*, who of his own Accord had betrayed to the Persecutors that he was a Christian, feared not at all the Menaces of the Judge, but being armed with the spiritual Armour, openly pronounced that he would not obey his Commandment. Then said the Judge, Of what Stock or Kindred art thou come? *Alban* answered, What is that to you? Of what Stock soever I came, if you desire to hear the Truth of my Religion, I do tell you, to wit, that I am a Christian, and apply myself altogether to that Calling. Then said the Judge, I would know thy Name, and see thou tell me the same without Delay. Then said he, My Parents named me *Alban*, and I worship the true and living God, which hath created all the World. Then said the Judge fraught with Fury, If thou wilt enjoy the
Felicity

Felicity of this present Life, do Sacrifice immediately to these mighty Gods: *Alban* replied, These Sacrifices which ye offer unto Devils, can neither help them that offer the same, neither can they accomplish the Desires and Prayers of their Suppliants; but rather shall they (whosoever they be) that offer Sacrifice to these Idols, receive for their Meed everlasting Pains of Hell-Fire. The Judge, when he heard these Words, was passing angry, and commanded the Tormentors to whip this holy Confessor of God, endeavouring to overcome the Constancy of his Heart with Stripes. And when he was cruelly beaten, he suffered the same patiently, nay joyfully, for the Lord's Sake. Then when the Judge saw that he could not with Torments be overcome, nor be reduced from the Christian Worship, he commanded him to be beheaded.

TARQUINIUS, LUCRETIA, BRUTUS.

ABOUT seven hundred Years before the Birth of *Jesus Christ*, the City of *Rome* was built by *Romulus*, who was the first King thereof: After him reigned *Numa Pompilius*, then *Tullus Hostilius*, who was succeeded by *Ancus Martius*; the fifth King was *Tarquinius Priscus*, the sixth *Servius Tullus*, the seventh and last, *Tarquinius Superbus*. He behaved himself with so much Insolence towards his Subjects, that he soon created in them an Aversion towards him, and at length they not only divested him of the Government,

ment, but banished him and all his Family from *Rome*. The particular Accident which occasioned this, is very remarkable, and we will here relate it.

The *Romans* were at that Time besieging the City of *Ardea*. And lying a good while before the Town, they had oftentimes leisure enough upon their Hands to carouse and make merry among each other, especially those who were Men of Quality and Distinction in the Camp. Some of the younger of them were one Night at Supper with *Sextus Tarquinius*, the King's Son, at his Quarters, and amongst the rest *Collatinus*. Discourse arose at Table about their Wives; each Man commended his own. In the heat of the Dispute, *Collatinus* said he thought there was no Occasion for many Words; they might in a few Hours satisfy themselves how much his *Lucretia* deserved above the rest. Let us, says he, take Horse and go see what our Wives are about. She whom we find best employed shall carry the Day. Every one liked the Project, and being a little heated with Wine, they immediately get on Horseback and fly to *Rome*, which they reached towards Night, from whence they bend their Course to *Collatia*, where they found *Lucretia* not like the Women of the Royal Family who were banqueting together, but, though late at Night, intent upon her Household Affairs, sitting among her Maid-Servants, at work.

This easily determined the Prize of Honour in favour of *Lucretia*. She received her Husband and the rest of the Gentlemen with a great deal of Good-humour; and *Collatinus*, not a little pleased with this
Victory,

Victory, with an Air of Gaiety, pressed the Company to stay ; they gladly accepted the Invitation, sat there the whole Night, and returned in the Morning to the Camp before *Ardea*.

This Interview created in the mind of *Sextus Tarquinius* a very evil Desire towards *Lucretia*. The Charms of her Beauty, heightened by her Behaviour and Conversation, made him uneasy till he could enjoy her.

A few Days after, he, without acquainting *Collatinus*, and with only one Servant, left the Camp and went to *Collatia*, where he was very civilly received and entertained by *Lucretia*, entirely ignorant of his Purpose. After Supper he was shewed into a Bed-chamber, and in the middle of the Night when he thought every body quiet and asleep (such was the violence of his Passion) he takes his Sword in his Hand and steals to *Lucretia's* Bed side. He laid his Hand upon her Bosom, and with a low Voice said, *Lucretia*, I am *Sextus Tarquinius*, I have a Sword in my Hand, and if you offer to cry out, I'll stab you this Moment.

The Woman waking out of her Sleep, was frightened to find herself in such Hands: *Tarquinius* told her the Occasion of his coming, and endeavoured both by Entreaties and by Threats to induce her to a Compliance. When he found her not to be moved even with the fear of Death, he threatened to destroy her Reputation, to kill her first, then a Servant, and lay him naked in her Bed, that so the World might imagine she died in the Act of Adultery of the lowest Kind,

Kind. By this Argument he got the better of her, and as soon as he had satisfied his Desires upon her, he betook himself to the Camp.

Lucretia, full of grief at what had happened, immediately dispatched a Messenger to her Father at *Rome*, and from thence to her Husband at *Ardea*, desiring them to come in all haste with their choicest Friends; that an Affair of a very dismal Nature had happened, which required their Presence. *Lucretius* brought with him *P. Valerius*, and with *Collatinus* came *L. Junius Brutus*. They found *Lucretia* in her Chamber all in Tears, and when her Husband asked her if she were well, she replied, How can a Woman be well after the Violation of her Chastity? Your Bed, *Collatinus*, has been defiled, but it is only my Body that has assisted in it, my Mind was guiltless, of which my Death shall soon satisfy you. In the mean while give me every one your Honour that you will avenge me of the Adulterer. It is *Sextus Tarquinius*, who being received here last Night as a Guest, has behaved like an Enemy. He has by Force and Arms accomplished his Joys, fatal indeed to me, but, if you have the Spirit of Men in you, not less so to him. They immediately in order pledged their Honour to her, and endeavoured to calm and comfort both her and her Husband, and loaded with many Curses *Sextus Tarquinius*. As to him, said she, I leave him to your Justice. As to me, I shall take a severe Vengeance on myself, tho' I know myself innocent. No Woman shall ever from the Example of *Lucretia*, learn to violate her Husband's Bed with Impunity.

This

This having said, she drew from under her Gown a Knife which she had hid there, and struck it to her Heart.

The Company fell into the utmost Concern. But *Brutus*, drawing out the Knife from the Wound, and holding it reeking with Blood in his Hand, addressed himself to every one present in these Terms: Swear, says he, by this Blood, unstained till this piece of Royal Villany, and by all the Gods, that you will by Fire and Sword, and by every Method that you can, extirpate *L. Tarquinius*, his Wife and Family, and that you never will suffer either them, or any other Person, to have Kingly Authority in *Rome*. They were amazed at this Behaviour in *Brutus*, who had for some time lain under the imputation of Madness, and now betrayed such a Spirit; they every one took the Oath, and their Grief now changed into Anger, they submitted themselves to the Conduct of *Brutus* for the Extirpation of Kingship.

The Body of *Lucretia* they ordered to be carried into the Market-Place, where the News of so horrid a Fact soon brought together a Multitude of People. Every Man was full of Complaints of this Villany. And the Sorrow which *Lucretius* shewed was particularly moving. But *Brutus* exhorted them to forbear their useles Complaints and Tears, to behave like Men and *Romans*, and immediately to take Arms against their Oppressors. The young Men soon appeared in Arms, Volunteers under *Brutus*, who leaving a Party as a Garrison at *Collatia* to keep the Gates, that no one might carry the News of this Insurrection

138 Tarquinius, Lucretia, Brutus.

to the Royal Family, marched with the rest to *Rome*. The Approach of so large a Body of armed Men, struck a Terror into the Inhabitants there; but when they observed at their Head some of the first Distinction in the City, they presumed it was not without Reason. When the Occasion came to be known at *Rome*, it created as great a Commotion in Mens Minds, as it had done at *Collatia*. The People came running into the *Forum*, to whom *Brutus*, with a Spirit and Understanding which he had a long while concealed, in a long Speech, set forth the heinous Fact committed by *Sextus Tarquinius*, and the miserable End of *Lucretia*. He inveighed against the Pride of the King, and the Hardships with which he loaded the People. He exposed the Iniquities of his whole Life and Reign, and at length prevailed so upon the People, that they came to a Vote to put an End to the Government of *Tarquinius*, and to banish him, his Wife and Children.

The News of these Proceedings having reached the Camp, the King was very much affected with it, and hastened to *Rome* to put a stop to them. When he came thither he found the Gates shut against him, and the Vote of his Banishment renewed and confirmed. *Brutus*, having taken a different Rout on purpose to avoid meeting *Tarquinius*, arrived at the Army, where he was received with great Joy. The Sons of the King that were in the Camp, were ordered out of it. Two of them followed their Father's Fortune, and retired with him into *Etruria*. *Sextus Tarquinius* removing into the Territories of the *Gabii*, to whom

he

he had rendered himself odious by Murder and Rapine, was by them slain.

Thus ended the Reign of *Lucius Tarquinius Superbus*, after it had lasted five and twenty Years; and with it ended the Kingly Authority in *Rome*. The Government being upon this Occasion transfer'd to Magistrates of another Kind, called Consuls, who were elected by the People into that Office. The two first were *L. Junius Brutus*, and *L. Tarquinius Collatinus*.

The Forty MARTYRS.

BASILIIUS in one of his Sermons rehearseth the following Story not unworthy to be noted. There came, saith he, into a certain Place, (the Name of which Place he doth not mention) the Emperor's Marshal or Officer, with the Edict which the Emperor had set out against the Christians, that whosoever confessed Christ, should after many Torments suffer Death. And first they did privily suborn certain which should detect and accuse the Christians whom they had found out, or had laid wait for. Upon this, the Sword, the Gibbet, the Wheel, and the Whips were brought forth; at the terrible Sight whereof, the Hearts of all the Beholders did shake and tremble. Some for fear did fly, some did stand in doubt what to do; certain were so terrified at the beholding of these Engines, and tormenting Instruments, that they denied their Faith. Some for a time did abide the Conflict
and

and Agony of Martyrdom, but vanquished at length, by the intolerable Pain of their Torments, made shipwreck of their Consciences, and lost the Glory of their Confession. Among others, Forty there were at that Time, young Gentlemen, all Soldiers, which after the Marshal had shewed the Emperor's Edict, and required of all Men the Obedience of the same, freely and boldly, of their own Accord, confessed themselves to be Christians, and declared to him their Names. The Marshal somewhat amazed at this their Boldness of Speech, standeth in doubt what was best to do. Yet forthwith he goeth about to win them with fair Words, advertising them to consider their Youth, and not to change a sweet and pleasant Life, for a cruel and untimely Death; after that he promiseth them Money and honourable Offices in the Emperor's Name. But they little esteeming all these Things, brake forth into a long and bold Oration, affirming that they did neither desire Life, Dignity, nor Money, but only the Celestial Kingdom of Christ; saying further, that they were ready, for the Love and Faith they have in God, to endure the Affliction of the Wheel, the Cross, and the Fire. The rude Marshal being herewith offended, devised a new kind of Punishment. He spied out in the middle of the City a certain great Pond, which lay full upon the cold Northern Wind, for it was in the Winter-Time, wherein he caused them to be put all that Night; but they being merry, and comforting one another, received this their appointed Punishment, and said, as they were putting off their Cloaths, " We put off now not
" our

“ our Cloaths, but we put off the old Man. We
“ give thee Thanks, O Lord, that with this our Ap-
“ parel we may also put off, by thy Grace, the sinful
“ Man ; for by means of the Serpent we once put
“ him on, and by the means of Jesus Christ, we now
“ put him off.” When they had thus said, they were
brought naked into the Place where they felt most ve-
hement Cold, insomuch that all the Parts of their
Bodies were stark and stiff therewith. As soon as it
was Day, they yet having Breath, were brought into
the Fire, wherein they were consumed and their Ashes
thrown into the Flood. By chance there was one
of the Company more lively, and not so near dead as
the rest, of whom the Executioners taking pity, said
unto his Mother standing by, that they would save his
Life. But she, with her own Hands taking up her
Son, brought him to the Pile of Wood, where his
Fellows lay ready to be burnt, and admonished him
to accomplish the blessed Journey he had undertaken
with his Companions.

The Generous Brother.

THERE was a certain Merchant who had two
Sons, the eldest of whom being of an evil
Disposition, did use to behave with great Hatred and
Spitefulness towards the younger, who was of a Tem-
per more mild and gentle. It happened that the old
Gentleman having by his Trade acquired a large
Estate,

Estate, left it by his Will to his eldest Son, together with all his Ships and his Stock in Merchandize, willing him to continue on the Business, and to support his Brother. But he was no sooner dead, than the elder began more plainly than ever to discover his Ill-Will towards his Brother, and with great Cruelty put him out of the House, and without giving him any thing for his Support, turned him loose into the wide World. The young Man much grieved with this Usage, yet considering that in his Father's Life-time he had acquired some Knowledge in Business, applied himself to a neighbouring Merchant, offering to serve him in the way of Trade. The Merchant received him into his House, and finding him to be useful and diligent in Business, bestowed upon him in Marriage his Daughter, who was his only Child; and when he died, bequeathed to him his whole Fortune. The young Man, after the Death of his Father-in-law, retired with his Wife into a distant Country, where he purchased a noble House, and lived with great Credit and Reputation.

The elder Brother had after the Death of their Father carried on the Trade, and, for some time, met with great Success in it. But at length, a violent Storm arising, tore to pieces many of his Ships which were coming home richly laden, and about the same Time some Persons failing, who had much of his Money in their Hands, he was reduced to great Want. And to compleat his Misfortunes, the little which he had left at Home, was consumed by a sudden Fire, which

which burnt his House, and every thing that was in it, so that he was brought quite into a State of Beggary.

In this forlorn Condition, he had no other resource to keep himself from starving, than to wander up and down the Country, imploring the Assistance of well-disposed Persons. It happened one Day, that having travelled many Miles, and obtained but little Relief, he espied a Gentleman walking in the Fields not far from a fine Seat. To this Gentleman he addressed himself, and having laid before him his Misfortunes, and his present necessitous Condition, he earnestly intreated him for some Assistance. The Gentleman, who was indeed his younger Brother, did not at first recollect him, but after some Discourse with him he perceived that it was his Brother. However, concealing his knowledge of him, he directed him to follow him home, and when they came in, he ordered the Servants to take care of him, and to furnish him for that Night with Lodging and Victuals. In the mean while he resolved in his own Mind to make himself known to him the next Morning, and to make an Offer to him of a constant Habitation and Allowance in his House. But first discoursing the Matter over with his Wife, she, who was a Woman of much Benevolence, came entirely into the Proposal. Accordingly the next Morning he ordered the poor Man to be sent for. When he was come into his Presence, he asked if he knew him. The poor Man answer'd, He did not. I am, says he, bursting into Tears, your Brother, and immediately fell upon his Neck
with

with great Tenderneſs. The elder, quite aſtoniſh'd at this Accident, fell to the Ground, and began to make many Excuses and to beg Pardon for his former cruel Behaviour. To whom the other answered, Brother, let us forget thoſe Things. I heartily forgive you all that is paſt. You need not range up and down the World in this diſtreſſed Condition. You ſhall be welcome to live with me. He accepted this Propoſal, and they lived together in Plenty and great Friendſhip till Death.

A Story of King EDWARD the Firſt.

FO X in his Hiſtory relateth the following Story of *Edward the Firſt, King of England*. He being one Day engaged in the Sport of Hawking, chanced ſharply to rebuke the negligence of one of his Gentlemen, for what Fault I cannot tell, about his Hawk; the Gentleman being on the other Side of the River, hearing his menacing Words, was glad (as he ſaid) that the River was between them. With this Answer the courageous Blood of this Prince being moved, upon preſent heat he leaped ſtrait into the Flood, both of a ſwift Stream and of a dangerous Deepneſs, and no leſs hard in getting out. Notwithſtanding, either forgetting his own Life, or neglecting the Danger preſent, and having a good Horſe, ventur-eth his own Death, to have the Death of his Man. At length, with much Difficulty recovering the Bank, with

with his Sword drawn he purfueth his Provoker : who having not so good an Horfe, and seeing himself in danger of being taken, reineth his Horfe, and returning back bare-head unto the Prince, submitteth his Neck under his Hand to strike. The Prince, whose fervent Stomach the Water of the whole River could not quench, a little Submission of his Man did so cool, that the Quarrel fell, his Anger ceased, and his Sword was put up without any Stroke given. And so both returned to their Game good Friends again.

The History of HUMPHRY Duke of Gloucester.

HUMPHRY Duke of *Gloucester* was the Son of King *Henry IV*, Brother to *Henry V*, and Uncle to *Henry VI* of *England*, to which last he was assigned to be the Governor and Protector of his Person. Of Manners he seemed meek and gentle, loving the Commonwealth, a Supporter of the poor Commons, discreet and studious, well affected to Religion, a Friend to Truth, and no less Enemy to Pride and Ambition, especially in haughty Prelates. And, which is rare in Princes, he was both learned himself, and also a singular Favourer and Patron of them who were studious and learned.

Of his Prudence and Sagacity the following Story is a Proof.—In the young Days of King *Henry VI*, being yet under the Governance of this Duke *Hum-*

Humphry his Protector, there came to St. *Albans* a certain Beggar with his Wife, and there was walking about the Town begging, five or six Days before the King's coming thither, saying, That he was born blind, and never saw in his Life, and was warned in his Dream, that he should come out of *Berwick*, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seek St. *Alban*. When the King was come, and the Town full, suddenly this blind Man, at St. *Alban's* Shrine, had his Sight again. This was noised abroad as a great Miracle, so that nothing was talked of in all the Town but this Miracle. So happen'd it then, that Duke *Humphry of Gloucester*, a Man no less wise than well learned, called the poor Man unto him; and first shewing himself joyous of God's Glory so shewed in the getting of his Sight, and exhorting him to Meekness, and not to be proud of the People's Praise, at last, he looked well upon his Eyes, and asked whether he could see nothing at all in all his Life before. And when as well his Wife as himself affirmed falsly, No; then he looked advisedly upon his Eyes again, and said, I believe you very well, for methinketh you cannot see well yet. Yea, Sir, quoth he, I thank God and his holy Martyr, I can see now as well as any Man. You can, quoth the Duke; what colour is my Gown? Then anon the Beggar told him. What colour, quoth the Duke, is this Man's Gown? he told him also, and so forth; without any sticking he told him the Names of all the Colours that could be shewed him. And when the Duke saw that, he bade him walk Traitor, and made him to be set
openly

openly in the Stocks; for tho' he could have seen suddenly by Miracle the difference between divers Colours, yet could he not by the Sight so suddenly tell the Names of all these Colours, except he had known them before, any more than the Names of all the Men that he should suddenly see. — By this may it be seen how Duke *Humphry* had not only an Head to discern and discover Truth from Falshood, but Study also and Diligence to reform that which was amiss.

And thus much hitherto for the noble Prowess and Virtues, joined with the Ornaments of Knowledge and Literature, shining in this Princely Duke. For the which as he was beloved of the poor Commons, and well spoken of by all Men, being called the good Duke of *Gloucester*, so neither wanted he his Enemies and privy Enviars, of whom especially was *Henry Beaufort*, Cardinal, Bishop of *Winchester* and Lord Chancellor; who of long time disdaining and envying the Rule and Authority of this Duke, first had disposed and appointed himself to remove the King's Person from *Eltham* unto *Windſor* out of the Duke's Hands, and there to put in such Governors as him listed. After that, intending the Duke's Death, he set Men of Arms and Archers at the End of *London-Bridge*, and fore-barring the High-way with a drawn Chain, set Men in Chambers, Cellars and Windows, with Bows and Arrows, and other Weapons, to the purposed Destruction both of the Duke and his Retinue, if God had not so disposed to turn his Journey another way. Beside other manifold Injuries and

Moleſtations, the ambitious Cardinal, ſeeking by all means to be Pope, procured ſuch trouble againſt him, that great Diviſion was thereby in the whole Realm, inſomuch that all the Shops within the City of *London* were ſhut in, for fear of the Favourers of theſe two great Perſonages, for each Part had aſſembled no ſmall Number of People. For the pacifying whereof, the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, and another Nobleman, rode ſeven times in one Day between thoſe two Adverſaries. Such were then the Troubles of this tumultuous Diviſion within the Realm, and all by the Excitation of this unquiet Cardinal.

Beſide this Cardinal aforementioned, another capital Enemy to the ſaid Duke was *William de la Pole*, firſt Earl, then Marquiſs, at laſt Duke of *Suffolk*, a Man very ill reported of in Stories to be not only the Inſtrument of this good Duke's Death, but alſo to be the Annoyance of the Commonwealth, and Ruin of the Realm. For by him and his only Device was firſt concluded the unprofitable and diſhonourable Marriage between the King and Lady *Margaret*, Daughter of the Duke of *Anjou*; whereas the King had concluded and contracted a Marriage before with the Daughter of the Earl of *Arminiack*, upon Conditions ſo much more profitable and honourable, as better it is for a Prince to marry a Wife with Riches and Friends, than to take a Maid with nothing, and diſinherit himſelf and his Realm of old Rights, and ancient Inheritance; which ſo came to paſs. And all this the good Duke did well foreſee, and declare, but his Counſel would not be taken.

Another

Another sore Enemy and mortal Plague to this Duke, was the Queen herself, lately before married to the King. Who being of haughty Stomach, of Wit and Wiliness lacking nothing, and perceiving her Husband to be simple of Wit, and easy to be ruled, took upon her to rule and govern both King and Kingdom. And because the Advice and Counsel of *Humphry Duke of Gloucester* was somewhat a Stay, that her Authority could not so fully proceed, and partly because the said Duke before did disagree to that Marriage, this manly Woman and courageous Queen ceased not by all Imaginations and Practices possible to set forward his Destruction, having also for her helper herein the Duke of *Buckingham* and others.

These being his principal Enemies and mortal Foes, fearing lest some Commotion might arise, if such a Prince so near the King's Blood and so dear to the People, and of all Men so beloved, should be openly executed and put to Death, they devised how to trap him, and circumvent him unknowing and unprovided; for the more speedy furtherance whereof, a Parliament was summoned to be held at *Bury*, far from the Citizens of *London*, whither resorted all the Peers of the Realm, and among them the Duke of *Gloucester*, thinking no harm to himself or other. Who on the second Day of the Session was by the Lord *Beaumont*, High Constable of *England*, accompanied with the Duke of *Buckingham* and others, arrested, apprehended and put in Ward, and upon the same all his Servants discharged and put from him, of

whom thirty-two of the principal, being also under Arrest, were dispersed into divers Prisons, to the great murmuring and grievance of the People. After this Arrest thus done, and the Duke put in Ward, some Nights after he was found dead in his Bed, and his Body shewed to the Lords and Commons, as though he had been taken naturally with some sudden Disease. And altho' no Wound in his Body could be seen, yet by all indifferent Persons it might well be judged, that he died of no natural Pang, but of some violent Hand. Some suspected him to be strangled, some that a Spit was privately forced into his Body; some affirm that he was stifled between two Feather-Beds.

After the Death of this Duke, and his Body being interred at *St. Allans*, after he had politickly by the space of twenty-five Years governed this Realm, five of his Household, to wit, one Knight, three Esquires and a Yeoman, were arraigned and convicted to be hanged drawn and quartered. Who being hanged and cut down half alive, the Marquis of *Suffolk*, there present, shewed the Charter of the King's Pardon, and so they were delivered. Notwithstanding this could not appease the grudge of the People, saying, That the saving of the Servants was no amends for the murdering of the Master.

The next Year following, it happened also that the Cardinal, who was the principal Artificer and Ring-leader of all this Mischief, was suffered of God no longer to live. Of whose wicked Conditions being more largely set forth in other Writers, I omit here to speak; what he himself spoke on his Death Bed,

for

for example to others, I thought not best to pretermitt. Who hearing that he should die, and that there was no Remedy, murmured and grudged, wherefore he should die having so much Riches; saying that if the whole Realm would save his Life, he was able either by Policy to get it, or by Riches to buy it; adding, and saying moreover, Will not Death be hired? Will Money do nothing? When my Nephew of *Bedford* died, I thought myself half up the Wheel, but when I saw my other Nephew of *Gloucester* deceased, then I thought myself able to be equal with Kings, and so thought to increase my Treasure, in hope to have worn the Triple Crown.

And thus is the rich Bishop of *Winchester*, with all his Pomp and Riches, gone; with the which Riches, he was able, not only to build Schools, Colleges and Universities, but also to sustain the King's Armies in War, without any taxing of the Commons.— In whose Seat next succeeded *William Weinslet*, preferred to the Bishoprick of *Winchester*, who, though he had less Substance, yet having a Mind more godly disposed, did found and erect the College of *Mary Magdalen* in *Oxford*.

Among the other mischievous Adversaries who fought and wrought the Death of *Humphry Duke of Gloucester*, next to the Cardinal of *Winchester* (who, as is said, died the Year following) was *William de la Pole*, Marquis of *Suffolk*, who also lived not long after, nor long escaped unpunished. For although he was highly exalted by Means of the Queen (whose Marriage he had procured) unto the Favour of the

King, and was made Duke of *Suffolk*, and magnified by the People, and bare the whole Sway in the Realm, yet notwithstanding, the Hand of God's Judgment still hanging over him, he enjoyed not long this his triumphant Victory: For within three Years after the Death and Ruin of the Cardinal, the Voices of the whole Commons of *England* were utterly turned against him, accusing him in the Parliament for Delivery of the Dutchy of *Anjou* and Earldom of *Maine*; also for the Death of the noble Prince *Humphry*, Duke of *Gloucester*. They imputed moreover to him the Loss of all *Normandy*; laying unto his Charge that he was a Consumer of the King's Treasure, the Expeller of all good and virtuous Counsellors from the King, and Advancer of vicious Persons, apparent Adversaries to the Publick Wealth; so that he was called in every Man's Mouth, a Traitor, a Murderer, and a Robber of the King's Treasure.

The Queen, albeit she tenderly loved the Duke, yet to appease the Exclamations of the Commons, was forced to commit him to the *Tower*, where he, with as much Pleasure and Liberty as could be, remained for a Month; which being expired, he was delivered and restored again unto his old Place, and former Favour with the King; whereat the People more grudged than before. It happened by the Occasion of a Commotion then beginning amongst the rude People, by one whom they called *Blue-Beard*, that the Parliament was for that Time adjourned to *Lincolne*, the Queen thinking by Force
and

and Rigour of Law to repress the Ill-will conceived against the Duke. But at that Place few of the Nobility would appear; wherefore it was again journed unto *London*, and kept at *Westminster*, where was a whole Company, and a full Appearance with the King and Queen, and with them the Duke of *Suffolk* as Chief Counsellor. The Commons, not forgetting the old Grudge, renewed again their former Articles and Accusations against the said Duke, against the Bishop of *Salisbury*, and Sir *James Fiesner*, Lord *Say*, and others. When the King perceived that no Glossing, nor Dissimulation, would serve to appease the continual Clamour of the importunate Commons, to make some quiet Pacification, first he sequestred from him the Lord *Say*, Treasurer of *England*, and other the Duke's Adherents, from their Offices. Then he put in Exile the Duke of *Suffolk* for five Years, supposing by that Space the furious Rage of the People would assuage. But the Hand of God would not suffer the guiltless Blood of *Humphry Duke of Gloucester* to be unrevenged, or the flagitious Person longer to continue. For when he was shipped in *Suffolk*, intending to be transported into *France*, he was encountred with a Ship of War belonging to the *Tower*; whereby he was taken, and brought into *Dover Road*, and there on the one Side of a Ship-boat, one struck off his Head; which was about the Year of our Lord 1450.

Thus have ye heard the full Story of Duke *Humphry*, and of his Adversaries.

The Rise, Life, and Fall of Cardinal
WOOLSEY.

THOMAS WOOLSEY was born at *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*. His Father by Trade was a Butcher, who, for the Pregnancy of his Son's Wit, and Aptness to Learning, sent him early to the University of *Oxford*, where making a considerable Advance in his Studies, he was elected Fellow of *Magdalen College*, and afterwards Master of the Grammar School there: Being grown into Reputation in the Discharge of that Office, the Marquis of *Dorset* committed three of his Sons to his Care, and likewise bestowed a Living upon him. *Woolsey* going to take Possession of his Benefice, was set in the Stocks, for what Offence is not declared, by Sir *Amias Pavlet*, which afterwards he kept in Memory to the no small Prejudice of that Gentleman. After this Disgrace, *Woolsey* went over Sea, and falling into the Acquaintance of Sir *John Nephew*, Treasurer of *Calais*, he preferred him to be one of King *Henry* the Seventh's Chaplains; and by this Means being under the King's Eye, he comported himself with so much Diligence and Obsequiousness, that he soon gained the good Opinion of the King and the whole Court.

It happened that the King had Occasion to send to the Emperor *Maximilian*, about some Business that required a sudden Dispatch, which no Man was thought more fit to undertake than *Woolsey*; whereupon the King called him, gave him his Message,
and

and bid him make all the Speed he could. *Woolsey* departed from the King at *Richmond* about Noon, by next Morning got to *Dover*, from thence by Noon arrived at *Calais*, and by Night was with the Emperor; to whom delivering his Message, and having a present Dispatch, he rode that Night back to *Calais*, and the Night following came to the Court at *Richmond*. The next Morning he appeared in the King's Presence, who reprimanded him for not being gone, the Affair requiring Haste; to whom *Woolsey* answered, that he had been with the Emperor, and performed the King's Commands, and therewith gave to the King the Emperor's Letter. The King admiring at his Speed, asked him if he met the Messenger whom he sent after him to advise him of a Matter he had forgotten; *Woolsey* answered, May it please your Grace, I met him yesterday upon the Road, but the Commands he brought I had dispatched before; for knowing it of such necessary Consequence to my other Instructions, I took the Boldness to do it without Commission; for which I humbly beg your Grace's Pardon. The King, seeing him so ripe and well qualified for Business, not only gave him his Pardon, but bestowed the Deanry of *Lincoln* upon him, and soon after made him his Almoner.

In this Capacity King *Henry* the Eighth found him, with whom he also grew into such Favour, that he made him of his Council, and having won *Tourney*, made him Bishop of that City; and returning into *England*, the Bishoprick of *Lincoln* falling void by
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the Death of Dr. *Smith*, the King made him Bishop of that Diocese. Soon after he was raised to a more eminent Station; for Dr. *Bambridge* Archbishop of *York* dying, he was translated to that See: And that he might not be inferior to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, he procured the Pope to make him a Cardinal and Legate, and by the King he was made Lord Chancellor of *England*.

Having got into such Power, he observed the King's Inclinations exactly; followed his Interests closely, and though he made other Princes retain him with great Presents and Pensions, yet he never engaged the King into any Alliance but what was for his Advantage. If we look upon him as a Minister of State, he was a very extraordinary Person; but, as a Churchman, he was the Disgrace of his Profession. He not only served the King in all his secret Pleasures, but was lewd and vicious himself, so that his having the *French Pox* was so publick, that it was brought against him in Parliament when he fell into Disgrace. Beside, he was a Man of an extravagant Vanity, as appears by the great State in which he lived, and to feed that, his Ambition and Covetousness were proportionable. His Retinue, in Number, and all other Circumstances of State, exceeded all that ever went before him. He had not only Bishops and Abbots to serve him, but also Dukes and Earls to give him Water and the Towel.

He continued in this Magnificence and Power, governing all Things according to his Will and Pleasure,

ture, till about the twentieth Year of the Reign of King *Henry* the Eighth, when the King's Affections began to cool towards him. In *Michaelmas* Term the King sent for the Great Seal from him, which the Cardinal at first was unwilling to part with, but the next Day the King writing to him, he pretently delivered it to the Dukes of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*. It was offered back again to *Warham*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*; but he being very old, and foreseeing great Difficulties in keeping it, excused himself, and so it was given to Sir *Thomas More*. Not long after was his rich Palace of *York-House*, now *White-hall*, with all the vast Wealth, and royal Furniture that he had heaped together, which was beyond any thing that had ever been seen in *England* before, seized on for the King. But it seems the King had not a Mind to destroy him all at once, but only to bring him lower, and to try if the Terror of that would have any Influence on the Pope; therefore the King first granted him his Protection, then his Pardon, and then restored him to the Archbishoprick of *York*, and the Bishoprick of *Winchester*, and gave him back in Money, Goods and Plate, to the Value of 6000 Pounds, and many kind Messages were sent both by the King and *Anne Boleyn*. But as he carried his Greatness with most extravagant Pride and Haughtiness, so was he no less basely cast down with his Misfortunes; and having no Ballast within himself, he was lifted up, or cast down, as the Scales of Fortune turned.

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His Enemies had now gone too far, ever to suffer a Man of his Parts or Temper to return to Favour, and therefore they so ordered it, that an high Charge of many Articles was brought against him in the House of Lords, and it passed there, where he had but few Friends, and many and great Enemies; but when the Charge was sent down to the House of Commons, it was so managed by the Industry of *Cromwel*, who had been his Servant, that it came to nothing.

The Heads thereof chiefly related to his Legatine Power contrary to Law, to his Insolence and Ambition, his lewd Life, and other Things that were brought to defame as well as destroy him.

All these Things did so sink his proud Mind, that a deep Melancholy overcame his Spirit. The King sent him frequent Assurances of his Favour, which he received with Transports of Joy, falling down on his Knees in the Dirt before the Messenger that brought one of them, which shewed how mean a Soul he had; and that, as himself afterwards acknowledg'd, he preferred the King's Favour to God Almighty.— But notwithstanding this Treatment of the Cardinal, which was designed, most probably, to influence the Pope, the King found they took little notice of him at *Rome*: The Emperor hated him; the Pope did not love him; and though they did not like the Precedent to have a Cardinal so ill used, yet they were not much troubled at *Rome* to see it fall on him. The Pope therefore neglecting to gratify the King, he resolved to proceed in sinking the Cardinal. Accord-

ingly,

ingly, in *Easter Week* he was ordered to go to the North, though he had a great Mind to have staid at *Richmond*, which the King had given him in Exchange for *Hampton-Court*, which he had also built; but that Place was too near the Court, and his Enemies had a Mind to send him farther from it. He was therefore commanded to *Cawood* in *Yorkshire*, in which Journey it appears, that the Ruins of his Estate were considerable; for he travelled thither with no less than a hundred and sixty Horse, and seventy-two Carts followed him with his Household Stuff.

In *November* next Year he was seized by the Earl of *Northumberland*, who attached him for High-Treason, committing him to the Keeping of Sir *William Kingston*, Lieutenant of the *Tower*, who was ordered to bring him back to *London*; and even then he had gracious Messages from the King: but these did not work much upon him; for whether he knew himself guilty of some secret Practices with the Pope or with the Emperor, which yet he denied to the last, or whether he could no longer stand under the King's Displeasure, and his Change of Condition, he was so cast down, that on his Way to *London*, he sickened at *Sheffield Park* in the Earl of *Shrewsbury's* House, from whence he went by slow Journies as far as *Leicester*, where, after some Days languishing, he died; and to the last made great Protestations of his having served the King faithfully, and that he had, to do him Pleasure, little regarded the Service of God: But if he had served God, as he had done the King,

King, he would not have given him over in this Manner, in his grey Hairs. He desired the King to reflect on all his past Services, and particularly in his weighty Matter (for by that Phrase they usually spake of the King's Divorce) and then he would find by his Conscience whether he had offended him or not. He died the 28th of *November 1530*, and was the greatest Instance that several Ages had shewn of the Variety and Inconstancy of human Things, both in his Rise and Fall; and by his Temper in both, it appears he was unworthy of his Greatness, and deserved what he suffered. To conclude all that is to be said of him, I shall add what the Writer of his Life ends with — Here is the End and Fall of Pride and Arrogancy; for I assure you, in his Time he was the haughtiest Man in all Proceedings alive, having more Respect to the Honour of his Person, than he had to his spiritual Profession, wherein should be shewn all Meekness and Charity.

The Story of CIMON, or the River Scamander.

I Have read, that an Orator, named CIMON, who was highly esteemed in *Greece*, formerly the Seat of polite Arts, being banished his native Country, was desirous to visit the Place where the Ruins of *Troy* still subsisted. Being arrived there, as he was walking one Day not far from the *River Scamander*, an innocent Maiden came to the same Place, to taste the
delicious

delicious Coolness which prevails on those ever-verdant Banks. Her Veil was the Sport of every wanton Zephyr. Her Dress was plain and unadorned by Art; she had the Air of a Shepherdess, a complete Beauty, and an easy Shape. *Cimon* was surprized at this Assemblage of Charms, and fancied that *Venus* was come to display her brightest Treasures on those Banks. Not far from them was a Cave, which the innocent Maiden, equally simple and lovely, enters into, without harbouring the least Suspicion. Immediately the Heat of the Season, the Solitude she was in, and some malicious Deity, prompted her to bathe. Seeing this, our Exile hides himself; he contemplates, he admires, and does not know which Beauty to make Choice of. His Eyes drink in a thousand Graces, and they make no less Impression on his Heart. As the People of that Age believed the Existence of the Deities, which Fiction includes in her Empire, *Cimon* meditates how he may best take Advantage of these Errors: He therefore assumes the Air of a River God. He wets his Garments, crowns his Head with Bull-rushes and watery Weeds; and lastly invokes the Aid of *Mercury* and the *God of Love*. How was it possible for a simple, innocent Maiden, to secure herself from so many Snares? Our beautiful Virgin at last reveals a Foot, which boasted so delicious a Whiteness, that *Galatea* would have been jealous at the Sight. She afterwards plunges it in the silver Stream, and gazes upon her snowy Frame, but not without some Confusion. Whilst this Object attracts the Eye, *Cimon* advances towards her, upon which
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she runs to hide herself in the most gloomy Part of the Rock. I am, says *Cimon*, the Deity who presides over this Flood. Be thou the Goddess of it, and come and share my Kingdom with me. Few River Gods could bestow so exalted a Dignity on thee, in their deep Grottoes. My Stream is vastly pure, but my Heart is much more so. For thy Sake I'll strew this Bank with Flowers, thrice happy, if thou wilt but condescend to honour it with thy Steps, and view thine own Beauties at the Bottom of my Stream. All thy Maiden Companions shall, by my Power, become Nymphs either of the Mountains or of the Waters; for all that thine Eye can see around, are subject to my Empire. The Eloquence of the God, and the Fear of displeasing him, (in Spite of the Virgin's Struggles, which whispered to her the Danger she was in) soon concluded the Affair. What a Multitude of Accidents does Superstition give Birth to!—We are told that *Cupid* was a Party concerned on this Occasion.

Our Exile, puffed up with his Success, bids her farewell. Return, says he, to the Shades, but be sure don't tell one Soul of our Marriage, for I am obliged to keep it secret for some time. However, after I have mentioned it to the Council of the Gods, who assemble at *Olympus*, it shall then be made publick. Our new Goddess, after these Words, withdrew; but whether satisfied or not, *Cupid* is the best Judge. The Lovers spent a Month or two in this Manner, and all that Time not a Creature in the Village had the least Notion of their amorous Intercourse.

course. — Ye Mortals! is it said that Excess of Blifs shall make you lose it? — Our banished Man, without taking a Word of Notice, visits the Cave less frequently than he used to do. At last there happened to be a Wedding, when all flocked under an Elm-Tree to see it pass by. Immediately our charming Lass spies her Man, and cries, *Look ye, look ye, there's Scamander, the River God.* — The Spectators, surprized at this Exclamation, enquired into the Meaning of it; when she, (simple Creature!) assures them that her Nuptials would soon be concluded in the Skies. The People, (as how could they do otherwise?) laughed at her Story, and some threw Stones at the God, who ran away as fast as his Legs could carry him. — Others only laughed at the Scene; though I believe *Scamander* would have fared but poorly in our Days: But in those Times, Crimes of this Nature were easily pardoned. Every Age has its peculiar Customs. *Scamander's* Wife, after having been rallied a little, heard no more of the Matter: Nay, one of her Lovers, fancying it had added new Lustre to her Charms (such is the Taste of some Men) offered to marry her. — 'Tis impossible the Gods should initiate any thing; nay, should a Maiden prove something worse for passing through their Hands, 'tis only giving her a Portion, and she'll infallibly meet with a Husband. *Money covers every Impo fiction.*

*An Account of the miraculous Preservation
of some Colliers, who were buried under
Ground for ten Days.*

ON Friday the 7th of November, 1735, as *Joseph Smith*, aged upwards of sixty, *Edward Peacock*, *Abraham Peacock*, his Son, all in the Parish of *Becton*, and *Thomas Hemins* of *Mangotsfield*, all Coal-miners, were wedging out the Coal in a Coal-mine, near *Mile-Hill* in *King's-Wood* near *Bristol*, (rented by Lease of *Thomas Chester*, Esq; by *Joseph Jeffries*, *Edward Wilmot*, and *Thomas Nasse*) on a sudden a prodigious Torrent of Water burstled out of a Vein, so that all of them were in immediate Danger of Death, not knowing whither to go to avoid their dreaded Fate, for Want of their Lights, which were all extinguished by the Water; every Man therefore shifted for himself as Providence directed him. Such was their Consternation and Horror, that, go which Way they would, Danger was near them, either of drowning, or breaking their Necks, the Mine being sixteen Fathom deep, with many Slants and craggy Places. In this Distress, they crawled, sometimes on their Hands and Knees, from Place to Place, to avoid the Water; and getting to a rising Ground, they continued there some time, when proceeding farther, they at length came to what they call a *Hatching*, a high Slant from whence Coal had been dug, and in which the Boy had secured himself, making lamentable

table Moan, and giving himself up to Death. The three Men came together to each other. In their Way to the Hatching, *Joseph Smith* found a Lit of Beef and a Crust of Bread, weighing, as they supposed, in all about four Ounces, which they equally divided. The Boy's Situation being the most secure, they continued there to the Time of their Relief, and made the Boy fetch them Water in his Hat, as best knowing the Way, which was but a poor little by the time he returned with it; but the Water falling considerably, it became so dangerous to have a Supply, that the Boy could not be prevail'd upon to fetch any more, which forc'd them to the Necessity of drinking their own Urine, and chew some Chips, which *Joseph Smith* had cut from a Coal Basket which he accidentally found; which being all gone, and the old Man losing his Knife, they could get no more from this Basket. Being all ready to perish for want of Moisture, *Joseph Smith* chewed a Piece of his Shoe, which not answering his End, he took a Resolution of endeavouring to come at the Water; in which Attempt he tumbled twice, and would have been drown'd each time, had not *Edward Peacock* ventur'd to save him. What with the Heat of the Place they were in, the Smell of their Urine, the nauseous Fumes of their own Bodies, their Want of Water, Meat, &c. during so long a Time, cannot be look'd upon otherwise than a Miracle at their being alive. One would think it impossible four Persons should sustain Life after so long a Hardship, and
with

with only the small Portion of four Ounces of Meat and Bread.

Towards the Close of their deplorable Misery, which was from *Friday* the 7th, till *Monday* the 17th of *November*, 1735, ten Days from the bursting of the Vein, they were taken out of their dismal Cell; the old Man, *Joseph Smith*, began to yield to Nature, and grew delirious; and indeed the rest gave over all Hopes of Relief, and began to decline too by Weakness; though being healthy young Persons, could have held out several Days longer. At the first bursting of the Vein, there were four other Boys in the same Place, but being at what they call the *Tip of the Work*, and hearing the Noise of the Water, made the best of their way to a Rope, crying to the People on the Surface to pull them up, which was not done so speedy but the Water was at the last Boy's Heels, who as the other three were haling up, catch'd hold of one of his Companion's Feet, and all got safe to the Top. This being nois'd in the neighbouring Hamlets, great Numbers of People resorted daily to the Pit, and divers Colliers ventur'd down at different Times, in order to relieve their unfortunate Brethren; but perceiving a Black Damp in the Work, which they reckon the most dangerous, and admitting no lighted Candle, were as often oblig'd to return, till Providence had order'd others to a more successful Attempt, viz. *Sampson Phipps*, *Thomas Somers*, *Moses Reynolds*, and *Thomas Smith*, Son to old *Joseph Smith*, who prudently carried down a Parcel of Coals on Fire, which so draughted the Damp, that they got out their miserable Brethren,

Brethren, except *Thomas Bolifon*, who was all the time missing, and suppos'd to be drown'd. When they were brought into the open Air, their Sight entirely fail'd them for some time, and were all weak and feeble; but after having some comfortable Refreshment, they all walk'd to their respective Homes, to the great Surprize of the People present. Being told the long time of their Calamity, they were under a Consternation, not thinking it had been above five or six Days. The Morning after their never-to be-forgotten Preservation, *Thomas Smith*, Son to old *Joseph Smith*, intended to bespeak a Coffin for his Father; and his Mother had made Preparation for his Funeral.

*A Story of a Young Woman, now in
Bedlam.*

I Lately went to see *Bedlam Hospital*, and after walking in it for some time, the first Object I particularly remark'd, was a beautiful, genteel young Girl, about seventeen Years of Age, whose Madness proceeded from an Excess of Pride and Love. The first Cause was evidently seen in her Gesture; for she walk'd with an extraordinary Air of Grandeur, and her Eyes discovered the Scorn of her Heart; but when her slighted Affection gain'd the Ascendant, her Pride fell like the Tail of a Peacock, and she melted into Tears and Lamentations. I was very much mov'd
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at her Misfortune; for the Struggles which Nature must endure, when an extravagant slighted Love, and intolerable Pride, are the Antagonists, must certainly be very great. What surpriz'd me very much was, that the People made Sport of her, and insulted her Loss of Reason; which, I must confess, shock'd me extremly.

I made very particular Enquiry how it happen'd that this young Beauty was slighted in Love; for I think she was as fine a Woman as ever I beheld. I was inform'd, that her Father liv'd in a reputable manner, and had bestowed upon his Daughter a very genteel Education. She was not insensible of her Charms, and being of a haughty Disposition, thought of nothing less than some Man of Figure for a Husband. Her Fortune indeed was small; but she imagin'd her Beauty made sufficient Amends for her Want of Money. She likewise dress'd exceeding well; which is a Method the young Women make use of to allure Men of Fortune: But, where one Woman makes her Fortune this way, I verily believe twenty are made Whores. The young Maid, who is my present Subject, look'd down with Scorn and Contempt upon every Man in an equal Station of Life with herself; which wrong way of thinking I have observ'd to prove very prejudicial to the *English* Women; for by this means they frequently overstand their Market, and die old Maids, or take up with much worse than they before had despis'd: And sometimes, when they get nobody to marry them, they

they will rather submit to be Whores, than not be made as wife as their Mothers.

It happen'd one Day a Gentleman of great Fortune and Family din'd at the Father's House; and he being a gay brisk Man, in the Flower of his Youth, seeing a pretty Girl at Table, made several fine Speeches concerning her Beauty; and complimented the Father upon his having so beautiful a Daughter. The Mother being dead, and she the eldest, was House-keeper and Mistress in Chief, and liv'd without Controul: In these Circumstances she was left at Liberty to act as she pleas'd; she began not to be so pert about the House, and left the Family Affairs unregarded. She devoted her Time chiefly to reading Romances, and talk'd of nothing but Love. The Impression this young Gentleman had made in her Mind, began now to spring up apace; and she was ever talking of him. I short, her Love grew to such a Pitch at last, that she could no longer conceal it: She imagin'd all this Gentleman had said to her was the pure Effects of a tender passion for her; but he thought of her no more: For it is the Custom of the *English* young Gentlemen to make fine Speeches to all the Women they converse with; and the Weakness of their Sex, mixed with some Share of Vanity, makes them believe all these fine Speeches due to their Beauty and Merit; for none think themselves ugly, and therefore believe any thing. This unhappy Maiden waited with impatience Day after Day, expecting her Beloved to repeat his Compliments and Tokens of Affection; but alas! all in vain: No longer able to contain the

violent Emotions in her Breast; she was at last compell'd to unfold the Secret of her Soul, and write him a Letter to declare the Violence of her Love.

This of itself was enough to make a proud Woman distracted. But what can be imagin'd after the Gentleman had read her Letter, seal'd it up again, and sent it back with this Answer at the Bottom, *I am surpriz'd at your Impertinence!* Horror and Despair seiz'd her at once, she could no longer maintain her Reason. Her Countenance was a Mixture of Rage and Tenderness, Pride and Love were for ever struggling, and had got entire Possession of her: In a word, she directly ran distracted.

Friar PHILIP's Geese : Dedicated to the
FAIR SEX.

LADIES,

YOUR numberless Charms would, in the Imagination of a *Youthful Solitary*, have surpass'd the Beauties of the *Spring*, and the blushing *Aurora*: And had our *Youthful Solitary* seen them in his tender Years, he'd have preferred them to the dazzling Splendor of the Skies, and the lovely Prospects of the Meads. And indeed, he no sooner beheld your numberless Charms, but he felt the Force of them; you far excell'd all other Objects, and they immediately faded in his Eye. The Sight of the most magnificent Palaces, no longer invited his Curiosity. In a Word,
he

he discover'd infinite more Lustre in your Persons, than in the Jewels which adorn a Crown. This *Youth* had, from his Infancy, inhabited the Woods and Groves, where the winged Choristers were his only Companions, whose delightful Harmony us'd sometimes to cheer his lonely Hours: Their innocent Melody was his sole Delight, notwithstanding that he was wholly unacquainted with the Meaning of their tuneful Language. To this rural School his Father had brought him up in his Infancy, immediately after the Death of his Mother; and the tender Babe was no sooner born, than he remov'd him far from the Sight of any human Creature. And for many Years he had not the least Idea that there were any such in the World; and imagin'd there were no other Creatures than the Tenants of the Forest he dwelt in; such as Birds, Wolves, and others, who enjoy only a sensitive Life, and are not endowed with any of the rational Faculties.

The two Motives which prevail'd with his Father to shun all human Commerce, were these following: which whether they were well or ill grounded, I shall not take upon me to determine. The first was, his great Abhorrence of Mankind in general; the second, his Fear. And from the time his dear Consort had left the World, and wing'd her Way to Heaven, he detested the Society of his Fellow Creatures. When grown weary with the sighs he himself vented, with his continual Moan, and the repining of all those he met with; the Death of his better Half made him both hate, as well as fear, the rest of her Sex; so that

he resolv'd to turn *Hermit*, and to bring up his Son in the same Way of Life. Upon this, having distributed his Wealth among the Indigent, he set out unaccompanied, except with his Infant Son, whom he carried in his Arms, and striking down into a lonely Forest, he stops in the most solitary Part of it.

The Name of this Man, as History informs us, was *Philip*. Here our *Hermit* studiously conceals a hundred Particulars from the Child; and that not from a Severity and Gloominess of Temper, but Piety; and takes the utmost Care, not to let the least Word drop from him, which might intimate that there were any such Creatures in the World as *Women*; or such things as Desires or Passions, particularly that of *Love*. In this Solitude, he instructed his Mind in things proportionable to his Age. Having attain'd his fifth Year, he taught him the Names of Flowers and Animals; talk'd to him of the little Birds they heard and saw; and would now and then intermix with these infantine Discourses, which were very pleasing to the Child, some Account of the *Devil*, who, he told him, was an ill-shap'd, hideous Creature: And indeed the first Lesson which Children are generally taught is *Fear*. Being now ten Years of Age, Things of a more deep and abstruse Nature were brought upon the Carpet, and he reveal'd to him some few Particulars relating to the other World; but not a Word about *Woman*. At fifteen he taught him every thing his Mind was susceptible of; gave him an Idea of the Creator of all Things, but forbore to speak of the most lovely Part of his Works: That

Topic

Topic would be unseasonable to Persons devoted to a Life of Solitude, and 'twould be idle to give them the least Notion of it. Being now twenty, his Father thought proper to take him with him to a Neighbouring City; for the old Man was very much oppress'd with the Infirmary of his Years, and scarce able to walk thither to procure the Necessaries of Life: upon which he thus argued with himself: What will my poor dear Boy do when I am dead? How will it be possible for him to subsist; he, who is unknown to all the World? It is not in the Nature of Wolves to be humane and charitable. *Friar Philip* knew, that all the Lad would inherit of him, was a Wallet and a Staff, which, God knows, was but a very poor Pittance; and to these Considerations, he added that of his extream old Age. There were indeed but very few People who did not give him a little Loaf; so that, had he been of a covetous Temper, he might have heap'd up considerable Wealth. He was known to all the little Children, who us'd, whenever they saw him, to set up their Throats, and cry, *Your Alms, your Alms*; *Friar Philip's a coming*. In a Word, our Solitary being very much beloved in the City, had a great Number of charitable Friends there; but not one *Female* among them; for these he carefully avoided. Our good Anchoret no sooner thought, that the Things he had instill'd into his Son were firmly rivetted in his Mind, than he carries him to visit such good Persons, as were charitably dispos'd, and makes a Trial of Fortune. However, Tears gush'd from his Eyes when he considered the Temptations

to which the Lad would be expos'd. But now our two *Hermits* are set out upon their Journey, and arrive at the City, which was magnificent and finely built, and where the King kept his Court.

Here he met with ten thousand Objects unknown to him before; when our harmless and innocent Youth, in amaze, like one who was dropt from the Clouds, cries out, *What do you call that thing there?* A *Courtier*, replies the Father. *And those out yonder?* *Palaces my Dear. These here?* *Statues.* He was gazing on these several Objects, when some young beautiful Girls, with piercing Eyes, and exquisite Features, skudded along before him; and immediately they alone drew all his Attention. For now he no longer views the Palaces, and the other Objects he had a Moment before admir'd: But, luckless Lad! is seiz'd with another kind of Admiration; for all in Rapture at this enchanting Sight, he cries out, *Oh Father! what's that so prettily dress'd? how is it call'd?* The good old Man, who did not in the least relish this Question, answers, *'Tis a Bird call'd a Goose, Child.* *Sweet, pretty Bird!* cries the Lad in the utmost Transport, *prithce sing a little; let's hear some of thy Musick; could not I get a little acquainted with thee?* *Dear Father, I intreat you, if you love me, to let us carry one of them into our Forest.*

The Story of FLORIO and FLORELLA.

THERE was a Country Woman, who, upon her Intimacy with a *Fairy*, desir'd her to come and assist at her Labour. The good Woman was delivered of a Daughter; when the *Fairy* (taking the Infant in her Arms) said to the Mother, "Make your Choice; the Child, if you have a mind, shall be exquisitely handsome, excel in Wit even more than Beauty, and be Queen of a mighty Empire, but withal unhappy: Or, if you had rather, she shall be an ordinary, ugly Country Creature, like yourself, but contented with her Condition." The Mother immediately chose Wit and Beauty for her Daughter, at the Hazard of any Misfortunes. As the Child grew, new Beauties open'd daily in her Face, till in a few Years she surpass'd all the rural Lassies that the oldest People had ever seen. Her Turn of Wit was genteel, polite, and insinuating; she was of a ready Apprehension, and learn'd every thing so fast, as soon to excel her Teachers. Every Holiday she danced upon the Green with a superior Grace to any of her Companions. Her Voice was sweeter than any Shepherd's Pipe; and she made the Songs which she used to sing. For some time she was not apprized of her own Charms; till diverting herself with her Play-fellows on the green flowery Borders of a Fountain, she was surprized with the Reflection of her Face. She observ'd how different her Features and her Com-

plexion seem'd from the rest of her Company, and admir'd herself. The Country flocking from day to day to obtain a Sight of her, made her still more sensible of her Beauty. Her Mother, who relied on the Predictions of the *Fairy*, began already to treat her as a Queen, and spoiled her by Flatteries. The young Damsel would neither sow nor spin, nor look after the Sheep: Her whole Amusement was to gather Flowers to dress her Hair with, to sing, and to dance in the Shade.

The King of the Country was a very powerful King, and he had but one Son, whose Name was *Florio*; for which reason his Father was impatient to have him married. The young Prince could never bear to hear the mentioning of any of the Princesses of neighbouring Nations, because a *Fairy* had told him, that he should find a Shepherdess more beautiful and more accomplish'd than all the Princesses in the World. Therefore the King gave Orders to assemble all the Village Nymphs of his Realm, who were under the Age of Eighteen, to make a Choice of her who should appear most worthy of so great an Honour. In pursuance of the Order, when they came to be sort'd, a vast Number of Virgins whose Beauty was not extraordinary, were refused Admittance, and only thirty picked out, who infinitely surpass'd all others. These thirty Virgins were ranged in a great Hall, in the Figure of a Half Moon, that the King and his Son might have a distinct View of them together. *Florella* (our young Damsel) appear'd in the midst of her Competitors like a Lilly among Marigolds; or,

as an Orange-Tree in Blossom shews amongst the Mountain Shrubs. The King immediately declared aloud, that she deserved his Crown; and *Florio* thought himself happy in the Possession of *Florella*. Our Shepherdess was instantly desired to cast off her Country Weeds, and to accept of a Habit richly embroidered with Gold. In a few Minutes she saw herself cover'd with Pearls and Diamonds, and a Number of Ladies were appointed to wait upon her. Every one was attentive to prevent her Desires before she spoke; and she was lodged within the Palace in a magnificent Apartment, where, instead of Tapestry, there were large Pannels of Looking-Glasses from the Floor to the Ceiling, that she might have the Pleasure of seeing her Beauty multiplied on all sides, and that the Prince might admire her, wherever he cast his Eyes. *Florio* in a few Days quitted the Chace, and all the manly Exercises in which before he delighted, that he might be always with his Mistress. The Nuptials were concluded, and soon after the old King died. Thereupon *Florella* becoming Queen, all the Councils and the Affairs of State were directed by her Wisdom. The Queen-Mother, whose Name was *Invidessa*, grew jealous of her Daughter-in-Law. She was an artful, perverse, cruel Woman; and Age had so much aggravated her natural Deformity, that she resembled one of the Furies. The Youth and Beauty of *Florella* made her appear yet more frightful; she could not bear the sight of so fine a Creature. She likewise dreaded her Wit and Understanding, and gave herself up to all the Rage of Envy. You want

the Soul of a Prince, (would she often say to her Son) or you could not have married this mean Cottager. How can you be so abject as to make an Idol of her? Then she is as haughty as if she had been brought up in the Palace where she lives. You should have followed the Example of the King your Father, when you thought of taking a Wife. He preferred me, because I was the Daughter of a Monarch equal to himself. Send away this insignificant Shepherdess to her Hamlet; and take to your Bed and Throne some young Princess, whose Birth is answerable to your own. *Florio* continued deaf to all the Instances of his Mother. But one Morning *Invidessa* got a Billet into her Hands, which *Florella* had writ to the King: This she gave to a young Courtier, who by her Instructions shew'd it to the King, pretending to have received a Letter from the Queen with such Marks of Affection as were due only to his Majesty. *Florio*, blinded by Jealousy, and the malignant Insinuations of his Mother, immediately order'd *Florella* to be imprison'd for Life, in a high Tower built upon the Point of a Rock which stood in the Sea. There she wept Night and Day, not knowing for what supposed Crime she was so severely treated by the King, who had so passionately loved her. She was permitted to see no Person but an old Woman, to whom *Invidessa* had entrusted her, and whose Business it was to insult her upon all Occasions.

Now *Florella* called to mind the Village, the Cottage, the sweet Privacy, and the rural Pleasures she had quitted. One day as she sat in a pensive Posture

overwhelm'd with Grief, and to herself accused the Folly of her Mother, who chose rather to have a beautiful unfortunate Queen, than an ugly contented Shepherdess; the old Woman who was her Tormentor, came to acquaint her, that the King had sent an Executioner to take off her Head, and that she must prepare to die. *Florella* replied, that she was ready to receive the Stroke. Accordingly the Executioner (sent by the King's Order at the Persuasion of *Invidessa*) appear'd with a drawn Sabre in his Hand, ready to perform his Commission, when a Woman stepped in, who said she came from the Queen-Mother, to speak a Word or two in private with *Florella* before she was put to Death. The old Woman, imagining her to be one of the Ladies of the Court, suffer'd her to deliver her Message: But it was the *Fairy* who had foretold her Misfortunes at her Birth, and who had now assumed the Likeness of one of *Invidessa's* Attendants. She desir'd the Company to retire a while, and then spoke thus to *Florella* in secret: "Are you
" willing to renounce that Beauty which has proved
" so fatal? Are you willing to quit the Title of
" Queen, to put on your former Habit, and to return
" to your Village?" *Florella* was transported at the Offer; thereupon the *Fairy* applied an enchanted Mask to her Face; her Features instantly became deform'd, all the Symmetry vanished, and she was now as disagreeable as she had been handsome. Under this Change it was not possible to know her; and she passed without difficulty through the Company who came to see her Execution. In vain did they search
she

the Tower, *Florella* was not to be found. The News of this Escape was soon brought to the King and *Invidessa*, who commanded diligent Search to be made after her throughout the Kingdom, but to no purpose.

The *Fairy* by this time had restored *Florella* to her Mother, who would never have been able to recollect her alter'd Looks, had she not been let into the Circumstances of her Story. Our *Shepherdes* was now contented to live an ugly, poor, unknown Creature in the Village, where she tended Sheep. She frequently heard People relate and lament over her Adventures: Songs were made upon them, which drew Tears from all Eyes. She often took a Pleasure in singing those Songs with her Companions, and would often weep with the rest. But still she thought herself happy with her little Flock, and was never once tempted to discover herself to any of her Acquaintance.

The History of King ALFARUTE.

THERE was a King whose Name was *Alfarute*; fear'd by all his Neighbours, and lov'd by all his Subjects. He was wise, good, just, valiant; and deficient in no Quality requisite in a good Prince. A *Fairy* came to him one day, and told him that he would soon find himself plunged into great Difficulties, if he did not make use of a Ring which she then put

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on his Finger. When he turn'd the Stone of the Ring to the Inside of his Hand, he became invisible ; and when he turn'd the Diamond outwards, he became visible again. He was mightily pleased with this Present, and soon grew sensible of the inestimable Value of it. When he suspected any one of his Subjects, he went into that Man's House and Closet, with his Diamond turn'd inward, and heard and saw all the Secrets of the Family without being perceived. When he mistrusted the Designs of any neighbouring Potentate, he would make a long Journey unaccompanied, to be present in his most private Councils, and learn every thing without the Fear of being discovered. By this means he easily prevented every Intention to his Prejudice ; he frustrated several Conspiracies formed against his Person, and disconcerted all the Measures of his Enemies for his Overthrow. Nevertheless he was not thoroughly satisfied with his Ring ; and he requested of the *Fairy* the Power of conveying himself in an Instant from one Country to another, that he might make a more convenient and ready Use of the Ring. The *Fairy* replied, " You ask too much. Let me conjure you not to covet a Power, which I foresee will one day be the Cause of your Misery, tho' the particular Manner thereof be conceal'd from me." The King would not listen to her Intreaties, but still urged his Request. " Since then you will have it so, (said she) I must necessarily grant you a Favour, of which you will dearly repent." Hereupon she chafed his Shoulders with a fragrant Liquor, when immediately he perceived

ceived little Wings shooting at his Back. These little Wings were not discernible under his Habit; and when he had a mind to fly, he needed only to touch them with his Hand, and they would spread so as to bear him through the Air swifter than an Eagle. When he had no farther Occasion for his Wings, with a Touch they shrunk again to so small a Size, as to lie concealed under his Garment. By this Project *Alfarute* was able to convey himself in a few Moments wherever he pleased. He knew every thing, and no Man could conceive how he came by his Intelligence; for he would often retire into his Closet, and pretend to be shut up there the whole Day, with strict Orders not to be disturbed; then making himself invisible with his Ring, he would enlarge his Wings with a Touch, and traverse vast Countries. By this Power he enter'd into very extraordinary Wars, and never fail'd to triumph. But as he continually saw into the Secrets of Men, he discovered so much Wickedness and Dissimulation, that he could no longer place a Confidence in any Man. The more redoubted and powerful he grew, the less he was beloved; and he found that even they, to whom he had been most bountiful, had no Gratitude nor Affection towards him.

In this disconsolate Condition he resolved to search through the wide World till he found a Woman compleat in Beauty and all good Qualities, willing to be his Wife; one who should love him, and study to make him happy. Long did he search in vain; and as he saw all without being seen, he discovered the
most

most hidden Wiles and Failings of the Sex. He visited all the Courts, where he found the Ladies unsincere, fond of Admirers, and so enamoured of their own Persons, that their Hearts were not capable of entertaining any true Love for a Husband. He went likewise into all the private Families : He found one was of an inconstant, volatile Disposition, another was cunning and artful, a third haughty, a fourth capricious ; almost all vain, faithless, and full of Idolatry to their own Charms.

Under these Disappointments, he resolved to carry his Enquiry even to the lowest Conditions of Life. Whereupon at last he found the Daughter of a poor Labourer, fair as the brightest Morning, but simple and ingenuous in all her Beauty, which she disregarded, and which in reality was the least of her Perfections ; for she had an Understanding and a Virtue which outshone all the Graces of her Person. All the Youth in the Neighbourhood were impatient to see her ; and more impatient, after they had seen her, to obtain her in Marriage, none doubting of being compleatly happy with such a Wife. King *Alfarute* beheld her, and he loved her : He demanded her of the Father, who was transported with the Thoughts of his Daughter's becoming a great Queen. *Clarinda* (so was she called) went from her Father's Hut into a magnificent Palace, where she was received by a numerous Court. She was not dazzled nor disconcerted at the sudden Change. She preserved her Simplicity, her Modesty, her Virtue, and forgot not the Place of her Birth when she was in the Height
of

of her Glory. The King's Affection for her increased daily, and he believed he should at last arrive at perfect Happiness: Neither was he really far from it; so much did he begin to confide in the Goodness of his Queen. He often rendered himself invisible, to observe her, and to surprize her; but he never discovered any thing in her that was not worthy of his Admiration; so that now there was but a very small Remainder of Jealousy blended with his Love.

The *Fairy*, who had foretold the fatal Consequences of his last Request, came so often to warn him, that he thought her Importunity troublesome. Therefore he gave Orders, that she should no longer be admitted into the Palace, and enjoined the Queen not to receive her Visits for the future. The Queen promised to obey his Commands; but not without much Unwillingness, because she loved this good *Fairy*. It happened one Day, when the King was upon a Progress, that the *Fairy*, desirous to instruct the Queen in Futurity, entered her Apartment under the Appearance of a young Officer, and immediately declared in a Whisper who she was; whereupon the Queen embraced her with Tenderness. The King, who was there invisible, perceived it, and was instantly fired with Jealousy. He drew his Sword, and pierced the Queen, who fell expiring into his Arms. In that Moment the *Fairy* resumed her true Shape; whereupon the King knew her, and was convinced of the Queen's Innocence. Then he would have killed himself; but the *Fairy* with-held his Hand, and strove to comfort him: When the Queen, breathing

out her last Words, said, *Tho' I die by your Hand, I die wholly yours.*

Too late now *Alfarute* cursed his Folly, that put him upon wresting a Boon from the *Fairy*, which proved his Misery. He returned the Ring, and desired his Wings might be taken from him. The remaining Days of his Life he passed in Bitterness and Grief, knowing no other Consolation, but to weep perpetually over *Clarinda's* Tomb.

MELESICHTON and PROXINOË ; or, the
Rural Oeconomists.

MELESICHTON was a Native of *Megaris*, and a Gentleman of an illustrious Family in *Greece*. When young, the heroick Actions of his Ancestors took up all his Thoughts ; and he gave early Demonstrations of his Courage and Conduct in several bold and hazardous Engagements : But as he was too fond of Grandeur, his high and expensive Way of Living soon plunged him into a Sea of Troubles. He was obliged to fly with his Wife *Proxinoë* to a Country Seat on the Seashore, where they lived together in a profound Solitude. *Proxinoë* was a Lady highly esteemed for her Wit, Courage, and stately Deportment. Many, who were in much better Circumstances than *Melesichton*, had made their Addresses to her on Account
of

of her Birth and Beauty ; but true Merit alone made him the Object of her Choice. Though their Virtue and Friendship were inviolable ; though *Hymen* for many Years had never yoked a happier Pair ; yet their mutual Fondness and Indulgence proved now but an Aggravation of their Sorrows. *Melesichton* could have borne with less Impatience the severest Frowns of Fortune, had he suffered alone, without so tender a Partner as *Proxinoë* ; and *Proxinoë* with Concern observed, that her Presence augmented the Pains of her *Melesichton*. Their sole Comfort arose from the Reflection, that Heaven had blessed them with two Children, beautiful as the *Graces*. The Son's Name was *Melibæus*, and the Daughter's *Pæmenis*. *Melibæus*, though young, was very active, strong, and courageous ; in every Gentleman-like Exercise he excelled all the neighbouring Youth. He ranged around the Forests, and his Arrows were as fatal and unerring as those of *Apollo* : However, the Arts and Sciences (those nobler Rays of Deity) were more the Objects of his Contemplation than his Bow was his Diversion. *Melesichton*, in his Retirement, laid before him all the Advantages of a liberal Education, and imprinted on his Mind betimes the Love of Virtue and good Manners. *Melibæus*, in his Air and Mien was unaffected, soft, and engaging ; yet his Aspect was noble, bold, and commanded Respect. His Father cast his longing Eyes upon him, and wept with a paternal Fondness. *Pæmenis* was by the Mother instructed with equal Care in all the various Arts with which *Minerva* had obliged Mankind ;

kind; and to those curious Accomplishments were added the Charms of Musick. *Orpheus* never sung, or touched his Lyre more softly than *Famenis*. At first Sight she appeared like the young Goddess *Diana*, just risen from her native floating Island. Her silver Tresses were tied with a careless Air behind; whilst some few Hairs, unconfined, played about her Ivory Neck, at the Breath of every gentle *Zephyr*. Her Dress was a thin loose Gown, tucked up with a Girdle, that she might move with greater Freedom. Without the Advantage of Dress, no Nymph was ever so beautiful, so free from Pride, so little conscious of her own Charms. She was never so vain or curious, as to examine her Features in any transparent Stream. The Conduct and Oeconomy of the Family was her whole Employment. But *Melesichton*, whose Thoughts were ever dark and gloomy, whose Hopes of a Return from a State of Banishment were now all lost, sought every Opportunity to be alone. The Sight of *Proxinoë* and his Children now aggravated his Sorrows: He would often steal out to the Sea-shore at the Foot of a large Rock, full of tremendous Caverns, and there a while bemoan his wayward Fate; from thence repair to a thick shady Vale, where (even at Mid-day) the Sun-beams never entered. There would he sit by the Side of a purling Stream, and ruminate on all his Ills. Soft downy Sleep ne'er closed his weary Eye-lids; his Words all terminated in Sighs; in short, he grew negligent of Life, and sunk under the Weight of his Misfortunes.

One Day as he was reclined on a Bank in his favourite solitary Vale, tired and fatigued with Thought, he fell asleep; and in a Dream he saw the Goddess *Ceres* crowned with golden Sheaves, who approached him with an Air of Majesty and Sweetness. “Why, *Melesichton*, said she, art thou thus
 “inconsolable? Why art thou thus overwhelmed
 “with thy Misfortunes?” “Alas! replied he, I
 “am abandoned by my Friends; my Estate is all
 “lost; Law-suits and my Creditors for ever perplex
 “me. The Thoughts of my Birth, and the Figure
 “I have made in the World, are all Aggravations
 “of my Misery: And to tug at the Oar like a Gal-
 “ly-Slave for a bare Subsistence, is an Act too mean
 “and what my Spirit can never comply with.”
 “Does then Nobility, replied the Goddess, consist
 “in the Affluence of Fortune? No, *Melesichton*, but
 “in the heroick Imitation of thy virtuous Ancestors.
 “The just Man alone is truly great and noble. Na-
 “ture is sufficed with a little: Enjoy that little with
 “the Sweat of thy Brow: Live free from Depen-
 “dence, and no Man will be nobler than thyself.
 “Luxury and false Ambition are the Ruin of Man-
 “kind. If thou wantest the Conveniences of Life,
 “who can better supply thee than thyself? Art thou
 “terrified at the Thoughts of attaining them by In-
 “dustry and Application?” She said, and immedi-
 ately presented him with a golden Plough-share and
 an Horn of Plenty. *Bacchus* next appeared, crown-
 ed with Ivy, grasping his *Thyrus* in his Hand, at-
 tended by *Pan* playing on his rural Pipe, whilst the
 Fauns

Fauns and Satyrs danced to the melodious Musick. *Pomona* next advanced, laden with Fruits, and *Flora* dressed in all her gayest, sweetest Flowers. In short, all the rural Deities cast a favourable Eye on *Melesichton*.

He waked fully convinced of the Application and moral Use he ought to make of this celestial Dream. A Dawn of Comfort all on a sudden shot through his Soul, and he found new Inclinations rise for the Labours of the Plain. He communicated his Dream to the fair *Proxinoë*, who rejoiced with him, and approved of his Interpretation. The next Day they lessened their Retinue; the Valet and Waiting-woman were immediately discharged, and all their Equipage and Grandeur at once resigned. *Proxinoë* with *Pæmenis* spun whilst they tended their Sheep, and at convenient Hours weaved their own Cloth and Stuffs; and cut out and contrived every thing to the best Advantage for themselves and the rest of the Family. All their fine Needle-works (in which *Minerva* herself could never be more curious) were now no more to be regarded; and the glaring Tent was now reserved for the more advantageous Distaff. Their daily Provisions were the Product of their own Ground, and dressed with their own Hands. They milked their own Kine, which now began to supply them with Plenty. They purchased nothing without Doors; every thing was got ready with Decency and without Hurry. Their Food was plain and simple, and enjoyed with that true Relish which is inseparable from Toil and hard Labour. In this rural Manner they

they lived, and every thing was neat and decent round about them. All the costly Tapestry was disposed of, yet the Walls were perfectly white, and no Part of the House either dirty or in Disorder. None of their Goods were in the least soiled with Dust. The Beds, though not of Down, were clean and proper for Repose. The very Furniture of the Kitchen (which you will seldom find in great Families) were as bright as Silver; and nothing stood out of its proper Place. At Times of publick Entertainment *Proxinoë* made the best of Pastry. She kept Bees, whose Honey was sweeter than that which trickled from the Trunks of Oaks in the golden Age. Her Cows made her willing Presents of large flowing Bowls of Milk. Her Garden was plentifully stored with Variety of Plants for Service and Delight in their proper Season; and by her Industry and Skill, she was the first of all her Neighbours that could produce them in Perfection. Her Collection of Flowers too was very curious; Part of which she sold, after she had reserved a sufficient Quantity for the Ornament of her House. *Pæmenis* trod in the Steps of her industrious Mother; she was ever chearful at her Work, and sung as she went along to pen her Sheep. No Neighbour's Flock could rival her's; no contagious Distemper, no ravenous Wolves durst ever approach them. Her tender Lambkins danced upon the Plains to her melodious Notes, whilst all the Echoes round about with Pleasure repeat the dying Sounds. *Mellichton* till'd his own Grounds, drove his own Plough, sow'd his Seed, and reaped his Harvest with
his

his own Hand. He is now fully convinced that the Husbandman's Life is less laborious, far more innocent and advantageous than the Soldier's. No longer had he cock'd and got in his Hay, but *Ceres* with her yellow Fruits invited him to the Field, and with large Interest repaid the Debt she owed him. Soon after, *Bacchus* supplied him with Nectar worthy the Table of the Gods. *Minerva* too complimented him with the Fruit of her favourite salutary Tree. Winter was the Season for Repose, when all the Family met together, were innocently gay, and thankful to the Gods for all their harmless unambitious Pleasures. They had no Flesh but at their Sacrifices, and their Cattle never died but upon their Altars. *Melibeus* was thoughtful and sedate beyond his Years; he took on himself the whole Care and Management of the larger Cattle; he hewed down large Oaks in the Forests; dug Aqueducts for the more convenient watering of the Meadows, and with indefatigable Industry would ease his Father. His Diversions at his leisure Hours were Hunting and Coursing with the young Gentlemen his Neighbours, or improving himself in his Studies, of which *Melesichton* had laid the solid Foundation.

In a little time *Melesichton*, by a Life thus led in Simplicity and Innocence, was in better Circumstances than at first: His House was stored with all the Conveniences of Life, though there was nothing in it useless or superfluous. The Company he kept, for the most Part, was within the Compass of his own Family. They lived together in perfect Love and
Harmony,

Harmony, and contributed to each other's Happiness. They lived far from Court, where Pleasures bear so high a Price. Their Enjoyments were sweet, innocent, easy to be attained, and attended with no Dangers in the Pursuit. *Melibæus* and *Pæmenis* were thus brought up and inured to rural Labours: Thus their former Characters served only to inspire them with greater Courage, and make them easy under the Frowns of Fortune. The Increase of their Stock introduced no new and luxurious Course of Life. Their Diet was still as frugal as before, and their Industry continued with equal Vigour. *Melesichton's* Friends now press'd him (since Fortune had once again proved propitious) to resume his former Post, and shine again in the busy World. To whom he replied, " Shall I again give Way to Pride and Extravagance, that were the fatal Cause of all my Misfortunes; or spend my future Days in rural Labours, which have not only made me rich again, but, what is more, compleatly happy?" To conclude, one Day he took a Tour to his old solitary Shade, where *Ceres* had thus kindly directed his Conduct in a Dream, and reposed himself on the verdant Grass with as much Serenity of Mind, as before with Confusion and Despair. There he slept again; and again the Goddess *Ceres* in the like friendly Manner approached, and thus addressed him: " True Nobility, *Melesichton*, consists in receiving no Favours from any one, and bestowing them with a liberal Hand on all. Have your Dependence on nothing but the fruitful Bosom of the Earth,

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“ Earth, and the Works of your own Hands. Never resign that for Luxury and empty Show, which is the natural and inexhaustible Foundation of true Happiness.”

The History of POLYDORÉ.

IN the Reign of *Charles I.* King of *England*, lived two Gentlemen, whose true Names I will conceal under the feigned Names of *Acasto* and *Septimius*. They were Neighbours, their Estates lay together, and they had a Friendship for each other, which had grown up from their earliest Youth. *Acasto* had an only Son, whom we will call *Polydore*; and *Septimius* an only Daughter, named *Emilia*. Though the Boy was but fourteen Years old, and the Girl but twelve, the Parents were so desirous of contracting an Alliance between their Families, and of uniting the two bordering Estates, that they married them before either of them were at Age to consummate the Marriage, or even to understand the Nature of their Contract. As soon as the Ceremony was performed, they sent the young Gentleman abroad to finish his Education. After four Years, which he had spent in *France* and *Italy*, he was recalled by the News of his Father's Death, which made it necessary for him to return to *England*.

Emilia, who was now about sixteen, began to think he had been absent long enough, and received him with a great deal of Satisfaction. She had heard

a fine Character of him, from those who knew him in his Travels ; and when she saw him, his Person was so improved, that she thought herself the happiest of Women in being his Wife. But his Sentiments towards her were very different.

There was in his Temper a Spirit of Contradiction, which could not bear to have a Wife imposed upon him. He complained that his Father had taken Advantage of his tender Age to draw him into an Engagement, in which his Judgment could possibly have no Part. He confess'd he had no Objections to the Character or Person of *Emilia* ; but insisted on a Liberty of Choice, and declared that he looked upon his Marriage to be forced and null. In short, he absolutely refused to consummate it, in spite of all the Endeavours of their Friends, and the conjugal Affection of the poor young Lady, who did her utmost to vanquish his Aversion. When she found that all her Kindness was thrown away, the natural Pride of her Sex made her desire to be separated from him, and she joined with him in a Petition for a Divorce. The first Parliament of the Year 1640 was then sitting : The Affair was brought before them, and it was believed that a Divorce would have been easily obtained at their mutual Demand. But the Bishops opposed it with great Violence, as a Breach of the Law of God, which, they said, would admit of no Divorce but in Cases of Adultery. They were answered, that the Marriage was not compleat ; and that the ceremonious Part, which was all that had passed between them, might as properly be dispensed with

with by the Legislature, as any other Form of Law : That the young Gentleman's Aversion was *invincible*, and inconsistent with the Obligation laid upon him : That therefore it would not well become the Fathers of the Church to put him under a manifest Temptation of committing Adultery : And that nothing could be imagined more unjust, than to condemn the Lady to perpetual Virginity, under the Notion of a Marriage, which, it was plain, was a meer Illusion. These Arguments seemed convincing to all the World except the Bishops ; but they persisted in their *usual Unanimity*, and were so powerful, by the Favour of the Court, that they carried their Point in the House of Lords ; and the unfortunate *Polydore* and *Emilia* were declared to be *one Flesh*, tho' no Union had ever been between them, either in Body or Mind.—The Husband immediately paid back his Wife's Portion to her Father ; and firmly resolved from that Time forward he would never see her more. His natural Obstinacy was irritated by the Constraint that was put upon him, and he took a Pride to shew the World there was no Power ecclesiastical or civil, which could oblige him to act like a married Man against his Inclination. The poor Lady retired to a Seat of her Father's in the Country, and endeavour'd, by long Absence from her Husband, to forget that he had ever pleased or offended her.—Two Years afterwards the Civil War broke out between the King and Parliament. *Polydore* was so enraged against the Bishops for obstructing his Divorce, that it determined him in chusing

his Party, and made him take Arms against the King. *Septimius*, the Father of *Emilia*, was as zealous a Royalist, to which his Hatred of *Polydore* contributed as much as any thing; for it was hardly possible that two such bitter Enemies should be of the same Side. In the Course of the War the King being worsted, the Estates of many of his Party were confiscated; and *Septimius* having been one of the most active, as also one of those that suffered most, was compell'd to retire into *France*, with what he could save out of the Wrecks of his Estate, and carried with him his Daughter, who was quite abandoned by her Husband and his Family.

In the mean while the Army of the Parliament began to form itself into different Factions: *Cromwell*, at the Head of the Independents, acquired by Degrees such an Influence, that the Presbyterians were no longer a Match for him. *Polydore*, who was devoted to that Sect, threw up his Commission in Discontent; and, happily for his Reputation, had no Share in those violent Proceedings, which ended in the Destruction of the King and the ancient Constitution. He continued quite unactive for some Years; but at length growing weary of a Life, which agreed so ill with his Vivacity, he determined to go and serve in the *Low Countries* under the great Prince of *Conde*, who, in the Year 1654, commanded the Armies of *Spain* against his Country.—Two reasons inclined *Polydore* to this Party; *First*, the Desire he had to learn his Trade under a General of so great Reputation; and, *secondly*, because *Cromwell* had refused

refused to enter into an Alliance with that Prince, tho' most agreeable to the Interests of *England*.—He found his Highness employed in besieging *Arras*, and was received by him with high Marks of Esteem. During the Siege he often signalized his Courage, and supported the Opinion that was spread all over *Europe* of the Valour of the Parliament Officers. But the Marshal *Turcane*, with *La Ferte* and *Hoquincourt*, having attack'd the Besiegers in their Lines, reliev'd *Arras*, and would have destroyed the *Spanish* Army, had not the Prince of *Conde* saved them by a Retreat, which was one of the greatest Actions of his Life. In this Battle *Polydore* was taken Prisoner, and sent to *Paris*, with many other *Spanish* Officers, to continue there till they should be ransomed or exchanged in the Journey. He contracted a great Intimacy with the Count *d'Aguilar*, Brigadier under the Count *Fuendafuena*, and one of the first Gentlemen in *Spain*. As they travelled together several Days, they very naturally acquainted one another with the principal Incidents of their Lives. *Polydore* related to *Aguilar* the whole Story of his Marriage with *Emilia*, and declaimed with great Heat against the Folly of tying two People thus together, who wish nothing so much as to be loose. No doubt, said the Count, it is most absurd; but, to say the Truth, I find nothing in the whole Affair of Marriage, as we have made it. I don't know what it may be to other Men, but to me it seems horribly unnatural, to be confined to any single Woman, let her be ever so agreeable. If I had chose a Woman freely, answered *Polydore*, I could

be always constant to her with Pleasure ; but to have a Companion *for Life* forced upon me, I had rather now in the Gallies than submit to it. You are mistaken, my dear *Polydore*, replied the Count, in fancying it so easy to be constant, even to a Wife of one's own chusing ; I have had some Experience of that kind, and know that the first Choice is only good till we have made a second. To prove this to you, I need only give the History of my Amours ; — which he did as follows :

That you may not think I am entertaining you with a Romance, I will begin where Romances always end, with the Article of my Marriage. I was married at twenty-four to a Lady, whom I chose for her Beauty and good Sense, without troubling myself about her Fortune, which was but small. The three or four first Years that we lived together, was the happiest Period of my Life : I preserved all the Ardour of a Lover, with the Freedom and Tenderness of a Husband. She loved me still more fondly than I did her ; and if I had not left her till she gave me Occasion, I believe I should have been constant to this Day. — But I was not able to hold out any longer : All her Charms were become so familiar to me, that they could not make the least Impression, and I went regularly to her Bed as I did to Supper, with an Appetite quite pall'd by too much Plenty. In this dull Way I drudg'd on for a tedious Twelve-month, till the Sight of a Relation of my Wife's, who came opportunely to lodge in my own House, roused me out of my Lethargy. It was a beautiful

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Creature of eighteen, just taken out of a Convent to be married. She knew nothing of the World, but had a natural Quickness that went farther than Experience. However, as there was something a little awkward on her exterior Carriage, the Countess *d'Aguilar* thought it proper to keep her with her for some time before her Marriage, till she had instructed her how to behave herself in Publick. I thought my Instructions might be of use to her as well as my Wife's; to teach her how to behave herself in *private*; and had the good Fortune to make them more agreeable. She liked me better and better every Lesson, and in Proportion as her Passion increased for me, conceived a stronger Aversion for the Man who was designed for her Husband: And indeed she had no great Reason to be fond of him, for he was a peevish, stupid, bigotted old Fellow, who did nothing Day or Night but pray or scold. Her Friends press'd the Conclusion of her Marriage, and as unwilling as she was to come into it, she could not resist their Importunities. Yet, to comfort me, she very fairly let me know, that she would give her Virginity to me in spite of all their Teeth; and moreover, that I should have it on the *Wedding Night*. I represented to her the Improbability of her performing such a Promise at such a Time; but she bid me trust to her Management, and I should be satisfied. The Wedding-Night came; and when the Company was retired, the Bridegroom was surprized to see the Bride dissolved in Tears. He begged to know the Cause of her Affliction, but she would not tell him, except

he swore that when he knew it, he would do his utmost to remove it. The poor Man, in the Vehemence of his Love, assured her that he would do any thing to make her easy, that was not contrary to the *Honour of a Cavalier*, or the *Injunctions of our holy Mother Church*. No, said she, the Thing I require of you will recommend you extreamly to the Church, as it is only to give me leave to accomplish a Vow I made to the blessed Virgin, in a Fit of Sickness, when my Life was in great Danger. Heaven forbid, my pretty Child, replied the Don, that I should hinder you from performing a sacred Vow, to the Hazard of your Soul. Well then, said she, I will own to you, that in my Fright I vow'd that if I could but get well again, and live to be married, I would consecrate my Wedding Night to the blessed Virgin, by passing it in the Bed of my Waiting-Woman, the virtuous *Isabella*. And this very Morning while I slept, our Lady appear'd to me in a Dream, and threaten'd me with another Fit of Sickness, if I did not keep my Word. If it be so, replied the Husband, there is no doubt but the Virgin must be serv'd before me, and so my Dear, I wish you a good Night.

Now you must know, that the virtuous *Isabella* was trusted with all the Secrets of her Mistress, and had gone between them thro' the whole Course of our Amour. Accordingly Madam went to Bed with her Waiting-Woman, who had taken Care to inform me of this Design, and conceal'd me in a Closet in her Chamber; from whence, as soon as every Body was asleep, I was admitted to the Place of *Isabella*, and

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receiv'd the full Acquittance of a Promise I little expected to see performed. The Singularity of this Adventure so delighted me, that I could not help, in the Vanity of my Heart, discovering it to the Duke *d' Infantada*, the most intimate of my Friends. He was very thankful for the Confidence I repos'd in him, and to reward me for it, betray'd it instantly to my Wife, whom, it seems, he long had made Love to without Success. As he thought that the greatest Obstacle to his Desires was her Fondness of me, he hop'd to remove it by convincing her of my Falseness; but though the News of it had like to have broke her Heart, it was not capable to change it. She reproach'd me in a manner that made my Fault appear much more inexcusable. I might complain, said she, of the Affront you have done my Honour in debauching my Relation; but alas! I am only sensible to the Injury you have done my Love. You are grown weary of me, and I know it is impossible to regain your Heart, since the single Reason of your Dislike must still continue, which is, that I am your Wife. If any Part of my Behaviour had offended you, I might have chang'd it to your Satisfaction; but this is a Fault which in Spite of all my Care will grow worse every Day.—I endeavoured to pacify her by Assurances of my future Fidelity; and really I was so affected by her Behaviour, that I seriously meant to keep my Word.—But our Inclinations are very little in our Power: My Resolutions soon yielded to the Charms of the Countess *Altamira*, one of the handsomest Women about the Court, but the

vainest, the most interested, and the most abandoned. She made it a Point of Honour to seduce me, out of a Desire to mortify my Wife, with whom she had quarrel'd upon some female Competition of Precedency or Dress. Her Avarice was equal to her Pride, and she made me pay dearly for her Favours, tho' her Husband was one of the richest Men in *Spain*. I hardly ever went to her without a Present of some kind or other, and my Fortune began to suffer by my Expence; yet I was so bewitched to her, that though I heartily despis'd her, I could not help loving her to Madness.

One day, when I came to see her after an Absence that had rais'd my Desires to the highest Pitch, she received me with a Sullenness and Ill-humour that tortur'd me beyond Expression. I conjur'd her to acquaint me with the Cause of it, and she told me, " That the last time she was at Court, she had seen " the Countess *Aguilar* with a Diamond Necklace " on, which I had given her the Day before: That " my making such Presents to another Woman in the " midst of our Intrigue, was an Insult she was determin'd not to bear; and that since I was grown so " fond a Husband, she could not but make Conscience " of disturbing our conjugal Felicity." I offer'd any Satisfaction she would ask; and the malicious Devil had the Impudence to tell me, that nothing could satisfy her, but my taking away that Necklace from my Wife, and giving it to her. — I intreated her to accept another of twice its Value; but she replied, that her Honour was concerned, and in short she would

would have that, and that alone. — Overcome with her Importunities, I went home and stole it for her; but made her promise me solemnly to be very cautious that my Wife should never see it in her Possession. About three Days after Word was brought me, that the Countess *d' Aguilar*, had fainted away in the Antichamber of the Queen, and was gone home in great Disorder to her Mother's the Countess of *Pacheco*. I went immediately thither in such a Fright, as convinc'd me I lov'd her better than I thought I did; but imagine my Confusion, when she inform'd me, that she had fainted at the Sight of her own Diamonds on the Neck of the Countess *Altamira*. She added, that it was no Mystery to her, nor to any Body else, how that Lady came by 'em; and that to save herself the Mortification of any more such publick Affronts, she would no longer live with me as my Wife, but leave me at full Liberty to please myself, as my licentious Inclinations should direct. I us'd my utmost Eloquence to prevail on her to come home to me again; but she remain'd inflexible, and said no more to all my Protestations, but that if her past Conduct had not been able to fix my Heart, she despair'd of doing it for the future. After living without her half a Year, I was ordered to my Regiment in *Flanders*, and was very glad of an Occasion to leave *Madrid*, where the Regret of her Separation was such a Pain to me, that it entirely sunk my Spirits. Since my Arrival in the Army, I have writ to her three or four Letters, but she disdain'd to make me any Answer; and I have Reason to believe, that her high Spirit has, by this time, got the better of her Love. For

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my part, I endeavour to amuse myself the best I can with other Women; and I desire, my dear *Polydore*, that we may be always reciprocal Confidants of every Intrigue that we engage in during our Stay in *France*.——

Polydore thank'd him, and assur'd him that on his Part he shou'd meet with no Reserve. When they came to *Paris*, his first Care was to enquire, what was become of *Septimius* and *Emilia*, whom he had heard no Account of for many Years? He was inform'd, that *Septimius* was dead, and his Daughter gone from *Paris*. His Curiosity made him write to his Friends in *England*, to ask if she was there? they answered, That every Body believed she was dead in *France*, having received no News of her a great while. *Polydore* was mightily pleased with this Account, and fancy'd himself very happy in being a Widower, tho' he had given himself no Trouble to support the Character of a Husband.—— The two Friends had not resided long at *Paris*, before they were exchang'd for some *French* Officers who were taken Prisoners by the Prince of *Conde*. They returned to the Army, but the Season not permitting them to come to any Action, they agreed to pass the Winter at *Brussels*, in the Court of the Arch-duke. They had not been there above a Month before *Aguilar* acquainted his *English* Friend, that he had begun an Intrigue with a *French* Lady, who liv'd in a very retir'd manner, which he believ'd was owing to her Circumstances; That he had seen her two or three times, by means of a Woman at whose House she lodg'd, for whose good Offices she had secured a hand-

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some Bribe. He added, that he would carry *Polydore* to see her the next Visit that he made. Accordingly they went together to Mademoiselle *Dalincourt's* (for that was the Name of *Aguilar's* new Mistress.) At their coming in, *Dalincourt* seem'd much surpriz'd, chang'd Colour, and was not able to speak a Word. The Count, alarm'd at her Disorder, suspected some Lover had been with her, and told her, with an Air of Discontent, that he was sorry he came at so wrong a time. She endeavour'd to shake off her Confusion, and replied, that he was always very welcome: But that the Gentleman he brought with him had so much Resemblance of a Brother of her's who was killed in *Flanders*, that at first Sight she could not help being struck with it in the manner they had seen; she added, that if the Gentleman was so like her Brother in Mind, as he was in Form, she should be mightily pleas'd with his Acquaintance. She spoke this with such an Air of Sincerity, that the Count began to think his Jealousy was without Foundation.

After some general Discourse, she applied to *Polydore*, and ask'd how long he had been engag'd in the *Spanish* Service, with many other more particular Enquiries, which seem'd to intimate a Desire to know him better. *Polydore* was very glad of it, in hopes to serve his Friend; and the Count, who had no Suspicion on that Side, did his utmost to engage them in a Friendship, which he imagin'd would turn to his Advantage. At Night, when the two Gentlemen were at home, *Aguilar* ask'd his Companion, what he thought of *Dalincourt's* Person and Understanding?

Better of the last than the first, answer'd he, tho' both are certainly agreeable. I cannot help thinking, continued he, that her Person is not quite new to me; but I can't recollect where I met with her, except it was at *Paris*, when I was there a Boy.— You will do well to improve your Acquaintance now, replied the Count, and to give you an Opportunity of doing it, I'll send you there to-morrow to make my Excuses for being obliged to hunt with the Arch-duke, instead of waiting upon her, as I intended. I know my dear *Polydore* will employ all his Wit and Eloquence to set his Friend's Passion in the best Light, and while he is with her, I shall have less Uneasiness in being away. *Polydore* promis'd him all the Services he could do him, but said, he wish'd he had got a Mistress too, to make the Party even.

The next Day he went to her, and said a great deal in Praise of *Aguilar*, to discover what she thought of him: She answer'd him with Terms of a cold Esteem, but nothing that gave him the least Encouragement to believe she was in Love. He then endeavoured to persuade her of the Violence of the Count's Passion for her; but she assur'd him, that this was the only Subject she did not care to hear him talk of.—He return'd to his Friend quite discourag'd at her manner of Proceeding, and told him there was nothing to be hop'd for. The Count shew'd him a Letter he had just receiv'd from his Confident, the Lady of the House; which advis'd him not to think of gaining *Dalincourt* by a timorous Respect; but to offer her at once a handsome Settlement, which the Streightness of her Fortune would make her listen to
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much more kindly than she did to his fine Speeches. This indeed may do something, said *Polydore*; for I found by her Discourse, that she had been reduc'd by a Series of Misfortunes, to a Condition very much beneath her Birth. — In Conclusion they agreed to make a Trial, whether she was to be bought or not; and *Polydore* was made the Bearer of a Letter, which contain'd a very liberal Proposal. She read it, look'd at *Polydore* some time without saying a Word, and at last burst out into a Flood of Tears. I thought, said she recovering her Voice, that it had not been in the Power of my ill Destiny to make me more unhappy: But now I find, that my Misfortunes have sunk me lower than I ever was aware of, since two Gentlemen, whose Esteem I wish'd to gain, think so meanly of me, as to imagine me a proper Person to receive such a Letter. But know, Sir, that I am as much a Stranger to Infamy, as I am to Happiness; and have a Spirit superior to all the Wrongs that your insulting Sex can put upon me. Had not you disgrac'd yourself by the scandalous Employment of endeavouring to seduce me with a dirty Bribe, I should have been happy in seeing you often here; but must now desire you to trouble me no more, and to tell your Friend, as my Answer to his Letter, that I would sooner give myself to a Footman, than sell myself to a Prince.

Polydore was infinitely struck with this Reception: Every Word she utter'd pierc'd him to the Heart; and he look'd upon her as a Miracle of Virtue, such as he never had any Notion of before. — He returned to the Count in great Confusion, and acquainted him with the ill Success of his Commission. *Aguilar,*
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more in Love with her than ever, writ a most submissive Letter to beg her Pardon, but she instantly sent it back unopened. When he found all his Courtship was ineffectual, he left *Brussels* in Despair, and retir'd to a Villa of one of his Friends, where he resolv'd to stay till the Opening of the Campaign. In the mean while *Polydore*, who continued still at *Brussels*, was in a Situation little easier than his Friend. Mademoiselle *Dalincourt* took up all his Thoughts; he repeated to himself a thousand times the last Words he heard her speak, and admir'd the Spirit that appear'd in them to a Degree of Adoration. Not being able to bear her Absence any longer, he sent to beg that he might see her once again, upon a Business wholly relating to himself. She admitted him, and began the Conversation, by strictly forbidding him to name the Count in any thing he had to say to her.—I have no Inclination to name him, replied he, for I would willingly forget that ever I knew him. I am sensible that I wrong him, in declaring to you, that I love you more than Life; yet, as his Passion is quite destitute of Hope, why should not I solicit you for a Heart to which he has no Pretensions? But, be my Conduct right or not in regard to him, to you, Madam, it shall ever be most honourable. I come to offer you my whole Fortune upon such Terms, as your Virtue need not blush at. I am a Widower, and free to marry whom I please; my Estate is sufficient for us both, and I am happy to think it in my Power to raise you to that Rank to which you were born to. This, Madam, is the only Reparation by which I can atone for the Affront I did your Character

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ter; and, if you refuse to accept of it, my Despair will be equal to my Love.—The Lady answer'd him with Blushes, that she was highly sensible of the Sentiments he express'd for her; that she lik'd his Person, and admir'd his Understanding; but that, to her Misfortune, she was married already, and therefore could say nothing to his Proposal.—Good Heaven, cried *Polydore*, you married! and who then is your Husband? The most unworthy of Mankind, answered she; One, who has abandoned me to the Malice of my Fortune, and does not know at this Time what is become of me, nor troubles himself about it. He is indeed unworthy, replied the Lover, who is possess'd of such a Treasure, and can neglect it. But, Madam, employ me in your Revenge. Command my Sword to pierce the Monster's Heart, and tear it from his Bosom.—No, said she, your Safety is more dear to me than the Desire of Revenge. All that I ask of you is, to swear that you will never be like that Husband; but continue to love me equally when you know me better: Upon this Condition, I will grant you all the Favours which my Duty will allow, and perhaps, your future Conduct may prevail upon me to throw off all Restraint.—The happy *Polydore* swore every thing she desired, and she permitted him to see her when he pleas'd; but, being inform'd by him of the Treachery of her Friend at whose House she lodg'd, they agreed to make their Appointments at another Place. They continued their Commerce for some time without Interruption, till the Count d' *Aguilar* had Notice of it from his
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Confident, who perceived it in Spite of all their Caution.

Never was Rage equal to his at this Discovery. He writ to *Polydore*, reproaching him with his Breach of Friendship in the bitterest Terms, and required him to meet him with his Sword behind the Walls of a Nunnery that was situated about two Leagues out of *Brussels*. *Polydore* accepted of the Challenge, and met him at the Place appointed. He attempted to justify himself, but the Count had not the Patience to hear him out: They fought with great Fury a good while, till the Fortune of *Polydore* prevail'd, and the Count fainted away with the Loss of Blood from two or three Wounds, which he had received. The other seeing him fall, thought him dead, and made off with the utmost Precipitation. Just at that Instant came by a Coach and six, which was driving towards the Nunnery: A Lady who was in it seeing a Gentleman lie weltering in his Blood, stopp'd her Coach, and went to try if she could assist him: At the Sight of the Face she fetch'd a Scream, and fell upon the Body in a Swoon. Her Servants concluding it was somebody she was very much concerned for, carried them both into the Nunnery, where the Lady soon came to herself, and the Count also began to shew Signs of Life, his Spirits being agitated by the Motion. He was immediately put to Bed, and a Surgeon sent for, who declared his Wounds to be dangerous, but not mortal. While they continued uncertain of his Cure, the Lady who brought him into the Nunnery, waited constantly, Day and Night, at his Bed-side, and nurs'd him

him with a Care that would not yield a Moment of Repose. Her Face was always covered with a Veil ; he took her to be one of the Nuns, and was astonish'd at a Charity so officious. When he grew better, his Curiosity increased, and he ardently press'd her to let him know to whom he ow'd such great Obligations. Are you a Nun, Madam ? said he : I hope you are not ; for it would afflict me mightily, if I was never to see you more, after leaving a House where you have done me so many Favours.—The Lady for whom you fought, answered she, will make you soon forget the Loss of me ; and though I am not a Nun, you will never see me out of the Limits of these Walls. How, Madam ! said he, was you not out of them, when you found me on the Ground and sav'd my Life ? Yes, replied she ; I was returning from a Visit to a Convent in the Town : But I will take care not to stir from hence while you are at *Brussels*, because you are the Man in the World I would avoid. This Speech so surpriz'd him, that for some time he was not able to make her any Answer. At last he told her, that her Actions and Words entirely disagreed ; and that he could not think himself so hateful to her as she said, when he reflected how kindly she had us'd him. These Riddles shall be clear'd to you, answered she, when you are perfectly recovered : Till then, content yourself with knowing that I cannot hate you, but am as much determined to avoid you, as if I could. Thus ended a Conversation, which left the Count in a Perplexity not to be describ'd. He saw her no more for a few Days ; but when she
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heard that his Strength was quite return'd, she came to him one Morning, and spoke thus:

If you would know who she is that was so afflicted when your Life was in danger; that nurs'd you so carefully in your Illness; and is resolved to quit you for ever when you are well, think of your former Gallantries at *Madrid*, of your present Passion for a Mistress that despises you, and your Ingratitude to a Wife that always lov'd you; think of all this, and you will not wonder any longer at my Actions or my Words.— Yes, *Aguilar*, I am that Wife, whose Fate it is to be acquainted with all your Infidelities, and to smart for all your Foibles. As she said this, she lifted up her Veil, and shewed the astonished Count a well-known Face, which he little expected to have seen in *Flanders*. All the Passions that can agitate the Heart of Man, as Shame, Remorse, Love, Gratitude, Esteem, invaded him in that Moment. He threw himself at her Feet, and with many Tears implor'd her to forgive him. She rais'd him, and assur'd him of her Pardon, nay more, of her Affection: But my Person, said she, I am determin'd, shall ever be separated from you. I have had too many Proofs of your Inconstancy, to hope that any Obligations can engage you: You will never be faithful to me alone, and I disdain to share you with another. It is Happiness enough for me that I have been the Instrument of preserving your Life, though you risqued it for the Sake of another Woman; and all the Return I ask of you is, to think of me sometimes with Kindness, but never to attempt to see me more.

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Aguilar was on the Rack to hear her talk in so resolute a Stile; but he flatter'd himself it was owing to her Jealousy of *Mademoiselle Dalincourt*: Being impatient to make her easy on that Head, he dispatched one of his Servants with a Letter to acquaint that Lady with his Recovery. He begg'd her earnestly to come to him at the Nunnery; and, if possible, to bring her Lover along with her. *Polydore* had absconded a few Days, till he heard that the Count was out of Danger, after which he continued very publicly his Addresses to *Dalincourt*. While the Messenger was bringing them to the Nunnery, *Aguilar* demanded of his Wife, by what Accident she came into *Flanders*? You know, said she, that after my Discovery of your Amour with the Countess *Alamira*, I retir'd to my Mother's House, and remain'd there till your Departure for the Army. Soon afterwards, I had the Misfortune to lose my Mother, and what particularly aggravated my Grief, was the Knowledge that her Concern at your ill Usage of me had hastened her Death. These Afflictions had made *Madrid* so uneasy to me, that I could not bear to stay in it any longer. Luckily about that time I received a Letter from my Cousin *Donna Eugenia de Montalegre*, a Religious of this House, to inform me of her being elected Abbess. It instantly occurred to me, that no Place could be more proper for my Retreat, than a Monastery of which she was the Head. So, as soon as I could settle my Affairs, I left *Spain*, and put myself into a Pension under the Government of *Donna Eugenia*; in which manner I have liv'd ever since.

She

She had scarce finish'd this Account, when they were interrupted by the Arrival of *Polydore* and *Dalincourt*. Madam *d' Aguilar* chang'd Colour at the Sight of her; but her Husband embracing *Polydore*, assur'd him, that he no longer look'd upon him as a Rival, but was glad to resign his Mistress to a Friend who so well deserv'd her. Then he related to him the Manner in which his Wife had tended and preserved him, and expressed so much Gratitude, so much Love, that if any thing could have shaken her Resolution, this would certainly have done it.—Mademoiselle *Dalincourt* seem'd much affected at this Relation, and told the Countess, she was infinitely concerned that she had been the innocent Cause of her Husband's Danger; but that she hop'd this Accident would be a Means of making them happy for the future, and put an End to his Infidelities, and her Repentment. My Happiness too, added she, is now at stake; and I have need of your Friendship to support me in a Discovery which I tremble to begin, but which, in Justice to my Honour, I am obliged to delay no longer.

At these Words she knelt down, and taking hold of *Polydore's* Hands: “ Behold (said she) my dear
 “ Husband, in that *Dalincourt* whom you have sworn
 “ to love eternally, behold your Wife *Emilia*, whom
 “ you left a Bride and a Virgin at sixteen; whom
 “ you imagin'd dead, and who will not live a Moment if you refuse to acknowledge and receive.
 “ You cannot now complain that I am a Wife imposed upon you; you chose me freely out of pure
 “ Inclination; our Parents had nothing to do in it;
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“ Love only engaged us, and from Love alone I desire to possess you. This is my Claim, and if you are willing to allow it, I am blest to the Height of all my Wishes.”——*Polydore* gaz'd on her with a silent Admiration, he examin'd every Feature over and over, then throwing his Arms over her Neck, and almost stifling her with Kisses; Are you really *Emilia*, (cries he) and have I confirmed my former Marriage by a new Choice, by a Choice which I never will depart from, and which makes me the happiest of Men? O my Angel, what Wonders do you tell me! how is it possible that I find you here at *Brassell*; when I thought you in your Grave? Explain all this to me, and let me know how much I wrong'd you formerly, that I may try to repair it all by my future Conduct. Count *Aguilar* and his Lady joining with him in a Desire to know her History, she related it as follows.

You may remember, *Polydore*, that as soon as we were parted, I went to live in the Country with my Father, being ashamed to appear in Publick after the Affront your capricious Aversion had put upon me. My Pride was deeply wounded, but with Shame I own it, my Love was the Passion that suffer'd most. I was bred up to consider you as my Husband; I had learn'd to love you from a Child; and your Person was so wonderfully agreeable, that I could not look upon you with Indifference. Nay, such was my Partiality in your Favour, that I could not help admiring you for your Spirit, in asserting the Freedom of your Choice, and justified you in my Heart for a
Proceeding

Proceeding which openly I was obliged to disapprove. In this wretched State of Mind I remained some Years, till the unfortunate Event of the Civil Wars deprived my Father of his Estate, and drove him out to seek Refuge in a foreign Country. We settled at *Paris*, where with three or four thousand Pounds which we found Means to carry off, part in Money, and the rest in Jewels, we maintained ourselves well enough in a private Way, which pleased my Melancholy better than any other. In this Retreat, where we saw no Company but two or three *French* Women that lodg'd in the House with us, I amused myself with learning the *French* Tongue, which I had some Knowledge of before I came to *France*; and by speaking nothing else for three or four Years, I became so very perfect in it, that it was difficult to discover by my Accent I was not born at *Paris*. I mention this, because it has since been of use to me, in making me pass the more easily upon you for the *French* Woman I personated. The third Year of our Residence at *Paris*, my Father became acquainted with a Widow Lady, the true *Madam Dalincourt*, whose Name has since made me full Amends for many Injuries I have to charge her with in the sequel of my Story. This Woman was a Native of *Brabant*, but married a *French* Gentleman, who dying young, left her in very narrow Circumstances. She had a Sister much younger than herself, but not so handsome, who liv'd with her at *Paris*. My Father was at that time near threescore, and the Widow turn'd of forty; yet her Charms were still powerful enough to engage

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engage him in a Passion for her, which nothing but Dotage could excuse. It went so far, that she drew him in to marry her, and to settle upon her three thousand Pounds, leaving me no more than the Worth of my own Jewels, which scarce amounted to a thousand. But her Avarice was not satisfied with all this. There was a *French* Nobleman who had long courted me for a Mistress, and not finding me so complying as he wish'd, thought the best way was to buy me of my Mother-in-Law, whom he knew to be capable of such a Bargain. He offer'd her a Present of two thousand Crowns to introduce him by Night to my Apartment. The wicked Creature accepted of his Bribe, and taking her Opportunity when my Father was gone into the Country, brought him late one Night into my Chamber, where she imagin'd he would find me fast asleep. But it happen'd that I and Mademoiselle *Du Fresne*, the Sister of *Dalincourt*, had been engaged in reading a Romance, which kept us up beyond our usual Hour; and as her Room was on the other Side of the House, not to disturb the Family in passing through, she went to Bed to me. The Romance ran so strongly in my Head, that I could not sleep for thinking of it; and perceiving that the Moon shone very bright, I got up, slip'd on a Night-Gown, and went out to take a Walk in a little Garden that lay contiguous to my Chamber. I had not been there above half an Hour, before I heard *Du Fresne* call out for Help; and coming in to her assistance, saw my Lover struggling with her to such Advantage, that I was almost afraid I came too late. I join'd

my Cries to her's, and the Noise we made so alarm'd the Marquis, that he thought it best to retire as soon as possible; especially when he discover'd his Mistake, and that my infamous Mother-in-Law had put him to Bed to her own ugly Sister instead of me. But, to be reveng'd of her for what he took to be a Design of imposing upon him, he reveal'd to us the Part she had in this Affair, and bid me tell her, that he did not think the Enjoyment of *Mademoiselle Du Fresne* worth a quarter of the Money he had given her. After making this Confession he went off, and was hardly got safe out of the House, when two or three of our Servants came in to know what was the matter. The Story soon reach'd my Father's Ears: and I was so angry at my Step-mother for her Intention against my Honour, that in the Heat of my Passion I told him all that the Marquis had revealed, and *Du Fresne* confirm'd it; which Imprudence we had both Reason to repent of. My Father was so shock'd and afflicted at it, that it threw him into a Fever, which prov'd mortal. He was no sooner dead, but his loving Widow turn'd her Sister and me out of Doors, and it was with great Difficulty that I carried off my Money and necessary Apparel. In this Distress, which was the greatest I ever knew, *Du Fresne* propos'd to go with me to *Brussels*, where she had an old Aunt whom she expected something from, and who would be willing to receive us. I gladly accepted her Proposal, my Spirit being too high to return to *England* in the Condition I was reduced to. When we came to *Brussels*, we found that her Aunt was
dead,

dead, but had left her the best Part of what she had, which amounted to a reasonable Subsistence. We agreed that I should board with her under the Name of Mademoiselle *Dalincourt*, and pretend I was a Relation of her former Brother-in-Law's, she not caring to say any thing of the last Alliance, which had been attended with such ill Consequences to us both. Upon this foot I liv'd with her very quietly, till the Count *d' Aguilar* found me out, and, by corrupting my mercenary Friend, obtained more frequent Access to me than I desired. You remember the Disorder I was in when he brought you first to see me: I knew you instantly; for my Love had traced your Image too strongly in my Mind to be effaced by any Length of Time; whereas your Indifference quickly made you lose all Memory of me; and the Alteration of almost fifteen Years had chang'd my Person intirely from what it was when you saw me last. I thought I should have died with the Surprize, and was going, as soon as I could speak, to discover myself to you; but perceiving that you did not remember me, I checked myself, and invented a Pretence to cover my Confusion. It struck me, that I might possibly make some Advantage of the Disguise in which you saw me; at least, I was sure of the Satisfaction of conversing with you freely, and knowing what had happened to you since our parting. When you came to me again as the Confident of the Count *d' Aguilar*, it was no small Revenge and Pleasure to me, to see you ignorantly helping another Man to debauch your own Wife; and I could have found in my Heart to

have let you succeed in your friendly Mediation, as a Punishment for the Injuries you have done me : But my Virtue soon rejected that Temptation, and I thought of nothing but how to gain your Esteem.

When you brought me the base Proposal of the Count *d'Agulter*, it appear'd to me such a Mark of your Contempt, that I fully resolv'd not to see you any more. But when you express'd a Repentance of that Fault, and declared a respectful Passion for me, even to the offering of Marriage, I yielded to the Dictates of my Love, and admitted you to all Freedoms but one alone : That, I told you, your future Conduct might obtain ; and I believe (said she blushing) you will hardly now have the same Reluctance to accept it as you had formerly. But though I had thus engaged you by your Promise, and still more by your Inclination, my Happiness was far from being fixed. While the Name of *Emilia* was concealed, I could not tell how the Knowledge of it might affect you. It was still in your Power to make me miserable, by being angry with my innocent Deceit ; but since you have been so good to approve it, and acknowledge me for your Wife, I shall make it my whole Study and Ambition to deserve that Title ; and never think of my past Misfortunes, but to enhance my present Happiness. — Thus *Emilia* ended her Narration, and received the Compliments of Count *Agulter* and his Lady, who both expressed the highest Joy at her good Fortune. *Polydore*, on his side, endeavour'd to persuade the Countess to follow the Example of *Emilia*, and be reconciled to her Husband. She answered him coldly,

coldly, that she had had too much Experience of the Temper of the Count, to trust to a sudden Fit of Fondness, which would wear itself out in a few Months. That she was neither so young nor so handsome now, as before their Separation; how then could she flatter herself, that he would like her better, when she was really less amiable? That what she had done for him, might secure her his Esteem; but she had received abundant Proof, that his Esteem could but ill secure his Love. I know, said she, the Weakness of my Heart: Were I to live with him again, I should be jealous of him, even tho' he did not give me Cause; and that would certainly make us both unhappy. It is better for me to leave him to his Pleasures, and endeavour to secure my own Tranquillity, by retiring from a World which I am unfit for. *Polydore* finding it in vain to argue with her, and admiring the Greatness of her Mind, took his leave of the Countess and return'd to *Brussel*, where his Marriage with *Emilia* was consummated almost twenty Years after it was contracted.

*An Instance of the noble British Genius,
in the Story of VALENTINE and
UNNION.*

AT the Siege of *Namur* by the Allies, there were in the Ranks of the Company commanded by Captain *Pincent*, in Colonel *Frederick Hamilton's* Re-

giment, one *Unnion* a Corporal, and one *Valentine* a private Centinel: There happened between these Men a Dispute about a Matter of Love, which, upon some Aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable Hatred. *Unnion* being the Officer of *Valentine*, took all Opportunities even to strike his Rival, and profess the Spite and Revenge which mov'd him to it. The Centinel bore it without Resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be reveng'd of that Tyrant. They had spent whole Months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when in the midst of this Rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the Attack of the Castle, where the Corporal received a Shot in the Thigh, and fell. The *French* pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to Death, called out to his Enemy, *Ah! Valentine, can you leave me here?* *Valentine* immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick Fire from the *French*, took the Corporal upon his Back, and brought him through all that Danger as far as the Abby of *Salfine*, where a Cannon-Ball took off his Head. His Body fell under his Enemy whom he was carrying off. *Unnion* immediately forgot his Wound, rose up, tearing his Hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding Carcass, crying, "Ah, *Valentine!* was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the Body, but was removed with it bleeding in his Arms, and attended with Tears by all their Comrades, who knew their Enmity. When he was brought to a Tent, his Wounds were dressed by Force; but the

the next Day, still calling upon *Valentine*, and lamenting his Cruelties to him, he died in the Pangs of Remorse and Despair.

The Story of a Lady's Contrivance to govern her Husband; and how she was in her turn governed by her second Husband.

A Fine Town-Lady was married to a Gentleman of ancient Descent in one of the Counties of *Great Britain*, who had good Nature to a Weakness, and was that sort of Person of whom it is usually said, he is no Man's Enemy but his own: One who had too much Tenderness of Soul to have any Authority with his Wife; and she too little Sense to give him Authority for that Reason. His kind Wife observ'd this Temper in him, and made proper Use of it. But knowing it was below a Gentlewoman to wrangle, she resolv'd upon an Expedient to save Decorum, and wear her Dear to her Point at the same time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into Fits whenever she was repuls'd in a Request, or contradicted in a Discourse. It was a Fifth-Day, when in the midst of her Husband's good Humour at Table, she bethought herself to try her Project. She made Signs that she had swallowed a Bone. The Man grew pale as Ashes, and ran to her Assistance, calling for Drink. No, my Dear, said she recovering, it is down; don't be frightened. This Accident betray'd

his Softness enough. The next Day she complained a Lady's Chariot, whose Husband had not half his Estate, had a Crane-Neck, and hung with twice the Air that her's did. He answered, Madam, you know my Income; you know I have lost two Coach-Horses this Spring.—Down she fell.—*Hartshorn! Betty! Susan! Throw Water in her Face.* With much Care and Pains she was at last brought to herself, and the Vehicle in which she visited was amended in the nicest manner to prevent Elapses; but they frequently happened during the Husband's whole Life, which he had the good Fortune to end in a few Years after. The Disconsolate soon pitched upon a very agreeable Successor, whom she very prudently designed to govern by the same Method. This Man knew her little Arts, and resolved to break through all Tenderness, and be absolute Master as soon as Occasion offered. One day it happened that a Discourse arose about Furniture; he was glad of the Occasion, and fell into an Invective against China, protesting he would never let five Pounds more of his Money be laid out that way as long as he breathed.—She immediately fainted.—He starts up amazed, and immediately calls for Help. The Maids ran to the Closet; he chafes her Face, bends her forwards, and beats the Palms of her Hands: Her Convulsions increase, and down she tumbles on the Floor, where she lies quite dead, in spite of what the whole Family, from the Nursery to the Kitchen, could do for her Relief.

While every Servant was thus helping or lamenting their Mistress, he, fixing his Check to her's, seemed

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to be following in a Trance of Sorrow, but secretly whispers her, "My Dear, this will never do. What " is within my Power and Fortune you may always " command, but none of your Artifices: You are " quite in other Hands than those you passed these " pretty Passions upon." This made her almost in the Condition she pretended; her Convulsions now come thicker, nor was she to be held down. The kind Man doubles his Care, helps the Servants to throw Water in her Face by full Quarts; and when the sinking part of the Fit came again, "Well, my " Dear, said he, I applaud your Action; but I must " take my leave of you till you are more sincere with " me. Farewel for ever: You shall always know " where to hear from me, and want for nothing." With that he order'd the Maids to keep plying her with Hartshorn, while he sent for a Physician. He was scarce at the Stair-head, when she follow'd; and pulling him into a Closet, thank'd him for her Cure; which was so absolute, that she gave me this Relation herself, to be communicated for the Benefit of all the involuntary Invalids of her Sex.

The History of the Platonic Ladies.

THERE were, some Years since, a Set of Ladies who were of Quality, and gave out that Virginity was to be their State of Life during this mortal Condition, and therefore resolv'd to join their For-

tunes, and erect a Nunnery. The Place of Residence was pitch'd upon ; and a pretty Situation, full of natural Falls and Rises, of Waters, with shady Coverts and flowery Arbours, was approved by seven of the Founders. There were as many of our Sex, who took the Liberty to visit the Mansions of intended Severity ; among others, a famous Rake of that Time, who had the grave Way to an Excellence. He came in first ; but seeing a Servant coming towards him, with a Design to tell him this was no Place for him or his Companions, up goes my grave Impudence to the Maid : “ Young Woman, said he, if any of the Ladies are in the way on this Side of the House, pray carry us on the other Side towards the Gardens : “ We are, you must know, Gentlemen that are travelling *England* ; after which we shall go into foreign Parts, where some of us have already been.” Then he bows in the most humble manner, and kiss'd the Girl, who knew not how to behave to such a sort of Carriage. He goes on : “ Now you must know, we have an Ambition to have it to say, that we have a *Protestant* Nunnery in *England*. But pray Mrs. *Betty*” — “ Sir, she replied, My Name is *Susan*, at your Service.” — “ Then I heartily beg your Pardon.” — “ No Offence in the least, says she, for I have a Cousin-german whose Name is *Betty*.” — “ Indeed, said he, I protest to you that was more than I knew ; I spoke at Random. But since it happens that I was near in the right, give me leave to present this Gentleman to the Favour of a Salute.” His Friend advances, and so on, till they had

had all saluted her. By this means the poor Girl was in the middle of the Crowd of these Fellows, at a Loss what to do, without Courage to pass through them ; and the *Platonics*, at several Peep-holes, trembling, pale, and fretting. Rake perceived they were observed, and therefore took care to keep *Suky* in Chat with Questions concerning their Way of Life ; when appeared at last *Madonella*, a Lady who had writ a fine Book concerning the Recluse Life, and was the Projectrix of the Foundation. She approaches into the Hall ; and Rake knowing the Dignity of his own Mein and Aspect, goes Deputy from his Company. She begins : ‘ Sir, I am obliged to follow the
‘ Servant, who was sent out to know what Affair
‘ could make Strangers press upon a Solitude which
‘ we, who are to inhabit this Place, have devoted to
‘ Heaven and our own Thoughts ? ’ “ Madam, (replies Rake with an Air of great Distance, mixed with a certain Indifference, by which he could dissemble Dissimulation) “ your great Intention has made more
“ Noise in the World than you design it should ;
“ and we Travellers, who have seen many foreign
“ Institutions of this Kind, have a Curiosity to see,
“ in its first Rudiments, the Seat of primitive Piety ;
“ for such it must be call’d by future Ages, to the
“ eternal Honour of the Founders. I have read
“ *Madonella’s* excellent and seraphick Discourse on
“ this Subject ” The Lady immediately answers,
‘ If what I have said could have contributed to raise
‘ any Thoughts in you, that may make for the Ad-
‘ vancement of intellectual and divine Conversation;

‘ I should think myself extremely happy.’ He immediately fell back with the profoundest Veneration; then advancing: “ Are you then that admired Lady? “ If I may approach Lips which have utter’d Things “ so sacred! ”——He salutes her: His Friends follow his Example. The Devoted within stood in Amazement where this would end, to see *Madonella* to receive their Address and their Company. But Rake goes on— “ We would not transgress Rules; but if “ we may take the Liberty to see the Place you have “ thought fit to chuse for ever, we would go into “ such Parts of the Gardens, as is consistent with the “ Severities you have imposed on yourselves.” To be short, *Madonella* permitted Rake to lead her into the Assembly of Nuns, follow’d by his Friends, and each took his Fair One by the Hand, after due Explanation, to walk round the Gardens. The Conversation turn’d upon the Lillies, the Flowers, the Arbours, and the growing Vegetables; and Rake had the solemn Impudence, when the whole Company stood round him, to say, that he sincerely wish’d Men might rise out of the Ground like Plants; and that our Minds were not of Necessity to be sullied with carnal Appetites for the Generation, as well as Support of our Species. This was spoke with so easy and fix’d an Assurance, that *Madonella* answer’d, Sir, under the Notion of a pious Thought, you deceive yourself in wishing an Institution foreign to that of Providence. These Desires were implanted in us for reverend Purposes, in preserving the Race of Men, and giving Opportunities for making our Chastity more heroick. The Con-
ference

ference was continued in this celestial Strain, and carried on so well by the Managers on both Sides, that it created a second and third Interview; and without entering into farther Particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a Mother or Father that Day Twelvemonth.

*The History of ELMIRA and OSMYN: Or
the Civil Husband.*

IT is now full fifteen Years since the beauteous *Elmira* was given into the Hands of the happy *Osmyn*, who, in the Sense of all the World, received at that Time a Present more valuable than both the *Indies*. She was then in her early Bloom, with an Understanding and Discretion very little inferior to the most experienced Matrons. She was not beholden to the Charms of her Sex, that her Company was preferable to any *Osmyn* could meet with abroad; for were all she said considered, without regard to her being a Woman, it would stand the Examination of the severest Judges. She had all the Beauty of her own Sex, with all the Conversation-Accomplishments of others. But *Osmyn* very soon grew surfeited with the Charms of her Person by Possession, and of her Mind through Want of Taste; for he was one of those loose sort of Men, who have but one Reason for setting any Value upon the Fair Sex, who
consider

consider even Brides but as new Women, and consequently neglect them when they cease to be such. All the Merit of *Elmira* could not prevent her becoming a meer Wife a few Months after her Nuptials; and *Osmyn* had so little Relish for her Conversation, that he complained of the Advantages of it. My Spouse (said he to one of his Companions) is so very discreet, so good, so virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her Person is rather the Object of my Esteem than Love; and there is such a Thing as Merit, which causes rather Distance than Passion. But there being no Medium in the State of Matrimony, their Life began to take the usual Gradations to become the most irksome of all Conditions. They grew, in the first Place, very complaisant; and having at heart a certain Knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, Apologies were made for every little Circumstance which they thought betrayed their mutual Coldness. This lasted but few Months, when they shewed a Difference of Opinion in every Trifle; and as a Sign of a certain Decay of Affection, the Word *perhaps* was introduced in all their Discourse: "I have a Mind to go to the Park, says she, "but, *perhaps*, my Dear, you will want the Coach "on some other Occasion. He would very willingly carry her to the Play; but, *perhaps*, she had "rather go to Lady *Centaure's* and play at *Ombre*." They were both Persons of good Discerning, and soon found that they hated each other, by their Manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are some *Genio's* which are not capable of pure Affection, and
a Man

a Man is born with Talents for it, as much as for Poetry, or any other Science.

Osmyn began too late to find the Imperfection of his own Heart, and used all the Methods in the World to correct it, and argue himself into a Return of Desire and Passion for his Wife, by the Contemplation of her excellent Qualities, his great Obligations to her, and the high Value he saw all the World, except himself, did put upon her. But such is Man's unhappy Condition, that though the Weakness of the Heart has a prevailing Power over the Strength of the Head, yet the Strength of the Head has but small Force against the Weakness of the Heart. *Osmyn* therefore struggled in vain to revive departed Desire; and for that Reason resolved to retire to one of his Estates in the Country, and pass away his Hours of Wedlock in the noble Diversions of the Field; and in the Fury of a disappointed Lover, made an Oath, to leave neither Stag, Fox, or Hare living, during the Days of his Wife. Besides that Country Sports would be an Amusement, he hoped also, that his Spouse would be half killed by the very Sense of seeing this Town no more, and would think her Life ended as soon as she left it. He communicated his Design to *Elmira*, who received it (as now she did all Things) like a Person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the Circumstance of Place. This unexpected Resignation made *Osmyn* resolve to be as obliging to her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a Resolution at least to act sincerely, and communicate
frankly

frankly to her the Weakness of his Temper, and excuse the Indifference of his Behaviour. He disposed his Household in the Way to *Rutland*, so as he and his Lady travelled only in the Coach for the Convenience of Discourse. They had not gone many Miles out of Town, when *Osmyn* spoke to this Purpose:

“ My Dear, I believe I look quite as silly, now I
 “ am going to tell you I do not love you, as when I
 “ first told you I did. We are now going into the
 “ Country together, with only one Hope for making
 “ this Life agreeable, *Survivorship*. *Desire* is not
 “ in our Power; mine is all gone for you. What
 “ shall we do to carry it with Decency to the World,
 “ and hate one another with Discretion ?”

The Lady answered, without the least Observation on the Extravagance of the Speech :

“ My Dear, you have liv'd most of your Days in
 “ a Court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted
 “ with that sort of Life. In Courts, you see, Good-
 “ will is spoken with great Warmth, Ill will co-
 “ vered with great Civility. Men are long in Civi-
 “ lities to those they hate, and short in Expressions
 “ of Kindness to those they love. Therefore, my
 “ Dear, let us be well-bred still, and it is no Matter,
 “ as to all who see us, whether we love or hate : And
 “ to let you see how much you are beholden to me
 “ for my Conduct, I have both hated and despised
 “ you, my Dear, for this half Year ; and yet neither
 “ in Language nor Behaviour has it been visible but
 “ that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know
 “ you go out of Town to divert Life in Pursuit of
 “ Beasts,

History of ELMIRA and OSMYN. 233

“ Feasts, and Conversation with Men just above
“ them; so, my Life, from this Moment, I shall
“ read all the learned Cooks who have ever writ;
“ study Broths, Plaisters, and Conserves, till from a
“ fine Lady I become a notable Woman. We must
“ take our Minds a Note or two lower, or we shall
“ be tortured by Jealousy or Anger. Thus I am
“ resolved to kill all keen Passions, by employing
“ my Mind on little Subjects, and lessening the Easi-
“ ness of my Spirit; while you, my Dear, with
“ much Exercise, Ale, and ill Company, are so good,
“ as to endeavour to be as contemptible, as it is ne-
“ cessary for my Quiet I should think you.”

At *Rutland* they arrived, and lived with great, but
secret Impatience for many successive Years, till *Osmyn*
thought of a happy Expedient to give their Affairs a
new Turn. One Day he took *Elmira* aside, and
spoke as follows:

“ My Dear, you see here the Air is so temperate
“ and serene, the Rivulets, the Groves, and Soil so
“ extreamly kind to Nature, that we are stronger and
“ firmer in our Health since we left the Town; so
“ that there is no Hope of a Release in this Place:
“ But if you will be so kind to go with me to my
“ Estate in the Hundreds of *Essex*, it is possible, some
“ kind Damp may one Day or other relieve us. If
“ you will condescend to accept of this Offer, I will
“ add that whole Estate to your Jointure in this
“ County.”

Elmira,

Elmira, who was all Goodness, accepted the Offer, removed accordingly, and left her Spouse in that Place to rest with his Fathers.

The Story of a Boatwain's Contrivance to save himself from being eaten.

IN the wild Searches which the Navigator *Dampier* was making, they happened to be out at Sea, far distant from any Shore, in want of all the Necessaries of Life, insomuch, that they began to look, not without Hunger, on each other. The Boatwain was a fat, healthy, fresh Fellow, and attracted the Eyes of the whole Crew. In such extream Necessity, all Forms of Superiority were laid aside: The Captain and Lieutenant were safe only by being Carrion; and the unhappy Boatwain in Danger, only by being worth eating. To be short, the Company were unanimous, and the Boatwain must be cut up. He saw their Intention, and desired he might speak a few Words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows:

“ Gentlemen Sailors,

“ Far be it that I should speak it for any private
 “ Interest of my own, but I take it, that I should not
 “ die with a good Conscience, if I did not confess
 “ to you, that I am not sound. I say, Gentlemen,
 “ Justice, and the Testimony of a good Conscience,

“ as

The Boatwain's Contrivance. 235

“ as well as Love of my Country, to which I
“ hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that
“ *Black Kate* at *Deptford* has made me very unsafe
“ to eat; and (I speak it with Shame) I am afraid I
“ should poison you.”

This Speech had a good Effect in the Boatwain's Favour ; but the Surgeon of the Ship protested, he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first Steak of him himself. The Boatwain replied (like an Orator, with a true Notion of the People, and in hopes of gaining Time) That he was heartily glad if he could be for their Service, and thanked the Surgeon for his Information. However, said he, I must inform you for your own Good, that ever since my my Cure I have been very thirsty and dropical; therefore I presume it would be much better to tap me and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no Man in the Ship fit to be drank. As he was going on with his Harangue, a fresh Gale arose, and gave the Crew Hopes of a better Repast at the nearest Shore, to which they arrived the next Morning.

The

*The Tragical Story of the Shipwreck of a
young Cornish Gentleman.*

A Young Gentleman and Lady of antient and honourable Houses in *Cornwall*, had from their Childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble Passion, which had been long opposed by their Friends, by reason of the Inequality of their Fortunes; but their Constancy to each other, and Obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their Relations, that these celebrated Lovers were at length joined in Marriage. Soon after their Nuptials, the Bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign Country, to take care of a considerable Fortune which was left him by a Relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate Circumstances. They received the Congratulations of all the Country on this Occasion; and I remember it was a very common Saying in every one's Mouth, *You see how faithful Love is rewarded.*

He took this agreeable Voyage, and sent home every Post fresh Accounts of his Success in his Affairs abroad; but at last (though he designed to return with the next Ship) he lamented in his Letters that Business would detain him some time longer from home; because he would give himself the Pleasure of an unexpected Arrival. The young Lady, after the Heat of the Day, walked every Evening on the Seashore, near which she lived, with a familiar Friend, her Husband's Kinswoman, and diverted herself with
what

A Tragical Story of a Shipwreck. 237

what Objects they met there, or upon Discourse of the future Methods of Life, in their happy Change of their Circumstances. They stood one Evening on the Shore together in a perfect Tranquility, observing the Setting of the Sun, the calm Face of the Deep, and the silent Heaving of the Waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their Feet; when at a Distance her Kinswoman saw something float on the Waters, which she fancied was a Chest; and with a Smile told her, she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of Jewels she had a Right to it. They both fixed their Eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the Subject of the Wreck, the Cousin still asserting her Right; but promising, if it was a Prize, to give her a very rich Coral for the Child of which she was then big, provided she might be Godmother. Their Mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon their nearer Approach, that it was a human Body. The young Lady, who had a Heart filled with Pity and Compassion, made many melancholy Reflections on the Occasion. Who knows, (said she) but this Man may be the only Hope and Heir of a wealthy Family; the Darling of indulgent Parents, who are now in impertinent Mirth, and pleasing themselves with the offering him a Bride they have got ready for him? Or may he not be the Master of a Family that wholly depend upon his Life? There may, for ought we know, be half a dozen fatherless Children, and a tender Wife, now exposed to Poverty by his Death. What Pleasure might he have promised himself in the different Welcome he was to have

have from her and them? But let us go away, 'tis a dreadful Sight! the best Office that we can do, is to take care that the poor Man, whoever he is, may be decently buried. She went away, when a Wave threw the Carcase on the Shore. The Kinswoman immediately shrieked out, Oh, my Cousin! and fell upon the Ground. The unhappy Wife went to help her Friend, when she saw her own Husband at her Feet, and dropp'd in a Swoon upon the Body. An old Woman who had been the Gentleman's Nurse, came out about this Time to call the Ladies in to Supper, and found her Child (as she always called him) dead on the Shore, her Mistress and Kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud Lamentations, and calling her young Master to Life, soon awaked the Friend from her Trance; but the Wife was gone for ever. When the Family and Neighbours got together round the Bodies, no one asked any Questions, but the Objects before them told them the Story.

*The Tragical Story of a Lover that shot his
Mistress.*

A Gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young Woman, and won her Heart, obtained also the Consent of her Father, to whom she was an only Child. The old Man had a Fancy they should be married in the Church where he himself was, in a Village in *Westmoreland*, and made them set out

while he was laid up with the Gout at *London*. The Bridegroom took only his Man, and the Bride her Maid. They had the most agreeable Journey imaginable to the Place of Marriage; from whence the Bridegroom wrote the following Letter to his Wife's Father.

“ S I R,

“ After a very pleasant Journey hither, we are preparing for the happy Day in which I am to be your
“ Son. I assure you, the Bride carries it, in the Eye
“ of the Vicar who married you, much beyond her
“ Mother; though, he says, your open Sleeves,
“ Pantaloon, and Shoulder-Knots, made a much
“ better Shew than the finical Dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine Man
“ this Village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before Night, because I shall write myself from
“ thence,

“ Your dutiful Son,

J. D.

“ The Bride gives her Duty, and is as handsome
“ as an Angel.—I am the happiest Man
“ living.”

The Villagers were assembling about the Church, and the happy Couple took a Walk in a private Garden. The Bridegroom's Man knew his Master would leave the Place on a sudden after the Wedding, and seeing him draw his Pistols the Night before, took this Opportunity to go into his Chamber and charge them.

them. Upon their Return from the Garden, they went into that Room; and after a little fond Raillery on the Subject of their Courtship, the Lover took up a Pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the Night before, and presenting it to her, said with most graceful Air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable Flattery: Now, Madam, repent of all those Cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider before you die, how often you have made a poor Wretch freeze under your Casement; you shall die, you Tyrant, you shall die, with all those Instruments of Death and Destruction about you, with that enchanting Smile, those killing Ringlets of your Hair. — Give Fire, said he laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his Condition? but he bore it so patiently, as to call up his Man. The poor Wretch enters, and his Master locked the Door upon him. *Will*, said he, did you charge these Pistols? He answered, Yes: Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken Sobs, piercing Groans, and distracted Motions, he writ the following Letter to the Father of his dead Mistress.

“ S I R,

“ I who two Hours ago told you truly, I was the
 “ happiest Man alive, am now the most miserable.
 “ Your Daughter lies dead at my Feet, killed by my
 “ Hand, through a Mistake of my Man’s charging
 “ my Pistols unknown to me. Him I have murdered for it. Such is my Wedding-day. — I
 “ will

“ will immediately follow her to her Grave. But
“ before I throw myself upon my Sword, I command
“ my Distraction so far as to explain my Story to you.
“ I fear my Heart will not keep together till I have
“ stabb’d it. Poor good old Man! — remember,
“ he that killed your Daughter died for it. In the
“ Article of Death I give you my Thanks, and pray
“ for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be
“ possible, do not curse me.”

*A humorous Account of the Birth and
Parents of LOVE.*

AT the Birth of *Beauty* there was a great Feast made, and many Guests invited: Among the rest, was the God *Plenty*, who was the Son of the Goddess *Prudence*, and inherited many of his Mother’s Virtues. After a full Entertainment, he retired to the Garden of *Jupiter*, which was hung with a great Variety of ambrosial Fruits, and seemed to have been a very proper Retreat for such a Guest. In the mean time an unhappy Female called *Poverty*, having heard of this great Feast, repaired to it in hopes of finding Relief. The first Place she light upon was *Jupiter*’s Garden, which generally stands open to People of all Conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by Chance finds the God *Plenty* asleep in it. She was immediately fired with his Charms, laid herself down by his Side, and managed Matters so well, that

She conceived a Child by him. The World was very much in Suspence upon the Occasion, and could not imagine to themselves what could be the Nature of an Infant that was to have its Original from two such Parents; at last, the Child appears, and who should it be but *Love*. This Infant grew up, and proved in all his Behaviour what he really was, a Compound of opposite Beings. As he is the Son of *Plenty* (who was the Offspring of *Prudence*) he is subtle, intriguing, full of Stratagem and Devices; as the Son of *Poverty*, he is fawning, begging, serenading, delighting to lie at a Threshold, or beneath a Window. By the Father he is audacious, full of Hopes, and conscious of Merit, and therefore quick of Resentment. By the Mother he is doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in Submissions. In the same Hour you may see him transported with Raptures, talking of immortal Pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a God; and immediately after, as the mortal Mother prevails in his Composition, you behold him pining, languishing, despairing, dying.

The Story of PHILANDER and CLOE.

CLARINDA and CLOE, two very fine Women, were bred up as Sisters in the Family of *Romeo*, who was the Father of *Cloe*, and the Guardian of *Clarinda*. *Philander*, a young Gentleman of a good Person and charming Conversation, being a Friend of old *Romeo's*, frequented his House, and by that

means was much in Conversation with the young Ladies, though still in the Presence of the Father and the Guardian. The Ladies both entertained a secret Passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the Delight which he really took in *Romeo's* Conversation, that there was something more in his Heart, which made him so assiduous a Visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy Woman; but the Person beloved was *Cloe*. It happened that both of them were at a Play in a Carnival Evening, when it is the Fashion there, as well as in most Countries of *Europe*, both for Men and Women to appear in Masks and Disguises. It was on that memorable Night in the Year 1679, when the Playhouse, by some unhappy Accident, was set on Fire. *Philander*, in the first Hurry of the Disaster, immediately ran where his Treasure was, burst open the Door of the Box, snatched the Lady up in his Arms, and with unspeakable Resolution and good Fortune carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the Crowd, but he set her down; and grasping her in his Arms with all the Raptures of a deserving Lover, "How happy am I (says he) in an Opportunity to tell you I love you more than all Things! and of shewing you the Sincerity of my Passion at the very first Declaration of it!" "My dear, dear *Philander*, says the Lady pulling off her Mask, 'this is not a Time for Art; you are much dearer to me than the Life you have preserved; and the Joy of my present Deliverance does not transport me so much, as the Passion which occasioned it.'

M z

Who

Who can tell the Grief, the Astonishment, the Terror, that appeared in the Face of *Philander*, when he saw the Person he spoke to was *Clarinda*? After a short Pause, “Madam, says he with the Looks of a “dead Man, we are both mistaken;” and immediately flew away without hearing the distressed *Clarinda*, who had just Strength enough to cry out, ‘Cruel *Philander*! why did not you leave me in the ‘Theatre?’ Crowds of People immediately gathered about her, and after having brought her to herself, conveyed her to the House of the good old unhappy *Romco*. *Philander* was now pressing against a whole Tide of People at the Doors of the Theatre, and striving to enter with more Earnestness, than any there endeavoured to get out. He did it at last, and with much Difficulty forced his Way to the Box where his beloved *Cloe* stood, expecting her Fate amidst this Scene of Terror and Distraction. She revived at the Sight of *Philander*, who fell about her Neck with a Tenderness not to be expressed, and amidst a thousand Sobs and Sighs told her his Love, and his dreadful Mistake. The Stage was now in Flames, and the whole House full of Smoke: The Entrance was quite barred up with Heaps of People, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out. Swords were drawn; Shrieks heard on all Sides; and in short, no Possibility of Escape for *Philander* himself, had he been capable of making it without his *Cloe*. But his Mind was above such a Thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches
her

her in his Arms. The Fire surrounds them, while—
I cannot go on——

The Story of ROSICRUCIUS's Sepulchre.

A Certain Person having Occasion to dig somewhat deep into the Ground, where this Philosopher lay interred, met with a small Door having a Wall on each Side of it. His Curiosity, and the Hopes of finding some hidden Treasure, soon prompted him to force open the Door. He was immediately surprized by a sudden Blaze of Light, and discovered a very fair Vault: At the upper End of it was the Statue of a Man in Armour sitting by a Table, and leaning on his left Arm. He held a Truncheon in his right Hand, and had a Lamp burning before him. The Man had no sooner set one Foot within the Vault, than the Statue erecting itself from its leaning Posture, stood bolt upright; and upon the Fellow's advancing another Step, lifted up the Truncheon in his right Hand. The Man still ventured a third Step, when the Statue with a furious Elow broke the Lamp into a thousand Pieces, and left his Guest in a sudden Darkness.

Upon the Report of this Adventure, the Country People soon came with Lights to the Sepulchre and discovered that the Statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a Piece of Clock work: that the Floor of the Vault was all loose, and un-

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with several Springs, which, upon any Man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened. *Rosicrucius*, say his Disciples, made use of this Method, to shew the World he had re-invented the ever-burning Lamps of the Antients, though he had resolved no one should reap any Advantage from the Discovery.

The Story of Two Negro Friends.

A Gentleman of the Island of *St. Christopher's*, among his Negroes had a young Woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary Beauty, by those of her own Complexion. He had at the same time two young Fellows, who were likewise Negroes and Slaves, remarkable for the Comeliness of their Persons, and for the Friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened, that both of them fell in Love with the Female Negro above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her Husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the Man. But they were both so passionately in Love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his Rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his Friend's Consent. The Torments of these two Lovers were the Discourse of the Family to which they belonged;

belonged; who could not forbear observing the strange Complication of Passions which perplexed the Hearts of the poor Negroes, that often dropt Expressions of the Uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long Struggle between Love and Friendship, Truth and Jealousy, they one Day took a Walk together into a Wood, carrying their Mistress along with them; where, after Abundance of Lamentations, they stabbed her to the Heart, of which she immediately died. A Slave, who was at his Work not far from the Place where this astonishing Piece of Cruelty was committed, hearing the Shrieks of the dying Person, ran to see what was the Occasion of them. He there discovered the Woman lying dead upon the Ground, with the two Negroes on each Side of her, kissing the dead Corps, weeping over it, and beating their Breasts in the utmost Agonies of Grief and Despair. He immediately ran to the *English* Family with the News of what he had seen; who upon coming to the Place saw the Woman dead, and the two Negroes expiring by her with Wounds they had given themselves.

The Emulous Preachers.

A Couple of Preachers, in a Country Town, endeavoured which should outshine one another, and draw together the greatest Congregation. One

of them, well versed in the Fathers, used to quote now and then a *Latin* Sentence to his illiterate Hearers, who it seems found themselves so edified by it, that they flocked in greater Numbers to this learned Man than to his Rival. The other finding his Congregation mouldering every *Sunday*, and hearing at length what was the Occasion of it, resolved to give his Parish a little *Latin* in his Turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digested into his Sermons the whole Book of *Quæ Genus*, adding however such Explications to it as he thought might be for the Benefit of his People. He afterwards entered upon *As in præfenti*, which he converted in the same manner to the Use of his Parishioners. This in a very little time thickened his Audience, filled his Church, and routed his Antagonist.

The Story of WILL TRAP and JACK STINT.

WILL TRAP and JACK STINT were Chamber-Fellows in the *Inner-Temple*. They one Night sate in the Pit together at a Comedy, where they both observ'd and lik'd the same young Woman in the Boxes. Their Kindness for her enter'd both their Hearts deeper than they imagin'd. *Stint* had a good Faculty at writing Letters of Love, and made his Addresses privately that way; while *Trap* proceeded

ceeded in the ordinary Course, by Money and her Waiting-maid. The Lady gave them both Encouragement, receiving *Trap* into the utmost Favour, and answering at the same time *Stint*'s Letters, and giving him Appointments at third Places. *Trap* began to suspect the Epistolary Correspondence of his Friend, and discover'd also that *Stint* open'd all his Letters, which came to their common Lodgings, in order to form his own Assignations. After much Anxiety and Restlessness, *Trap* came to a Resolution, which he thought would break off their Commerce with one another, without any hazardous Explanation. He therefore wrote a Letter in a feign'd Hand to Mr. *Trap* at his Chambers in the *Temple*. *Stint*, according to Custom, seized and opened it, and was not a little surprized to find the Inside directed to himself, when, with great Perturbation of Spirit, he read as follows :

“ Mr. STINT,

“ **Y**OU have gained a slight Satisfaction at the
 “ Expence of doing a very heinous Crime. At
 “ the Price of a faithful Friend you have obtained an
 “ inconstant Mistress. I rejoice in this Expedient I
 “ have thought of to break my Mind to you, and
 “ tell you, you are a base Fellow, by a means which
 “ does not expose you to the Affront except you de-
 “ serve it. I know, Sir, as criminal as you are, you
 “ have still Shame enough to avenge yourself against
 “ the Hardiness of any one that should publicly tell
 “ you of it. I therefore, who have receiv'd so ma-

" my secret Hurts from you, shall take Satisfaction
 " with Safety to myself. I call you base, and you
 " must bear it, or acknowledge it. I triumph over
 " you that you cannot come at me ; nor do I think it
 " dishonourable to come in Armour to assault him,
 " who was in Ambuscade when he wounded me.
 " What need more be said to convince you of being
 " guilty of the basest Practice imaginable, than that
 " it is such as has made you liable to be treated after
 " this Manner, while you yourself cannot in your
 " own Conscience but allow the Justice of the
 " Upbraidings of

" Your injur'd Friend,

" RALPH TRAP.

The Loves of LUDOVICO and HONORIO.

THE City of *Genoa* has been always fam'd above
 any Town in *Europe* for the Refinement of its
 Gallantry. It is common there for a Gentleman to
 profess himself the humble Servant of a handsome
 Woman, and wait upon her to every publick Place
 for twenty Years together, without ever seeing her
 in private, or being entitled to any greater Favours
 than a kind Look, or a Touch of her fair Hand. Of
 this fighting Tribe, the most enamour'd, the most con-
 stant, and the most respectful, was Seignior *Ludo-*
wico.

His

His Mistress, *Honorio Grimaldi*, only Daughter to a Senator of that Name, was the greatest Beauty of the Age in which she lived, and at the same time the coyest and most reserved. So great was her Nicety in the point of Love, that altho' she could not be insensible to the Addresses of Seignior *Ludovico*, yet she could not bring herself to think of marrying her Lover, which, she said, was admitting him to Freedoms entirely inconsistent with the Respect that Character requires. In vain did he tell her of the Violence of his Passion for her; she answer'd, that her's for him was no less violent; but that it was his Mind she lov'd, and could enjoy that without going to Bed to him.

Ludovico was ready to despair at these Discourses of his Mistress: He could not but admire such fine Sentiments, yet he wish'd she had not been quite so perfect. He writ her a very melancholy Letter, and she return'd him one in Verse, full of sublime Expressions about Love, but not a Word that tended to satisfy the poor Man's Impatience. At last he applied himself to her Father, and, to engage him to make use of his Authority, offer'd to take *Honorio* without a Portion. The Father, who was a plain Man, was mightily pleas'd with this Proposal, and made no Difficulty to promise him Success. Accordingly he very roundly told his Daughter, that she must be married the next Day, or go to a Nunnery. This Dilemma startled her very much. In Spite of all her Repugnance for the Marriage-Bed, she found something about her still more averse to the Idea of a Cloister: An absolute Separation from *Ludovico* was what she could not bear,

bear, it was even worse than an absolute Conjunction. In this Distress she did not know what to do; she turned over above a hundred Romances to search for Precedents; and, after many Struggles with herself, resolved to surrender upon Terms. She therefore told her Lover, that she consented to be his Wife, provided she might be so by Degrees, and that after the Ceremony was over, he would not pretend at once to all the Rights and Privileges of a Husband, but allow her Modesty Leisure to make a gradual and decent Retreat. *Ludovico* did not like such a Capitulation, but rather than not have her, he was content to pay this last Compliment to her Caprice. They were married, and at the End of the first Month, he was very happy to find himself at full Enjoyment of her Lips.

While he was thus gaining Ground, Inch by Inch, his Father died, and left him a great Estate in the Island of *Corfica*: His Presence was necessary there, but he could not think of parting from *Honorio*. They embark'd together, and *Ludovico* had good Hopes, that he should not only take Possession of his Estate, but of his Wife too at his Arrival. Whether it was that *Venus*, who is said to be born out of the Sea, was more powerful there than at Land, or from the Freedom which is usual aboard a Ship, it is sure, that during the Voyage he was indulg'd in greater Liberties than ever he had presum'd to take before; nay, it is confidently asserted, that they were such Liberties, as have a natural and irresistible Tendency to overcome all scruples whatsoever. But while he was sailing

ailing on with a fair Wind, and almost in the Port, Fortune, who took a Pleasure to persecute him, brought an *African* Corsair in their way, that quickly put an End to their Dalliance, by making them his Slaves.

Who can express the Affliction and Despair of this loving Couple at so sudden and ill-tim'd a Captivity! *Ludovico* saw himself depriv'd of his Virgin Bride on the very Point of obtaining all his Wishes; and *Honorio* had reason to apprehend, that she was fallen into rougher Hands than his, and such as no Considerations could restrain. But the Martyrdom she look'd for in that Instant was unexpectedly deferred till they came to *Tunis*. The *Corsair* seeing her so beautiful, thought her a Mistress worthy of his Prince, and to him he presented her at their Landing, in Spite of her own and her Husband's Tears.—O unfortunate End of all her pure and heroical Sentiments! was it for this that her Favours were so long and so obstinately deny'd to the tender *Ludovico*, to have them ravish'd in a Moment by a rude *Barbarian*, who did not so much as thank her for them? But let us leave her in the Seraglio of the Dey, and see what became of *Ludovico* after this cruel Separation.

The *Corsair* finding him unfit for any Labour, made use of him to teach his Children Musick, in which he was perfectly well skill'd. This Service would not have been very painful, if it had not been for the Remembrance of *Honorio*, and the Thoughts of the Brutalities she was expos'd to: These were always in his Head Night and Day, and he imagin'd she had by this time kill'd herself, rather than submit

to

to so gross a Violation. But while he was thus tormenting himself for one Woman, he gave equal Uneasiness to another. His Master's Wife saw him often from her Window, and fell violently in Love with him.— The *African* Ladies are utter Strangers to Delicacy and Refinement. She made no Scruple to acquaint him with her Desires, and sent her favourite Slave to introduce him by Night into her Chamber. *Ludovico* would fain have been excus'd, being asham'd to commit such an Infidelity to his dear *Honorio*; but the Slave inform'd him, if he hop'd to live an Hour, he must comply with her Lady's Inclinations; for that, in *Afric*, Refusals of that kind were always reveng'd with Sword or Poison. No Constancy could be strong enough to resist so terrible a Menace; he therefore went up to the Rendezvous at the time appointed, where he found a Mistress infinitely more complying than his fantastical *Italian*. But in the midst of their Endearments they heard the *Corfsair* at the Door of his Wife's Apartment: Upon the Alarm of his coming, the frighted Lover made the best of his Way out of the Window, which not being very high, he had the good Fortune to get off unhurt. The *Corfsair* did not see him, but by the Confusion his Wife was in, he suspected that somebody had been with her. His Jealousy directed him to *Ludovico*, and tho' he had no other Proof than bare Suspicion, he was determined to punish him severely, and at the same time secure himself for the future. He therefore gave Orders to his Eunuchs, to put him in the same Condition with themselves, which inhuman Command

was

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was performed with a *Turkish* Rigour, far more desperate and compleat, than any such thing had ever been practis'd in *Italy*. But the Change this Operation wrought upon him, so improv'd his Voice, that he became the finest Singer in all *Afric*. His Reputation was so great, that the Dey of *Tunis* sent to beg him of his Master, and prefer'd him to a Place in his own Seraglio. He had now free Access to his *Honorio*, and an Opportunity of contriving her Escape : To that End, he secretly hir'd a Ship to be ready to carry them off, and did not doubt but he should find her very willing to accompany his Flight. It was not long before he saw her, and you may imagine the Excess of her Joy, at so strange and agreeable a Surprise.

Can it be possible, cried she, can it be possible that I see you in this Place ? O my dear *Ludovico*, I shall expire in the Pleasure of your Embraces ! But by what Magic could you get in, and deceive the Vigilance of my Tyrant and his Guards ?

My Habit will inform you, answer'd he in a softer Tone of Voice than she had been us'd to ; I am now happy in the Loss which I have sustain'd, since it furnishes me with the Means of your Delivery. Trust yourself to me, my dear *Honorio*, and I will take you out of the Power of this Barbarian, who has so little Regard to your Delicacy. You may now be happier with me than you was before, as I shall not trouble you with *those coarse Sollicitations* which gave you so much Uneasiness. We will love with the Purity of
Angels,

Angels, and leave sensual Enjoyments to the Vulgar, who have not a Relish for higher Pleasure.

How! said *Honorio*, *are you really no Man?* No, replied he, but I have often heard you say, that your Love was only to my Mind. Alas! said she, I am sorry mine is alter'd: But since my being here I am turn'd *Mahometan*, and my Religion will not suffer me to run away with an *Unbeliever*. My new Husband has taught me certain Doctrines unknown to me before, in the Practice of which I am resolv'd to live and die. Return to your own Country, good Seignior *Eunuch*; but don't think of carrying me with you, for you have no need of a Wife in your present Circumstances. Adieu, I tell thee; my Conscience will not permit me to have a longer Conversation with such an *Infidel*.

Thus ended the Loves of *Ludovico* and *Honorio*.

*The remarkable Death of two Lovers by
Lightning, with their Epitaph.*

JOHAN HEWETT was a well-set Man of about five and twenty; *Sarah Drew* might be rather call'd comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age. They had pass'd through the various Labours of the Year together, with the greatest Satisfaction; if she milk'd, 'twas his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand; it was but last Fair that he bought

bought her a Present of Green Silk for her Straw Hat, and the Posie on her Silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirmed, that they had any other Views than the lawful Possession of each other in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he had obtained the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps, in the Intervals of their Work, they were now talking of their Wedding-Cloaths, and *John* was suiting several sorts of Poppies and Field-Flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for the Wedding-Day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of *July*, between two and three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Thunder and Lightning ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven and Earth had split asunder. Every one was now solicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour; and call'd to one another throughout the Field: No Answer being returned to those who call'd to our Lovers, they stept to the Place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a Smoak, and then spy'd this faithful Pair: *John* with one Arm about *Sarah's* Neck, and the other held over her, as to screen her from the Lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffen'd in this tender Posture. *Sarah's* left Eye-Brow was singed, and there appeared a black Spot in her Breast: Her Lover was all over black, but not the least Signs of Life found in either.

either. Attended by their melancholy Companions, they were conveyed to the Town, and the next Day were interr'd in *Stanton-Harcourt* Church-yard. My Lord *Harcourt* has caused a Stone to be placed over them, with the following Epitaph, written by Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Gay*.

“ When Eastern Lovers feed the Funeral Fire,
 “ On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire;
 “ Here pitying Heav'n that Virtue mutual found,
 “ And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
 “ Hearts so sincere, th'Almighty saw well pleas'd,
 “ Sent his own Lightning, and the Victims seiz'd.

*The Story of AGUIRE'S Punishment, and
 Passion of Revenge.*

L ICENCIADO ESQUEVEL, Governor of the City of *Potosci*, commanded two hundred Men to march out of that Garrison towards the Kingdom of *Tucman*, with strict Orders to use no *Indians* in carrying their Baggage, and plac'd himself at a convenient Station, without the Gates, to observe how his Orders were put in Execution; he found they were wholly neglected, and that *Indians* were laden with the Baggage of the *Spaniards*, but thought fit to let them march by, till the last Rank of all came up, out of which he seized one Man, called *Aguire*, who had two *Indians* laden with his Goods: Within few Days
 after

after he was taken in Arrest, he was sentenc'd to receive two hundred Stripes. *Aguire* represented by his Friends, that he was the Brother of a Gentleman, who had in this Country an Estate, with Vassalage of *Indians*, and hop'd his Birth would exempt him from a Punishment of such Indignity. *Licenciado* persisted in the kind of Punishment he had already pronounced ; upon which *Aguire* petitioned, that it might be alter'd to one that he should not survive ; and though a Gentleman, and from that Quality not liable to suffer so ignominious a Death, humbly besought his Excellency that he might be hang'd. But tho' *Licenciado* appear'd all his Life, before he came into Power, a Person of an easy and tractable Disposition, he was so chang'd by his Office, that these Applications from the unfortunate *Aguire* did but the more gratify his Insolence ; and, during the very time of their Mediation for the Prisoner, he insulted them also, by commanding with a haughty Tone, that his Orders should be executed that very Instant. This, as it is usual on such Occasions, made the whole Town flock together ; but the principal Inhabitants abhorring the Severity of *Licenciado*, and pitying a Gentleman in the Condition of *Aguire*, went in a Body, and besought the Governor to suspend, if not remit the Punishment. Their Importunities prevailed on him to defer the Execution for eight Days ; but when they came to the Prison with his Warrant, they found *Aguire* already brought forth, stripp'd, and mounted on an Ass, which is the Posture wherein the basest Criminals are whipp'd in that City. His Friends cry'd
out,

out, Take him off, take him off, and proclaimed their Order of suspending his Punishment; but the Youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight Days, rejected the Favour, and said, "All my Endeavours
 " have been to keep myself from mounting this Beast,
 " and from the Shame of being seen naked; but
 " since Things are come thus far, let the Sentence
 " proceed, which will be less than the Fears and Apprehensions I shall have in the eight Days ensuing;
 " besides, I shall not need to give a farther Trouble
 " to my Friends for Intercession on my Behalf, which
 " is as likely to be ineffectual as what hath already
 " pass'd." After he had said this, the Ass was whipp'd forward, and *Aguire* ran the Gaudet according to the Sentence. The calm manner with which he resign'd himself, when he found his Disgrace must be, and the Scorn of dallying with it under a Suspension of a few Days, which Mercy was but another Form of the Governor's Cruelty, made it visible, that he took Comfort in some secret Resolution to revenge the Affront.

After this Indignity, *Aguire* could not be persuaded (though the Inhabitants of *Potosi* often importuned him from the Spirit they saw in him) to go upon any military Undertaking, but excus'd himself with a modest Sadness in his Countenance, saying, 'That
 ' after such a Shame as his was, Death must be his
 ' only Remedy and Consolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as soon as possible.

Under this Melancholy he remain'd in *Peru*, until the time in which the Office of *Esquevel* expir'd, after

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ter which, like a desperate Man, he pursued and followed him, watching an Opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the Shame of the late Affront. *Esquivel* being informed of this desperate Resolution by his Friends, endeavoured to avoid his Enemy, and took a Journey of three or four hundred Leagues from him, supposing that *Aguire* would not pursue him at such a Distance; but *Esquivel's* Flight did but increase *Aguire's* Speed in following. The first Journey which *Esquivel* took was to the City of *Los Reges*, being three hundred and twenty Leagues distant; but in less than fifteen Days *Aguire* was there with him: Whereupon *Esquivel* took another Flight, as far as to the City of *Quito*, being four hundred Leagues distant from the City of *Los Reges*, but in a little more than twenty Days, *Aguire* was again with him, which being intimated to *Esquivel*, he took another Leap as far as *Coxco*, which is five hundred Leagues from *Quito*; but in a few Days after he arrived there, came also *Aguire*, travelling all the Way on Foot, without Shoes or Stockings, saying, 'That it became not the Condition of a whipp'd Rascal to travel on Horse-back, or appear among Men.' In this manner did *Aguire* haunt and pursue *Esquivel* for three Years and four Months; who being now tired with so many long and tedious Journies, resolved to fix his Abode at *Coxco*, where he believed that *Aguire* would scarce adventure to attempt any thing against him, for Fear of the Judge who govern'd that City, who was a severe Man, impartial and inflexible in all his Proceedings; and accordingly took a Lodging in the Middle

of the Street of the great Church, where he liv'd with great Care and Caution, wearing a Coat of Mail under his upper Coat, and went always arm'd with his Sword and Dagger, which are Weapons not agreeable to his Profession. However *Aguire* followed hither also, and having in vain dogged him from Place to Place, Day after Day, he resolv'd to make the Attempt upon him in his own House, which he enter'd, and wander'd from Room to Room, till at last he came into his Study, where *Licenciado* lay on a Couch asleep. *Aguire* itabb'd him with his Dagger with great Tranquility, and very leisurely wounded him in other Parts of the Body, which were not covered with his Coat of Mail. He went out of the House in Safety; but as his Repentment was satisfied, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable Temper of the Governor of the Place. Under this Apprehension he had not Composure enough to fly to a Sanctuary, which was near the Place where he committed the Fact; but ran into the Street, frantick and distracted, proclaiming himself a Criminal, by crying, *Hide me, hide me.*

The wretched Fate and poor Behaviour of *Licenciado*, in flying his Country to avoid the same Person whom he had before treated with so much Insolence, and the high Repentment of a Man so inconsiderable as *Aguire*, when much injur'd, are good Admonitions to little Spirits in exalted Stations, to take care how they treat brave Men in low Condition.

The

*A true Story of Monsieur BELVILLE, a
French Gentleman.*

Monsieur BELVILLE, a Gentleman of the Province of *Languedoc* in *France*, spared not to pass this Reflection on the Duke of *Luyne*s, even in the King's Presence. Being at *Bordeaux*, while the King celebrated his Nuptials with the Infanta of *Spain*, in a most magnificent Manner; one Day coming to Court in his Mourning Coach: 'O, Sir, says *Belville*, the Bravery of your Brother's Coach may excuse the Meanness of mine, since he borrowed all the Gold I had to equip himself for this magnificent Season.' The Occasion of these Words was as follows:

Monsieur *Belville* being a Gentleman of a noble Family, and one whose eminent Virtues and Services might have entitl'd him to some suitable Dignity, but being low in his Fortune, was not regarded or taken notice of, till he address'd himself to the Duke of *Luyne*s; who, upon the Receipt of one thousand five hundred Crowns, promised to make him Cavalier of the *Order of the Holy Ghost*, a Dignity next to that of the Peers of the Realm, and which is a fair Step to it. But, instead of performing his Promise, after he had got his Money, he, by underhand Practices, procur'd him to be banish'd the Court, neither did he come near it till this Marriage aforesaid was taken in hand; at which Time his Father dying at *Bordeaux*, and being there also buried, he, by the
Mediation

Mediation of some Friends, procured a Repeal of his Banishment, that he might have an Opportunity of making the King sensible of the Duke's Injustice. But it took not the desired Effect ; for he was upon those Words afore-mentioned immediately imprisoned, where he soon after died of Grief.

A pleasant Story of a Man who had lost his Ass.

A Certain Countryman having lost his Ass, came to the Cryer, desiring him to give Notice of it at the Church-door, which he did for three Days together. But no News being heard of the Animal, the Owner urged the Cryer to continue his former Proclamations, with the Reward of a fat Pig to the Finder. The Cryer being an arch Wag, and tired with the Fellow's Importunity, one Feast-Day, when the Ceremonies of publick Worship ended, and People flocked amain out of the Church, he made this following Proclamation : " If there be any Man here amongst you, who will come forth, and solemnly protest he never was in Love, he shall have a fat Pig." An ungain loobily Fellow, who was standing listening on his Staff, baul'd out, *That he could safely take his Oath, he was the Person who had never been in Love.* Whereupon the Cryer taking him by the Sleeve, presents him to the Countryman, saying, " Here, Friend, I have found your *Ass*, the *Pig* is mine."

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*A Story of the Behaviour of two Husbands
on the same Occasion.*

ABOUT thirty Years ago, a Packet-Boat that had several Passengers in it was cast away upon a Rock, and in so great Danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could, though only those who could swim well had a bare Probability of doing it. Among the Passengers there were two Women of Fashion, who seeing themselves in so disconsolable a Condition, begged of their Husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his Wife, than to forsake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmost Compassion for his Wife, told her, that for the Good of their Children it was better one of them should live, than both perish. By a great Piece of good Luck, next to a Miracle, when one of our good Men had taken the last and long Farewel in order to save himself, and the other held in his Arms the Person that was dearer to him than Life, the Ship was preserved. It is with a secret Sorrow and Vexation of Mind that I must tell the Sequel of the Story, and let my Reader know that this faithful Pair, who were ready to have died in each other's Arms, about three Years after their Escape, upon some trifling Disgust, grew to a Coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a Degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other Couple lived together in an uninterrupted Friendship and Felicity; and

266 *True and false Courage exemplified.*

what was remarkable, the Husband whom the Shipwreck had like to have separated from his Wife, died a few Months after her, not being able to survive the Loss of her.

True and false Courage exemplified, in a pleasant Story.

IT happened one Day, that a noisy young Officer, bred in *France*, came to the Ordinary at the *Black Horse* in *Holborn*, where the Person that usually presided at the Table, was a rough old-fashioned Gentleman, who, according to the Customs of those Times, had been the Major and Preacher of a Regiment. The young Officer was venting some new-fangled Notions, and speaking, in the Gaiety of his Humour, against the Dispensations of Providence. The Major at first only desired him to speak more respectfully of one for whom all the Company had an Honour; but finding him run on in his Extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious Manner. Young Man, said he, do not abuse your Benefactor whilst you are eating his Bread. Consider whose Air you breathe, whose Presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the Power of that very Speech which you make use of to his Dishonour. The young Fellow, who thought to turn Matters into a Jest, asked him if he was going to preach? But at the same time desired him to take care what he
said

said when he spoke to a Man of Honour. A Man of Honour! says the Major: Thou art an Infidel and a Blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such. In short, the Quarrel ran so high, that the young Officer challenged the Major. Upon their coming into the Garden, the old Fellow advised his Antagonist to consider the Place into which one Pass might drive him; but finding him grow upon him to a Degree of Scurrility, as believing the Advice proceeded from Fear: Sirrah, says he, if a Thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy Profaneness to thy Maker, and thy Sauciness to his Servant. Upon this he drew his Sword, and cried out with a loud Voice, *The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon*; which so terrified his Antagonist, that he was immediately disarmed and thrown upon his Knees. In this Posture he begged his Life; but the Major refused to grant it, before he had asked Pardon for his Offence in a short extemporary Prayer, which the old Gentleman dictated to him upon the Spot, and which his Profelyte repeated after him in the Presence of the whole Ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the Garden.

The Story of ANTIOCHUS.

ANTIOCHUS, a Prince of great Hopes, fell passionately in Love with the young Queen *Stratonice*, who was his Mother-in-Law, and had bore a Son to the old King *Seleucus* his Father. The Prince finding it impossible to extinguish his Passion, fell sick, refused all Manner of Nourishment, being determined to put an end to that Life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus the Physician, soon found that Love was his Distemper, and observing the Alteration in his Pulse and Countenance, whenever *Stratonice* made him a Visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his young Mother-in-Law. Knowing the old King's Tenderness for his Son, when he one Morning enquired of his Health, he told him, that the Prince's Distemper was Love; but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the Person whom he loved. The King, surprized at this Account, desired to know how his Son's Passion could be incurable? Why, Sir, replied *Erasistratus*, because he is in Love with the Person I am married to.

The old King immediately conjured him by all his past Favours to save the Life of his Son and Successor. Sir, said *Erasistratus*, would you fancy yourself in my Place, you would see the Unreasonableness of what you desire. Heaven is my Witness, said *Seleucus*, I could resign even my *Stratonice* to save my *Antiochus*. At this the Tears ran down his Cheeks, which

Muly Moloch, *Emperor of Morocco.* 269

which when the Physician saw, taking him by the Hand, Sir, says he, if these are your real Sentiments, the Prince's Life is out of Danger; it is *Stratonice* for whom he dies. *Seleucus* immediately gave Orders for solemnizing the Marriage; and the young Queen, to shew her Obedience, very generously exchanged the Father for the Son.

The Story of MULY MOLOCH, Emperor of Morocco.

WHEN Don SEBASTIAN, King of *Portugal*, had invaded the Territories of *Muly Moloch*, Emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and set his Crown upon the Head of his Nephew, *Moloch* was wearing away with a Distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the Reception of so formidable an Enemy. He was indeed so far spent with Sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole Day, when the last decisive Battle was given; but knowing the fatal Consequence that would happen to his Children and People, in case he should die before he put an End to that War, he commanded his principal Officers, that if he died during the Engagement, they should conceal his Death from the Army, and that they should ride up to the Litter in which his Corpse was carried, under Pretence of receiving Orders from him as usual. Before the Battle begun, he was carried through all the Ranks of his Army in an open Litter, as they stood

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drawn up in Array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in Defence of their Religion and Country. Finding afterwards the Battle to go against him, tho' he was very near his last Agonies, he threw himself out of his Litter, rallied his Army, and led them on to the Charge ; which afterwards ended in a compleat Victory on the Side of the *Moors*. He had no sooner brought his Men to the Engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his Litter, where laying his Finger on his Mouth, to enjoin Secrecy to his Officers, who stood about him, he died a few Moments after in that Posture.

The Adventure of an English Sailor in the City of Constantinople.

A Certain fond *Mahometan*, all possessed with *European* Dreams of Love and Beauty, would neither marry Wife, nor take a Concubine, that was not Mistress of a tender Nature ; and, as he thought, accomplished in those bright Perfections, which, in spite of Fate, would make him happy. But oh ! how vainly does deluded Man depend on Beauty as a Means of Bliss, when every frail Misfortune of deficient Nature robs him of his Hope ! It is a Blessing ever subject to a thousand accidental Shocks of Ruin ; and even in its longest and uninterrupted Course of Sun-shine, is but the transient Shadow of a momentary Satisfaction. The *Turk* of whom I am about to speak,

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speaking, was long an Enemy to every Thought that led him to a Scene of Matrimony ; but he was caught at last ; and I have ever found, that those who most inveighed against it, have been soonest tempted to its Yoke, and often most galled by it. It was a witty Observation of an old *Greek* Poet, in the following Epigram :

The Man is curs'd, who takes a She
As Partner of his Bed :
This all Men know as well as me ;
Yet, who forbears to wed ?

This *Turkish* Nobleman (for Fortune had enlarged his Circumstances to a great and lofty Pitch of Splendor) kept a very large *Haram*, or Chamber for his Women : He possessed, I think, of Wives and Concubines no less a Number than a Quarter of a Hundred ; and so fondly doated on their amorous Conversation, that he knew no Pleasure greater than the Enjoyment of their Company ; would pass whole Days in their Apartment, and chuse some one among them every Night to carry to his Bed, and favour with the Duty of his kind Embraces.

However, whether Nature had not qualified him for the Women's Favourite, or whether every Lady thought her Turn too long in coming round, is not known ; but this is certain, that the whole Society were extremely melancholy, and would pensively retire to a large Window, which looked out into a Garden on the Backside of their Apartment, and by

throwing up the Lattice, let in Air, which fanned, not cooled the Warmth of their Desires. Their Lord, it seems, was very covetous; and finding Eucuchis somewhat chargeable, maintained but one, and that an old and lazy Fellow, who would always go to Bed before the Ladies, and by that means give them favourable Opportunities to open the above-named Window, and look out in the Garden, or divert themselves with any Entertainment they thought fit to pass the Night in.

'Twas late one Evening, and the Family secure in their Repose, when a brisk *English* Sailor, who had lost his Company, in coming not an Hour before from drinking at a little Hovel where a *Greek* sold Wine, had rambled up and down from Street to Street, till he arrived in a small narrow Lane, one Wall whereof belonged to the above-named Garden. He was walking hastily along, not knowing where he was, when he was startled at the sudden Noise of Women's Voices; and desirous to behold what sort of Creatures the Females were in *Turkey**, he was led by Wine and Curiosity together, to ascend a sort of wooden Scaffold, which he found there raised against the Wall, and had been built in order to repair some Breaches made by Time.

The Art of his Profession had instructed him to climb, by which Means he with Ease got up so high, that

* *The Women are kept up very close in Turkey, and seldom permitted to go abroad; and when they are they are always well'd.*

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that hanging by his Hands and Feet, he overlooked the Ridge of the Wall, and could perceive distinctly; by the Favour of the Moon-shine, several Ladies almost in their Shifts, and sporting wantonly together in a Window on the other Side the Garden. He was wonderfully pleased to see a Sight he had been long a Stranger to; and not being able to express himself in *Turkish*, was resolved to shew his Breeding in plain *English*, and called out aloud, 'Ha! my dear Rogues, have I caught you, faith? egad I wish I was among you.'

Nothing could have been a greater Surprize to the discovered Ladies, than to hear a Voice, at once appearing to be a Man's, and a Stranger to their Language or Acquaintance; but it was increased, if possible, when they beheld a Head Chin high, looking over the Wall, with short thick Hair, and Hat of *English* Fashion. The Fright at first obliged them to shriek, and drove them from the Window for about five Minutes; but perceiving none had overheard them in the House, they gathered Courage, and returned again, believing Providence had sent a Man to gratify their Wishes.

The Sailor had by this time got astride upon the Wall, and was beginning an old Ballad in that merry Posture, not remembring he had changed his *Wapping* Residence for a short Continuance in a *Turkish* City. But the Ladies gathered in a Knot about the Window, and, by the cautionary Motions of their Fingers, hushed him to Silence, and began to beckon him with

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smiling Looks, and all the tempting Invitations of an amorous Deportment.

Encouraged by their unexpected kind Behaviour, the adventurous Tar forsook his Station, and leaping from the Wall into the Garden, expressed his Satisfaction in their beautiful Appearances, by all the awkward Bows and apish Cringes his marine Accomplishments had made him Master of. He came at last and stood directly under them, explaining by the Motions of his Head and Eyes, and other Signs, that he was sorry such an unaccessive Height prevented him from reaching them. They talked awhile by Signs and Motions, but perceiving they could reap but little Pleasure from so remote a Conversation, the obliged Ladies, loth to lose so rare an Opportunity, began to make successful Use of those amorous inventive Qualities, which Nature constantly bestows on a Woman in her amorous Exigencies; and certain of the Company continued at the Window smiling in a sort of wanton Dalliance with the raptured Sailor, while others ran and tied as many of the Sheets together as would reach to the Ground; which having done, they came again, and making fast the hither End to certain Hooks within the Chamber, threw the other down to him, and kindly beckoned to him to make a proper Use of their inviting Favours.

He was not backward in performing their Desires, but never thinking on the Consequences, made a Shift to reach the Window by the Help of their Contrivance; they received him joyfully, and had begun to stare upon the Strangeness of his Habit, when he
inter-

interrupted them, by roughly kissing all the Company ; imagining, that since he always used his *English* Mistress in that familiar Manner, it was the Fashion so to do in every foreign Place he came to. The *Turkish* Husbands never kiss their Women but in Bed, and consequently this Behaviour of our merry *Briton* wonderfully diverted them ; they laughed exceedingly, and gathered round him ; every one asked some particular Question, but he could not understand one Word they said ; and finding more than he expected in the Chamber, looked about him with great Amazement ; but began at last to catch them in his Arms, embracing them by Turns with so much Zeal and Rapture, that it was hard to tell which Party knew most Pleasure ; *He*, in meeting such engaging, beautiful, willing Creatures ; or the *Ladies*, in their accidental Satisfaction of admitting to their Arms a Lover of so brisk and airy a Deportment, and a Man so full of Mirth and Vigour.

The Room wherein they lay was long and broad, with Beds all laid in Order along each Side, and each desirous first to offer him a Part of her's ; they raised a sort of Civil War among them, till it was resolved that all should draw a Lot a-piece, and stand to the Decision. This then at last they agreed to, and with Scissars cut a crimson Ribbon in twenty-five Pieces, each a little longer than the former ; these they made the Sailor hold, and drew their Lots in order. She who had the longest was that very Night to have him for her Bedfellow, and so proportionably she who
had

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had unfortunately drawn the shortest Lot, was doom'd to be the farthest distant from his wish'd Embraces.

Thus had they form'd almost a Month's Task for the poor Sailor, who never us'd to think on Time to come, and therefore went contented to Bed with his fair first-night Mistress. We will not doubt of the Satisfaction which he met with, but proceed to tell the Reader, that an Hour before the break of Day, that Lady who was next to be his Partner, came and wak'd him from a pleasing Slumber, lest he should unluckily, by oversleeping his Security, be found as soon as Morning broke by the *Eunuch*, who was always us'd to walk his Rounds about that Time; and this was the concluded Order they were all to take, for their assured Security. I scarce believe our amorous *Tarpan*, when the cool Reflection of his waking Senses represented his Condition, found himself so pleasant as the Night before; but he had gone too far to think of going back, till he had done the Duty they expected from him, and therefore wisely thought it best to seem transported with his present, past, and future Happiness. In short, they led him to a very high and spacious Press, or rather Wardrobe, for it was the Place wherein they us'd to hang their Cloaths; in this Repository he was forc'd to stand or lie all Day; and had the Door by chance been open, he had yet perhaps continued undiscovered, hid all over by the Cloaths about him.

The Master of the House would often come and pass some Hours every Day amongst his Women, so that all Day long the Sailor was confin'd to keep his Station,

Station, yet wanted little else but Liberty, for he had Meat and Drink far more than he required, which the good-humour'd Ladies ordered to be set aside, pretending they would eat it at another Time, and taking some Opportunity, when all was safe, they carried it directly to their pounded Amoroso.

They pass'd about ten Days and Nights without the smallest Fear or Danger of Discovery, when an unlucky Accident fell out and ruin'd all : It happened that the Lady to whose Turn it was to claim the Sailor for her Bed-fellow, was taken by the *Turk*, her Lord and Master, to the unexpected Favour of his own Enjoyment, so that she, whose Lot came next, was sooner than she thought of Mistress of her Long-long-hop'd-for Happiness ; but when the next Turn came, the Lady who the Night before had lawfully possess'd her Husband's Bed, renewed her Title to the baulk'd Enjoyment of the Sailor's Person ; which she who next expected it, denied with Fervour, urging, that she having lost her Turn, should stay till last of all, before she could in Justice lay a second Claim to what she aim'd at.

Words were multiplied to noisy Disputations, and from thence they fell to downright Blows about the Matter ; till the House, alarmed by the Disturbance, wak'd the *Eunuch*, who came running to the Chamber to demand the Cause of their so sudden Disagreement ; and the first Body he took particular Notice of, was the poor Sailor, who was got amongst the thickest of the Fray, to interpose the best of his Endeavours for appeasing their tumultuous Violence.

The

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The *Eunuch*, all amaz'd to see a Man so strangely dress'd among the Ladies, came and caught him roughly by the Shoulder ; who, surpriz'd as much to find himself discovered, struck the old and feeble *Eunuch* such a Blow upon the Head, as beat him to the Ground ; and running to the Window, never staid to look for Sheets, which if he had he would have missed, but venturing his Neck to save his Liberty, leaped nimbly down, and lighting on the soft and yielding Mould, received no Hurt ; and made a Shift to clamber up a Gate which open'd to the Lane ; and after half an Hour's rambling up and down, came out upon the Port where lay an *English* Vessel half unladen, close upon the Key. He got on board, and overjoyed at his Escape, went next Morning to the Vessel he belong'd to, which departed two Days after, bound for *England*.

He brought off ten or twelve considerable Diamonds, of a greater Value than the Profits of a hundred of his Voyages could possibly amount to, every Lady gratefully bestowing one the Night she bedded him. Had he but staid to have gone through the Family, he had grown rich by their successive Bounties ; however, he had very good Reason to be contented. What renders this Adventure the more diverting is, that when the *Eunuch* rose and looked about him, the ingenious Ladies join'd to tell him an amazing Story, how the Man he saw came in and frightened them ; which passing for a Truth, they sav'd their Reputations, and perhaps their Lives ; while it was commonly reported round the City, that the De-

vil of an Infidel had enter'd the *Haram* of such a Nobleman ; nor was it known which way he had got in, or how he found means to get away again.

The Story of another ANTIOCHUS.

AS *Antiochus*, one of the ancient Princes of the *East*, went out a hunting, he chanc'd to be be-nighted, and to lose his Followers. After a tedious wandering over Heaths and Forests, he came at last to a little Cottage, where the poor People were at Supper ; they entertain'd him very chearfully, as a Traveller who had lost his Way. The chief Subject of their Discourse happen'd to roll upon the King and his Minister.—— As for the King himself, they accus'd him of *no Vices*.—— They spoke of him with much Duty ; and agreed that he meant well, and was desirous of his Subjects Happiness : But he was not, they said, so absolutely the Monarch of his Minister, as of his People : Submitting his own Sense of Affairs, and the Authority of his Determinations, to Men of less Virtue and Understanding than himself ; and giving way to Ease and Indolence, while he devolv'd the Power of his Office on Wretches whose Hearts were too narrow, and their Passions too violent, to deserve any Government at all, much less that of a Kingdom.

The King said little to all this ; but laid it up for his Use and Benefit : And in the Morning, when his
Guards,

Guards, and the great Men of his Court, having followed the Track of his Horse, were come to him at the Cottage, he receiv'd them with this Declaration. —“ You are mistaken, if you suppose I have been
 “ all Night out of my Way. No ; I have fate in
 “ Council with an Assembly of the only honest and
 “ faithful Advisers I have found since I became your
 “ Sovereign : Nor did I ever hear a Word of the
 “ true Condition of my Affairs, before I learn'd it in
 “ this Cottage.”

The Story of Saladin, and Nasir Eddin.

SALADIN, the Soldan of *Egypt*, tho' he had Dominions enough of his own, was always ready, when Occasion offer'd, to make free with other People's. — At his Return from the Siege of *Monfol* in *Syria*, he seiz'd into his Hands the whole Lordship of *Emessa*, in prejudice to the Right of *Nasir Eddin*, the young Prince who claim'd it. And this he did upon Pretence that the late Father of the Youth had forfeited it, by giving Countenance to Confederacies against the Soldan's Interest.

Saladin however ordered, that proper Care should be taken of the injur'd Prince's Education, and being afterwards desirous to observe what Progress he made in his Studies, he was brought one Day before the Soldan ; who ask'd him, In what Part of the *Alcoran* he was reading ? I'm come, replied the young Prince

(to

(to the Surprize of all who heard him) to that Verse which informs me, ' That he who devours the Estates
' of *Orphans*, is not a *King*, but a *Tyrant*.'

The Soldan was much startled at the Turn and Spirit of this Repartee; but after some Pause and Recollection, return'd this generous Answer.—He who speaks with this Resolution, cannot fail of acting with as much Courage: Therefore I restore you to your Father's Possessions, lest I should be taught to stand in Fear of that Virtue which I only reverence.

The Story of PASTORELLA.

P^ASTORELLA was a gay young Lady, who never us'd to sit still a Moment. She was under the Care of her Aunt, who had so good a Sense of the Frailty of Woman, and the Falshood of Man, that she resolv'd on all manner of Methods to keep *Pastorella*, if possible, in Safety, against herself and all her Admirers. At the same time the good Lady knew by long Experience, that a gay Inclination, curb'd too rashly, would but run to the greater Excesses for that Restraint: Therefore intended to watch her, and take some Opportunity of engaging her insensibly in her own Interests, without the Anguish of an Admonition. You are to know then, that Miss, with all her Flirting and Ogling, had also naturally a strong Inclination in her, and was the greatest Eves-dropper breathing. *Parifatis* (for so her prudent Aunt was called

called) observed this Humour, and retires one Day to her Closet, into which she knew *Pastorella* would peep, and listen to know how she was employed. It happened accordingly, and the young Lady saw her good Governante on her Knees. And, after a mental Behaviour, break into these Words: "As for the
" dear Child committed to my Care, let her Sobriety
" of Carriage, and Severity of Behaviour, be such
" as may make that noble Lord who is taken with
" her Beauty, turn his Designs to such as are honour-
" able." Here *Parifatis* heard her Niece nestle
closer to the Key-hole: She then goes on: "Make
" her the joyful Mother of a numerous and wealthy
" Offspring; and let her Carriage be such, as may
" make this noble Youth expect the Blessings of a
" happy Marriage, from the Singularity of her Life,
" in this loose and censorious Age." Miss having
heard enough, sneaks off for Fear of Discovery, and
immediately at her Glafs alters the Sitting of her
Head; then pulls up her Tucker, and in a Word be-
came a sincere Convert to every Thing that is com-
mendable in a fine young Lady; and two or three
such Matches as her Aunt feign'd in her Devotions,
were soon after actually in her Choice.

The History of TOM WILDAIR.

TOM WILDAIR was a Student of the *Inner-Temple*, and had spent his Time, since he left the University for that Place, in the common Diversions of Men of Fashion; that is to say, in Whoring, Drinking and Gaming. The two former Vices he had from his Father; but was led into the last by the Conversation of a Partizan of the *Myrmidons*, who had Chambers near him. His Allowance from his Father was a very plentiful one for a Man of Sense, but as scanty for a modern fine Gentleman. His frequent Losses had reduc'd him to so necessitous a Condition, that his Lodgings were always haunted by impatient Creditors, and all his Thoughts employed in contriving low Methods to support himself in a Way of Life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted Means to proceed. There is never wanting some good-natur'd Person to send a Man an Account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many Epistles were conveyed to the Father of this Extravagant, to inform him of the Company, the Pleasures, the Distresses and Entertainments, in which his Son pass'd his Time. The old Fellow receiv'd these Advices with all the Pain of a Parent, but frequently consulted his Pillow to know how to behave himself on such important Occasions, as the Welfare of his Son, and the Safety of his Fortune. After many Agitations of Mind, he reflected, that Necessity was the usual Snare which made Men fall into Mean-
ness;

ness; and that a liberal Fortune generally made a liberal and honest Mind; he resolved therefore to save him from his Ruin, by giving him Opportunities of knowing what it is to be at Ease, and inclos'd to him the following Order upon Sir *Tristram Cash*.

“ SIR,

“ Pray pay to Mr. *Tho. Wildair*, or Order, the

“ Sum of One thousand Pounds, and place it

“ to the Account of, yours,

“ HUMPHRY WILDAIR.

Tom was so astonish'd at the Receipt of this Order, that tho' he knew it to be his Father's Hand, and that he had always large Sums at Sir *Tristram's*; yet a thousand Pounds was a Trust of which his Conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his Note by him, till he wrote to his Father the following Letter.

“ Honoured Father,

“ **I** Have receiv'd an Order under your Hand for a
 “ thousand Pounds, in Words at length, and I
 “ think I could swear it is your Hand. I have look-
 “ ed it over twenty thousand times. There is in
 “ plain Letters, T, H, O, U, S, A, N, D; and af-
 “ ter it the Letters, P, O, U, N, D, S. I have it
 “ still by me, and shall, I believe, continue reading it
 “ till I hear from you.”

The

The old Gentleman took no manner of Notice of the Receipt of this Letter; but sent him another Order for three thousand Pounds more. His Amazement on this Letter was unspeakable. He immediately double-lock'd his Door, and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his Orders. After he had read them till he was half mad, he walk'd six or seven Turns in his Chamber, then opens his Door, then locks it again, and to examine thoroughly this Matter, he locks his Door again, puts his Table and Chairs against it; then goes into his Closet, and locking himself in, read his Notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his Astonishment. Soon after, he began to recollect many Stories he had formerly heard of Persons who had been possessed with Imaginations and Appearances which had no Foundation in Nature, but had been taken with a sudden Madness in the midst of a seeming clear and untainted Reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his Wits; and with a Design to compose himself he immediately betakes him to his Night-cap, with a Resolution to sleep himself into his former Poverty and Senses. To Bed therefore he goes at Noon-Day, but soon rose again, and resolv'd to visit Sir *Tristram* upon this Occasion. He did so, and din'd with the Knight, expecting he would mention some Advice from his Father about paying him Money; but no such Thing being said, "Look ye, Sir *Tristram*,
" (said he) you are to know, that an Affair has happened, which"— "Look ye (says Sir *Tristram*) I know, Mr. *Wildair*, you are going to desire me to
" advance;

‘ advance; but the late Call of the Bank, where I
 ‘ have not yet made my last Payments, has oblig’d
 ‘ me—*Tom* interrupted him by shewing him the Bill
 for a thousand Pounds. When he had looked at it
 for a convenient Time, and as often surveyed *Tom*’s
 Looks and Countenance; look you, Mr. *Wildair*, a
 thousand Pounds—— Before he could proceed, he
 shew’d him the Order for three thousand more.——
 Sir *Trisram* examin’d the Orders at the Light, and
 finding at the writing the Name, there was a certain
 Stroke in one Letter, which the Father and he had
 agreed should be to such Directions as he desired might
 be more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the
 Money. The Possession of four thousand Pounds gave
 my young Gentleman a new Train of Thoughts:
 He began to reflect upon his Birth, the great Expec-
 tations he was born to, and the unsuitable Ways he
 had long pursued. Instead of that unthinking Crea-
 ture he was before, he is now provident, generous,
 and discreet. The Father and Son had an exact and
 regular Correspondence, with mutual and unreserv’d
 Confidence in each other. The Son looks upon his
 Father as the best Tenant he could have in the Coun-
 try, and the Father finds his Son the most safe Banker
 he could have in the City.

A

Short EPITOME of the HISTORY of
the Four Principal ancient *Monar-*
chies.

VIZ.

The ASSYRIAN, } { MACEDONIAN,
PERSIAN, } { and ROMAN.

In which our Readers must not expect a tedious continued History; our Design being only to cull out such Passages as are most diverting and worthy of their Perusal.

*An epitomical History of the ASSYRIAN and
PERSIAN Empires.*

TO begin then with the *Affyrian* Empire, which was the first of the four: This Nation was for a great while contented with its own Bounds, without seeking to encroach on the Territories of others. And *Ninus* was the first of the *Affyrian* Kings who enlarged his Dominions by Conquest: He subdued the greatest Part of *Asia*, and raised *Affyria* to the Title of an Empire.

After his Death, *Semiramis* his Wife took upon her the Government, counterfeiting the Person of *Ninias*

1

his

his Son, who was yet but a Child. She wore the Habit of a Man, and, being like her Son, pass'd for him as the lawful Successor unsuspected. This Virago enlarged the Conquests of her Husband, and spread her Empire from *India* to *Ethiopia*; and, to lay the Foundation of an immortal Fame, she built *Babylon*.

To her succeeded *Ninias* her Son, of whom nothing is remarkable but his Effeminacy. For neglecting the Affairs of War, he spent all his Time among his Concubines. And the same Stain is fastened on his Successors, even to *Sardanapalus*; in whose Death the *Assyrian* Monarchy suffered an Interruption, being cantoned out into petty Royalties by the Governors of Provinces; among whom, those who assumed the Crown of *Babylon* were of most Note in regard they first recovered the broken Empire to its old Grandeur and Unity.

By a Succession therefore of many Kings, in reference to whose Actions History is silent, the Monarchy descended to *Merodac Baladan*; in whose Days happened that wonderful Retrogradation of the Sun, mentioned by *Hebrew* Writers and others, which occasioned those famous Controversies among the Philosophers and Astronomers of that Age, mentioned in the *Persian* Chronicles. For they observing that not only the Sun, but the whole planetary System and all the fixed Stars went back at the same Time, or at least seemed to do so, began to revive that curious Question about the Motion of the Earth, which the *Chaldeans* and *Gymnosophists* of *India* had started before, when the Sun and Moon stood still at the burn-

ing of *Ida*. And it was concluded by some of them, that the Motion of the Earth being granted, its standing still or going back at these extraordinary Times, would solve all the astronomical Appearances better, and in a more natural Way, than by supposing such a prodigious Stop to the whole celestial Frame at one Time, or that the everlasting Spheres should be roll'd back at the other.

This Dispute was the Occasion of that famous Conflux of the Eastern Sages to *Babylon*, mentioned in the *Persian* Poets and Historians. For *Baladan* being very inquisitive after Knowledge, and particularly desirous to be informed in the Grounds of this preternatural Appearance, sent Messengers into *India*, *Egypt*, *Persia*, and all Kingdoms where Learning flourished; inviting the Astrologers, Priests, Magicians, Prophets, and all that had the Character of wise Men, to come to his Court of *Babylon*, where they were magnificently entertained; and when they had fully satisfied all the King's Demands, he sent them away laden with Gifts and Presents, every Man to his own Country.

Arkianus succeeded *Baladan* in the Kingdom of *Babylon*, in whose Time *Ecbatan* was built. To him succeeded *Belithus*, *Athronadius*, *Rigibilus*, *Messimordacus*; after whom the Kingdom was again translated to the *Assyrians*, in the Reign of *Escharbaddon* the *Assyrian* Monarch. *Chalcedon*, that lies over against the Imperial City, was built by the *Thracians* in the 25th *Olympiad*, and the 3329th Year of the World.

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To *Escharhaddon* succeeded *Soasdichinus*, *Chyladanus*, *Nabopolassar*; in the Reign of which last, *Necho* King of *Egypt* attempted to cut a Canal from the *Nile* to the *Red Sea*, wherein he employed an hundred and twenty thousand *Egyptians*; but discouraged by the slow Progress they made, and the vast Expences he was at, he gave it over.

This *Nabopolassar* once more raised the Kingdom of *Babylon* to an universal Monarchy; for before his Time it had been for several Years in the Hands of the *Affyrians*; but he subdued all *Syria*, *Phœnicia*, *Judæa* and *Egypt*, and expelled the *Scythians* out of *Egypt*.

To him succeeded *Nebuchadnezzar*, who dreamed of the four universal Monarchies, that were to succeed one another. In his Reign was born the grand *Cyrus*, who raised the *Persian* Monarchy. Of him it is recorded, that one Night he dream'd the Sun stood at his Feet, which when *Cyrus* thrice attempted to lay hold on, the Sun as often disappeared; which the *Magi* interpreted as a sure Sign that he should reign thirty Years; which came to pass accordingly.

During this Reign, there was a notable Duel fought between *Pittacus* one of the seven Wise Men of *Greece*, and *Phrynon* the most renowned Combatant of those Days; for he always won the Prize at the *Olympick* Games. He was General of the *Athenians*, and being puffed up with his constant Successes, he defied any Man to a single Combat. *Pittacus*, the Sage, accepted the Challenge; and when they were hotly engaged in the Field, he suddenly threw a silken Net over
Phrynon's

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Phrynon's Head, and having thus entangled him, thrust him thro' with his Launce. This was that great *Nebuchadnezzar*, who having besieged and taken *Jerusalem*, burnt it down to the Ground, razed the Walls, and carried away all the *Jews* with their Riches into Captivity to *Babylon*. Afterwards having conquered all the neighbouring Nations, he new-built *Babylon*, and enclosed it with three Walls. He also built those pendulous Gardens renowned throughout the whole Earth, and made those brazen Gates, which were reckoned among the Wonders of the World. But at length, being puffed up with the Thought of his magnificent Works, he was metamorphosed into a Satyr or Sylvan, and dwelt seven Years in the Desarts of *Arabia*, being a Companion of the Brutes. 'Tis said also, that *Paremiel*, the Angel of the Woods, when the Term of seven Years was expired, interceded with God for *Nebuchadnezzar*, who thereupon turn'd him into a Man again, and restor'd him to his Empire. He died peaceably in the 3442d Year of the World, and the 43d of his Reign.

To him succeeded *Evil-Merodach*, *Neriglissor*, *Laborosoarchod*, and *Labynitus*, in whose Time there was War between the *Babylonians* and *Persians*, when *Crus*, after many victorious Campaigns, at last laid Siege to *Babylon*, took the City, and translated the Empire to the *Persians*; and having subdued all the West of *Asia*, even to the *Red Sea*, he died at Seventy Years of Age; commanding his Servants not to embalm his Body, nor use any costly Pomp at his

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Funeral, but burying him decently like a Man, should
cause this Epitaph to be writ on his Tomb :

O MORTALS, I AM CYRUS,
WHO LAID THE FOUNDATION OF THE
PERSIAN MONARCHY,
AND WAS EMPEROR OF ALL ASIA:
THEREFORE
ENVY ME NOT THE GRAVE.

To him succeeded *Cambyfes* his eldest Son, who
marching with his Army into *Egypt*, and laying Siege
to *Pelufum*, caused a great Number of Cows, Apes,
Birds, and other Animals, to be placed in the Front of
his Army, knowing that the *Egyptians* worshipped
such for Gods, and consequently would forbear to
shoot their Arrows that Way : By which Stratagem
he took the City, and afterwards conquered all *Egypt*,
carrying away Thousands of the *Egyptians*, with Fo-
reigners residing there, into Captivity, among whom
was *Pythagoras* the Philosopher..

After this, *Cambyfes* sent Spies under the Notion of
Ambassadors to the King of *Ethiopia*, with rich Pre-
sents. But the King suspecting what was their Busi-
ness, took a Bow in his Hand, and bent it as though
he should shoot ; and giving it to the Spies, he bid
them carry it to their Master, and tell him, “ That
“ when he and his *Persians* had learned to bend Bows
“ of that Strength, he might think of invading *Ethi-*
“ *opia*, and not before ; for that the *Ethiopians* were
“ Giants in Vigour.” And when the Spies returned

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to *Cambyfes*, there was no Man found among his Soldiers, that was able to bend that Bow. Yet he march'd directly towards *Ethiopia* with a great Army, Part of which was overwhelmed in the Sands of the Deserts, to the Number of fifty Thousand ; and the rest being reduced, for want of Provisions, to a Necessity of eating one another, he returned in a great Rage to *Memphis*, when he slew *Apis* the God of the *Egyptians*, and caused his Priests to be massacred. He also slew his own Brother, and killed his Wife because she mourned for him. He shot *Prexarpes* through with an Arrow ; and commanded twelve *Persian* Nobles to be buried alive. He set fire to the Temples, blasphemed the Gods, and at last kill'd himself by an Accident with his own Sword.

After his Death, the Magi crowned one of their own Order, and set him on the Throne of *Persia*, giving out that he was *Smerdis* the younger Son of *Cyrus*, who had been murdered by the Command of his Brother *Cambyfes*. And it was easy to carry on the Fraud, in regard the *Persian* Kings rarely suffered themselves to be seen. One *Ostian*, a *Persian* Prince, first discovered the Cheat by means of his Daughter, a Concubine of the King's ; for she, by his Induction, found out that the King had no Ears ; which was a convincing Argument that he was one of the *Magi*, whose Ears *Cambyfes* had commanded to be cut off.

This *Ostian* drawing six other Princes into a Conspiracy, they rush'd into the Palace and killed all the *Magi*, and then singled out of their own Number one *Darius*, the Son of *Hystaspes*, to succeed in the Throne.

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This was not done by Election, but by Lot; for they agreed to meet all together, one Morning, before the Palace Gates on Horseback, and that he whose Horse first neighed after the Sun was up, should be King. This fell to *Darius's* Share, by the Stratagems of his Squire or Master of the Horse. Then the other Princes crowned him, and made him swear by the Sun and the Fire, that he would never put them to Death, or deny them his Presence.

But *Darius* finding himself curbed by these Princes, was resolved to rid himself of such dangerous Companions: Wherefore he caused a Stove to be built on purpose for a Banqueting-House, and so artificially contrived, that the Fire-place being under the Banqueting-Chamber, should in so many Hours burn asunder the Pillars which supported the said Chamber, and cause the Floor to fall down into the Fire. Then he invited these Princes to a Feast, which he held in his Banquet-House; and was merry with them till the Signal was given him to depart; at which time he left them in the midst of their Mirth; and within a while after he was gone, the Floor of the Chamber fell down with all that were in it, into the Fire underneath, where the Princes were soon consumed to Ashes.

After this, *Darius* managed all the Affairs of his Empire without Controul. He ruled over all the Provinces of *Asia* from *India* to *Ethiopia*, containing above an hundred Kingdoms: he extended his Conquests to the Provinces of *Greece*; and setting forth a prodigious Fleet, he sailed into the *Mediterranean* and

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and *Archipelago*. He conquer'd the Islands in the *Ægean Sea*, reduced *Chalcedon* and all the Cities along the *Hellepont* and *Propontis*. At length, having reigned prosperously thirty-six Years, he died, and left *Xerxes* his Son to succeed him in the Throne.

As soon as *Xerxes* was settled in the Throne, he led an Army into *Egypt*, and suppressed the Insurrections in that Country. Then he fitted out a Fleet of 4200 Ships, on board of which were above 500,000 Men. He had a Land-Army also, consisting of 2,500,000 Soldiers, of several Nations. With this vast Multitude he march'd against the *Grecians*; and to facilitate the Voyage of his Fleet, he caus'd one Part of his Army to dig a Passage through Mount *Athos*, whereby the Sea was let in, and the Ships might sail two abreast; whilst another part of the Soldiers were employed in building a Bridge of Boats over the *Hellepont*. No sooner was this done, but there arose a vehement Tempest, which so discompos'd those narrow Seas, that, between the Winds and Waves, the Boats which made this Bridge were all dispers'd, broken, and cast away.

This so incens'd *Xerxes*, that he commanded the Sea to be scourged with Whips, and a Chain to be thrown into it, as a Mark of its future Subjection. He also beheaded those who built the Bridge, and caus'd others to make a new one. Here one of *Xerxes's* Eunuchs, and a particular Favourite of the King, sent for a *Grecian* of the Isle of *Chios*, who had formerly deprived him of the Evidences of his Virility: And the old Man coming with his Sons to wait on

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this great Courtier, the Eunuch caused him first to castrate his own Sons, and afterwards forced them to do the same by their Father, in Revenge of their own Loss and Disgrace. From hence *Xerxes* marched with his Army by the Place where once stood the famous Town of *Troy*, went in Pilgrimage to the Tomb of King *Priamus*, where he sacrificed ten Hecatombs of Oxen to the Ghosts of the ancient Heroes, and to the Divinity of the River *Scomander*, which his Soldiers drank dry, and yet half of them had not quenched their Thirst. After this he came to the *Hellspont*, where taking a Survey of all his Land and Sea-Forces, which cover'd the *Hellspont*, and all the neighbouring Shores; and contemplating the Shortness of Man's Life, and that of so innumerable a Multitude not one should be alive at an hundred Years End, he wept bitterly. Then having sacrificed to the Sun for the good Success of his Expedition, he caus'd all his Army to pass over the *Hellspont* by his Bridge of Boats; after which, they drank their Way through another River, which had not Water enough to satisfy half his Men and Cattle; for his Army increased all the Way by the Accession of Soldiers out of every Nation through which he passed. Yet *Leonidas* King of *Sparta*, with a small Body of 4000 *Lacedemonians*, gave Battle to the whole Army of *Xerxes*. And in a Sea-Fight at *Salamis*, the *Persians* lost 500 Ships with a considerable Part of their Army; which with other Disasters, as Sicknes, Famine, &c. so terrified this great Monarch, that he posted back again as fast as he could by the Way of the *Hellspont*, which
he

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he cross'd in a poor Fisher's Boat all alone, leaving *Mardonius* to pursue the Wars in *Greece*. But an ill Fate attended their Arms; for at *Platea* the *Grecians* set upon them under *Pausanias* their General, and routed the whole Army, killing above 200,000 of them on the spot, and burning their Camp and Navy.

Xerxes hearing these ill Tidings, fled towards his own Country; and by the Way set fire to the Temples of the Gods at *Babylon* and other Parts of *Asia*, sparing none but that magnificent One at *Ephesus*, which was renowned throughout the whole World.

About this time died *Pagapates*, the faithful Eunuch of *Darius*, who had pass'd seven whole Years mourning at the Tomb of his Master.

I must not omit the Treachery of *Pausanias* the *Lacedemonian* General, who held a private Correspondence with *Xerxes*: And having been twice accused of Treason, and as often acquitted, was the third time discover'd by a Boy, whom he kept as his Minion; and by the Sentence of the *Ephori* was starved to Death.

But to return to *Xerxes*. He was unfaithfully dealt with by the Captain of his Guards; who, by the Assistance of *Spemitres* the King's Chamberlain, and seven other Conspirators, killed him in Bed with his eldest Son *Darius*, and crown'd *Artaxerxes* in his stead.

To him fled *Themistocles* the *Athenian*, who was suspected a Partner in the Treason of *Pausanias*. The King received him into his Favour, and made him

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Governor of a Province, adding the Gift of five great Cities to furnish him with Money for the Expences of his Table and Wardrobe. And this the King did, not as a Reward or Encouragement of Treason, (from which he knew *Themistocles* was free, being falsely accused by the *Athenians*;) but he heaped those Honours on him, as a Debt to the Merits of that once-illustrious Enemy, now become a Friend, and seeking Shelter in the *Persian* Kingdom from the barbarous Ingratitude of his own Countrymen; who, for all his eminent Services to *Greece*, could think of no better Acknowledgment, than to put to Death as a Traitor the bravest and wisest Captain of that Age.

Not long after this, the *Persians* lost 200 Ships in a Sea-Fight with the *Grecians*, and were routed at Land by a Stratagem of *Cimon* the *Grecian* General, who after the Naval Victory, put his Men on board the *Persian* Vessels which he had taken, and appareling them in the Garments of the *Persian* Captives, landed them near the Enemy's Camp in *Pamphilia*; who taking them for Friends, suffer'd them to enter their Trenches without Jealousy, and so were all slaughter'd, except a few who escaped by the Swift-ness of their Horses.

About this time *Pericles* was made Prince of *Athens*; and *Themistocles* being made General of the *Persian* Army, and sent against the *Grecians*, rather than fight against his Country, or betray the Cause of his new Master, became a voluntary Victim to his own Integrity and Honour: For sacrificing a Bull in his
March,

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March, he drank off a Bowl of the Blood, and fell down dead at the Altar.

The next War the *Persians* were engaged in was with *Egypt*, where in a Battle near *Memphis* they lost 100,000 Men. But sending fresh Recruits, they dried up the River *Nile*, where the *Athenian* Fleet, confederate with the *Egyptian*, lay at Anchor; which so amazed the *Egyptians*, that they made their Peace with them; and the *Athenians* set their own Ships on fire, in Number 200, and returned home in Disgrace, when they had been six Years in *Egypt*. After this a Peace was concluded between the *Persians* and *Grecians*. And in the fifth Year of the eightieth *Olympiad*, which soon follow'd, there was an universal Peace throughout the World, which continued till the first Year of the 87th *Olympiad*, at which time began the *Peloponnesian* War. In the fourth Year of the 88th *Olympiad*, *Artaxerxes* died, and his Son *Xerxes* was invested with the Crown. But at a Year's End, being overcome with Wine, and falling asleep in a Place where no Guard was kept, his Brother *Sucardionus*, with the Help of an Eunuch, murder'd him, and took the Government on himself. He also was soon after dispatched by his Brother *Darius*.

I over-run whole *Olympiads* without mentioning any thing, saving the Transactions which made most Noise in those Times. But I am unwilling to slip the Reign of any King, tho' I speak but two Words of him, that so you may have a perfect Idea of their Succession.

During

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During the whole Series of *Darius's* Reign, History mentions nothing remarkable, but is taken up in relating the little Quarrels and Reconciliations of several Provinces of *Greece*, some private Treaties between the *Persian* Governors of *Lesser Asia* and those of *Peloponnesus*, and the Overtures of Peace between the *Lacedaemonians* and the *Persians*, the End of the *Peloponnesian* War, with such other Passages, as would be too tedious to be entertaining.

I will only rehearse a memorable Saying of *Darius* on his Death-bed to his eldest Son *Artaxerxes*, who was to succeed him in the Throne. The Prince being assured by the Royal Physicians, that his Father's End drew near, thus address'd *Darius*: "My Father, "since it is the Will of the Gods to take you from "the Earth into their own blessed Society, and that "you have been pleas'd, with the Consent of the "Nobles, to declare me your Successor in the Kingdom; tell me, I beseech you, by what Methods of "Policy you have govern'd this Empire these nineteen Years, that so I may follow your Example." To whom the King replied, 'My Son, be assured, *that if my Reign has been blessed with greater Success and Peace than those of my Predecessors, 'tis *because in all things I have honour'd the immortal *Gods, and done Justice to every Man.

As soon as *Artaxerxes* was possess'd of the Crown, he sent for his Brother *Cyrus*, and put him in Manacles of Gold, with Design to make him privately away; but at the Intercession of his Mother he releas'd him again, and restor'd him to his Government of *Lydia*.

About

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About this time *Plato* the Philosopher, being very young, gave an early Specimen of a ripe Wit, in comforting *Antimachus* the Poet, who lost the Garland in a Contest with *Niceratus* at the *Lyfandrian* Feast. For when he beheld the Poet extreamly vexed at the Ignorance and Partiality of *Lyfander*, who knew not how to distinguish between his lofty Measures and the flat Rhimes of his Antagonist, *Plato* bid him be of good Courage; “ For (said he) his Ignorance no more diminishes thy Knowledge, than a
“ blind Man’s mistaking thee for another, would deprive thee of thy Sight.

When *Cyrus* was return’d to his Government, he plotted to depose his Brother; and to win *Lyfander* to his Party, he presented him with a Ship built all of Gold and Ivory. *Alcibiades* the famous *Athenian* Captain perceiving this, designed to give *Artaxerxes* Notice of his Brother’s Treason; but by the way he is murdered himself by some Soldiers hired for that Purpose by *Lyfander*; who yet durst not set upon him in the Day-time, when he was armed in his own Defence, but in the Night set his House on Fire; and as he was escaping through the Flames and Smoke, they, lying in Ambush, shot him dead with Arrows.

However, *Artaxerxes* quickly became sensible of his Brother’s Designs; and raising an Army of nine hundred thousand Men, gave him Battle not far from *Babylon*. In the Fight he was wounded by *Cyrus*; but, after a hot Dispute, *Cyrus* was killed, and *Artaxerxes* got the Victory.

Parisatis,

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Parisatis, the Mother of *Cyrus*, to revenge the Death of her Son, caused those that wounded him to be killed with lingring Torments; and inviting Queen *Statira* the Wife of *Artaxerxes* to a Feast, she divided the Bird *Rbindafis* afunder with a Knife poisoned on one Side, and gave the venomed Part to *Statira*, eating the other herself; upon which the Queen died in horrible Anguish and Torture.

The famous Deeds of many Heroes are also recorded during the Reign of this *Artaxerxes*; as those of *Agefilas*, King of the *Spartans*; *Iphicrates*, *Pharnabazus*, *Tissaphernes*, *Tiribazus*, *Perfians*, with *Conon* the *Athenian*. But fearing to intrench on your Patience, I content myself with only mentioning their Names, and so finish my Account with the Conclusion of *Artaxerxes*'s Life, who died of Grief for the Death of his Son *Arsames*, whom *Ochus* his Brother had caused to be murdered out of Envy and Jealousy, because his Father doated on him.

If I have not answered your Expectation in this Account, blame not me, but the Historians from whom I have collected these Passages; or accuse the Men of that Age, that they did not perform greater Actions.

A short

*A short Epitome of the History of the
Macedonian Empire, with an Account
of the Birth and Life of ALEXANDER
the Great.*

ALEXANDER was born in the 106th Olympiad, 398 Years after the building of *Rome*, and in the Year of the World 3628, on the sixth Day of the Moon *Loo*, or *Hecatombæon*, according to the Stile of the *Grecians*. The same Night was the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus* set on Fire; and on the same Day two Eagles came and perched on the Top of his Father's House, where they sat all the Day; which was taken as an Omen of the double Empire he was to have over *Europe* and *Asia*.

Philip King of *Macedon*, and Husband to *Olympias*, was the reputed Father of *Alexander*, as she was his known Mother. But some Historians say, that a certain Magician called *Nectanebus*, by his Enchantments disguising himself in the Form of *Jupiter Ammon*, lay with *Olympias*, and begat *Alexander*. Others affirm, that *Olympias* herself confess'd to *Philip*, that *Alexander* was not his Son, but that she had conceived him of a prodigious Serpent. Whence it came to pass, that *Philip* himself, a little before his Death, openly declared that *Alexander* was not his Son; and for the same Reason he divorced *Olympias*, as an Adulteress by her own Confession.

These Reports were so common at that Time, that *Alexander* afterwards hearing the Story of his supposed Serpentine Genealogy, and that other of *Nectanebus* in the Masquerade of a God; when he march-
ed

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ed through *Egypt*, took Advantage of the latter to impose upon the Credulity and Superstition of his Soldiers. For being to pass by the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*, he made a Halt to visit the Oracle. But he had privately sent before some of his trusty Friends to acquaint the Priests with his Design, and to tell them what manner of Words and Address they should use to him as he entered the Temple, in the Hearing of his Followers.

Having thus prepared those holy Cheats, he with much Ceremony and seeming Devotion made his Approaches to the Temple. As soon as he set his Foot within the Portico, the Seniors of their Priests met him in their Pontifical Robes, with Censers in their Hands, and thus saluted him: *All hail, Son of JUPITER AMMON.* *Alexander* being pleased at this, asked them farther, if all his Father's Murderers were punished; or if any of them yet survived? To which it was answered, *O Son of the immortal Gods! thy Father cannot be murdered or die.* As for King *Philip*, his Blood is sufficiently revenged on them that had a Hand in shedding it. Then he added another Question concerning his future Success: To which the Oracle replied, *The Victory shall be thine in all Battles: Thou shalt become Lord of all the East.* The same Mouth also gave Charge to the Retinue of *Alexander*, *That they should adore him not as a King, but as a God.* Returning from thence, he built *Alexandria*, calling it after his own Name.

I have not observed a due Method in relating this Story so soon; whilst I was but representing the
new-

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new-born Hero in his Cradle. But I did it to convince you, that the various Opinions concerning *Alexander's* Father, are not the Fictions of wanton Writers, but such as employed the Care and Diligence of *Alexander* himself to improve them to his own Interest, and his Mother's Honour ; for it was accounted a glorious Thing to be impregnant by a God.

To return therefore to the Infant Prophet: He grew apace, and discovered early Signs of a prodigious Wit and Courage. At the Age of fifteen Years, he was committed to the Care and Tutelage of *Aristotle*, under whom he studied the Sciences five Years ; and then his Father *Philip* being murdered, he succeeded in the Throne. The same Year also *Darius Codrmanus* obtained the Empire of *Persia* : Against whom *Alexander*, with the common Consent of almost all *Greece*, prepared to go with a well disciplined Army, that he might carry on the War which his Father had begun. Only the *Lacedemonians*, *Thebans* and *Athenians* thwarted his Design, being corrupted by *Demosthenes* the Orator, who for that Purpose had received vast Sums of Gold from *Darius*. But *Alexander* soon reduced these factious States and Kingdoms to their Duty ; utterly destroying the City of *Thebes*, with the Slaughter of 90,000 of the Citizens, besides 30,000 Captives. This was executed in the second Year of the 109th Olympiad. He only spared the Host of *Philip* his Father, when he was left as a Pledge in that City, whose House was left untouched, as also that of *Pindar's* Posterity.

From

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From thence passing the *Hellefpont*, he marched into *Asia*, in the Year of the World 3650, and in the third Year of his Reign. He had in his Army 30,000 Foot, and 4500 Horfe. As soon as he set Foot on the Ground of *Asia*, he made the royal *Corban* and Vows for Victory. Then he darted a Javelin into the Earth in token of Defiance. After which, when he came to *Troy*, he performed certain holy Rites and Myſteries at the Tombs of different Heroes who fell in the *Trojan War*. When theſe Ceremonies were accompliſhed, he marched directly againſt the *Perſians*, who were in Number 600,000 fighting Men. I will not tire you with all the Particulars that happened in their March; ſuffice it to ſay, that *Alexander* with his Handful of *Macedonians*, after many Victories obtained of the *Perſians*, at length quite routed the Army of *Darius*, and took Poſſeſſion of that once formidable Empire.

But there are ſome remarkable Paſſages in this Expedition, which deſerve to be remembered: As his wonderful Continnence and Humanity towards the Mother, Wife, and Daughters of *Darius*; whom he entertained in his Camp after they fell into his Hands, rather as the Kindred of ſome beloved Friend, than of a profeſſed Enemy. The Story alſo of his looſing the *Gordian Knot* will not be unentertaining, nor unworthy of Knowledge.

It ſeems, in former Times, one *Gordius*, as he ploughed the Field, was ſurrounded with a Flight of Birds of all Kinds. Being troubled at this, he left his Work, and haſted to the next City, there to enquire
of

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of the Augurs, what the Meaning of this should be. As he entered the Gate of the City, he met a Virgin of incomparable Beauty, of whom he asked, where he might find the most skillful Sage, with whom he might consult about a Matter of some Importance? Then he told the inquisitive Damsel what happened to him in the Field. As soon as she heard this, being well versed in those mysterious and prophetick Sciences, she told him that he should be made a King. And to confirm him in the Belief of what she said, she promised to become his Wife, that so she might be Partner of his future Happiness. In a word, they were married, and soon after there arose a Strife among the *Phrygians*, which was like to prove of dangerous Consequence: Therefore the People consulted the Oracle, What was to be done in this Case, to prevent the publick Desolation? It was answered, That the only Remedy for these Discords was to chuse them a King. And when they asked, What Person they should chuse to this Dignity? It was answered again, That they should elect that Man for their King, whom they first met within a Waggon, as they went thence to the Temple of *Jupiter*. *Gordius* proved the Man, and they obey'd the Oracle, saluting him their Sovereign. *Gordius*, as a Memorial of this Event, set up his Wain in the Temple of *Jupiter*, consecrating it to the Royal Majesty.

After him his Son *Midas* reigned, who filled *Phrygia* with religious Observations. Whence arose the common Oracle, *That whosoever should loose the Knot*
of

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of the Thongs in the Waggon of Gordius, should obtain the Empire of all Asia.

Alexander hearing this, and being spurr'd on by Ambition, besieges *Gordia*, and having taken the City, makes haste to the Temple of *Jupiter*, where he understood the Waggon was laid up. As soon as he saw it, he tried to find out the Ends of the Thongs that so he might loose the Knots ; but perceiving it was impossible to come at them without using Violence, he interpreted the Oracle in the Sense of a Soldier, and cut the outermost Foldings of the Knot with his Sword. Upon which all the Ends of the Thongs appeared, and so he easily performed the fatal Task.

Yet this heroic Prince, as he had great Virtues, so he had no less Vices. He was very cruel to his nearest Relations and Friends ; killing *Curanus* his Brother by a Step-mother, *Clytus* his old dear Friend, *Parmenio*, *Philotas*, *Amyntas*, *Atialus*, *Eurylocus*, *Pausanius*, and many other *Macedonian* Princes, some of which were of his own Blood. Add to this his barbarous Usage of *Calisthenes* the Philosopher, who was brought up with him under *Aristotle*. This poor unfortunate Man refusing to flatter the King's Pride in calling him a God, so disgusted *Alexander*, that feigning himself very angry, he charged him with being accessory to the Plots and Conspiracies that were formed against him, then he caused all his Limbs to be mangled and chopp'd after an inhuman Fashion ; he commanded also his Ears, Nose, and Lips to be cut off, which not only gave the poor Wretch infinite
Torment,

Torment, but also rendered him a most deformed and miserable Spectacle to others; and, to compleat his Revenge, he caused him, in this doleful Plight, to be carried about to the Terror of others.

Then *Lyfimachus*, one of *Alexander's* Generals, and a Disciple of *Calisthenes*, taking Pity on so great a Sage, who suffered all this barbarous Usage, not for any real Crime that he had committed, but only for using that Freedom in his Words and Actions which becomes a Philosopher, gave him Poison, to rid him at once of so many horrid Calamities. But *Alexander* took this so heinously, that he commanded *Lyfimachus* to be thrown to a very fierce Lion. As soon as the furious Beast saw him, he roared and pawed the Ground for Joy of such a Prey, and ran upon him with an impetuous Force. But *Lyfimachus* not losing his Courage, wrap'd his Hand in his Mantle, and thrust it down the Lion's Throat; where laying fast hold of his Tongue, he pulled it out by the Roots, and left the Lion for dead. When this was told to the King, he admiring the invincible Virtue of the Man, not only forgave him this Offence, but had him in higher Esteem all his Life afterwards.

We must not omit that memorable Action of *Alexander*, when stomaching the Surrender of *Sidon* to his victorious Arms, in that it was delivered up to the People against the Will of *Strato* their King, the Conqueror pronouncing *Strato* unworthy of the Crown, bid *Hephestion* place him in the Throne whom the *Sidonians* should approve as *Strato's* Successor.

Successor. *Hephestion*, willing to prefer to that Dignity a noble young *Sidonian*, who was his Favourite, offered him the Crown; but the generous Youth refused the Honour, alledging, that it was against the Laws of his Country, for any Man to reign who was not of the royal Blood. *Hephestion*, admiring the Greatness of his Soul, said, "God increase your Virtues and Graces, illustrious Friend, who art the first that ever understood how much more magnanimous it is to despise than accept a Crown. Be it therefore in your Power to bestow the Kingdom on any Man of the royal Blood whom you think fit for so great a Charge." Then he pitched upon one *Abdolonimus*, a poor Gardener in the Suburbs of *Sidon*, who was of the Race of the *Sidonian* Kings, but through extream Poverty was grown obscure, and forced to take up that Employment to get his Bread. *Hephestion* approved the Choice; and this noble Youth, with some of his Friends, immediately went with the Robes and Ensigns of Majesty to look out *Abdolonimus*, whom they found weeding his Garden in a very dirty squalid Condition. Saluting him therefore King in the Name of *Alexander* the Great, they washed and anointed him with precious Oils of the East, and having put on the Robes of sovereign Majesty, they conducted him to the Conqueror; who, among other Discourses, asked him, "How he was able so patiently to endure that extreme Poverty which had hitherto been his Lot?" To which he replied, "I wish I may endure the Burden of a Crown with
the

the same Ease. These Hands served the Necessities of Life, and my Wants were answerable to my Possessions, even none at all.' *Alexander* perceiving by this the Greatness of his Spirit, gave him all the Royal Furniture of *Strato*, with much of the *Persian* Booty, and added all the Countries round about *Sidon* to his Government.

Much about the same time, *Alexander* going to *Jerusalem*, was met by *Jaddus* the High Priest in his Pontifical Habit; who falling at the Conqueror's Feet, to implore Mercy and Favour for his City and People, *Alexander* raised him up, and embracing him in his Arms, "bid him fear nothing, for that God had appeared to him in the same Figure and Form as the High Priest made, exhorting him to carry on the *Persian* War, and promising him certain Victory." After this, the High Priest conducted him into the City and Temple, where he sacrificed and made *Corban*. He also gave the *Jews* many ample Privileges. There is one Thing more in the Life of *Alexander*, which because it has something very singular in it, I will insert it here.

After the Conquest of *Persia*, as *Alexander* was marching forward, that he might extend his Empire through all the East, *Thalestris*, Queen of the *Amazons*, hearing of his Fame, took a Journey of twenty-five Days, through many populous Nations, attended only by three hundred Women, and came to his Camp, courting the Honour of his Bed. For she had conceived an insatiable Desire of having a Child by him whom all the East proclaimed the greatest
Hero

Hero in the World. *Alexander* granted her Request; and when she had enjoyed his Company thirteen Days, she departed well satisfied into her own Country, promising, that if she brought forth a Male, she would send him to his Father, according to the Manner of the *Amazons*; but if a Female, she would keep it herself. From hence *Alexander* marched against *Bessus*, who had murdered *Darius*, and caused himself to be proclaimed King of *Persia* by the Name of *Artaxerxes*. Having overcome him, and punished his Treasons, he proceeded and subdued all the Regions running along the Foot of Mount *Caucasus*; in fine, he extended his Conquests to the utmost Borders of *India*, even to the *Oriental Sea*, where he took Shipping, and returned to *Babylon*, partly by Sea, and partly by Land. An Astrologer of great Reputation met him by the way, and dissuaded him by all the Arguments he could use from entering the City, assuring him that the Place would be fatal to his Person. But though *Alexander* made some Demur at first, and seemed to credit the Words of the Sage; yet being over-ruled by the Counsel of *Anexarchus* the Philosopher, he entered *Babylon*, where he died; some say of Poison; others affirm, that he surfeited himself with too much Wine. This was in the 33d Year of his Life, and 12th of his Reign.

There was a deep and melancholy Silence throughout *Babylon*, when once it was known, that the Conqueror of the World was dead. Every one was possessed of various Thoughts and Cares, according to their different Affections and Interests: The *Macedonians* inwardly

inwardly rejoiced, as if they were now rid of some great and formidable Enemy, cursing his Severity and restless Temper, which had expos'd them to so many Toils and Perils of War. Besides, the Princes flatter'd themselves with a Prospect of enjoying every one his Share in so vast an Empire; and the private Soldiers had their Eyes intently fix'd on the immense Treasures of Gold which *Alexander* left behind him, and which they hop'd to share among themselves. For there were at that time 50,000 Talents in Bank, and 300,000 coming in yearly by way of Tribute and Custom.

On the other Side, the conquer'd Nations would not at first give Credit to the Report of those who carried the News of *Alexander's* Fate; for they thought he must needs be immortal, whom they had always found invincible. But when Couriers upon Couriers had removed their Incredulity, bringing fresh Expresses from *Babylon*, they mourn'd for him, not with bare outward Ceremony, as for an Enemy that had subdued them, but with real Sorrow, as for a Father, that had protect'd and cherish'd them.

More especially the Grief of *Darius's* Mother was remarkable; who, tho' she had lost eighty of her Brethren, with their Father, all cruelly murder'd by *Ochus*; tho' she had lost *Darius*, the only surviving of seven Sons, and was herself cast down from the Height of Majesty, to the abject State of a Captive; yet she bore all with an even Mind till *Alexander's* Death; whose Indulgence alone, whilst living, had supported her under so many grievous Calamities. But as soon as he had forsaken the Earth, she grew weary of

carrying any longer on it also. Not that she esteemed an Enemy above her Father, Brethren, or Son, but because she had experienced in him, whom she dreaded as an Enemy, the Goodness and Piety, the Modesty and Regard of all these Relations.

This great Monarch being dead, and not having appointed a Successor, there were almost as many Kings as there were Governors of Provinces, and Leaders in the Army. Hence sprung innumerable Confusions, Wars, and Disorders in the Empire. There were Tumults and Insurrections in *Greece*, especially at *Athens*, where the Citizens, under the Conduct of *Leasibenes* their Captain, invited the rest of the *Grecians* to assert their Liberty, by taking Arms. Nor were there less Stirs in *Asia* and *Egypt*. Every where Mens Minds were unsettled, and desirous of Novelty. *Ptolomy* had *Egypt* for his Share of the cantonized Empire. There he established himself and Posterity by the Name of Kings. *Seleucus* took Possession of *Babylon* and *Syria*, with the same Title. *Cassander* reigned over *Macedon* and *Greece*. *Antigonus* governed *Asia*, and *Lyfimachus* *Thrace*. But *Antigonus* soon lost his Empire, being overcome and killed in a Battle by *Ptolomy* and his Comrades: So did the rest, either in their own Persons, or in their Posterity, yielding to the prevailing Fortune of their Enemies, till at length these scattered Remains of the *Macedonian* Empire became Provinces of the *Romans*.

A short

A short EPITOME *of the Roman History,*
from its Foundation to its Dissolution.

THAT I may give you a clearer Idea of *Rome's* Original, it is necessary to step farther back in Antiquity, and cast our Eyes on the Ruins of *Troy*, set on Fire by the *Greeks*, and laid in Ashes, after a ten Year's War, to revenge the Rape of *Helena*, Wife to *Menelaus*, whom *Paris*, the *Trojan* Prince, and Guest to *Menelaus*, carried away with him by Force. From the deplorable Flames of *Troy*, *Antenor* and *Aeneas* escaped and got to Sea ; the former being forced, by Strefs of Weather, on that Part of *Italy* which is now under the Dominion of *Venice*, where he built *Padua* : The latter came with a Fleet of twenty-two Ships to *Latium*, now called *Campagna di Roma*, and *St. Peter's Patrimony*, being the Estate of the Church.

At that Time *Latinus* the Son of *Faunus*, or, as some say, of *Hercules*, reigned in *Latium* ; before whom there had been but four Kings in that Country. Those were, *Janus*, *Saturnus*, *Picus*, and *Faunus*. Whilst *Janus* reigned, *Saturn* being expelled by his Son *Jupiter*, fled to *Italy*, where being hospitably received he built a Castle, calling it after his own Name, *Saturnia*. At length he obtained the Kingdom of *Latium*, which he left to his Son *Picus*, and he to *Faunus*.

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In his Time *Evander* sailed out of *Arcadia*, and came to *Italy*, sixty Years before the Destruction of *Troy*. He built a Town called *Pallantium*, where afterwards *Rome* was built. Much about the same Time the *Pelagians* went out of *Theffaly* into *Epirus* and *Dodona* first; and then passing over into *Italy*, joined themselves with the *Aboriginal Arcadians*, who were got thither before them. These united their Forces, and expelled the *Sicilians* from the Country, who passing over to *Trinacria*, or the Island of *Three Capes*, gave it the Name of *Sicilia*, which it retains to this Day. When *Evander* had been five Years in *Italy*, *Hercules*, with a Company of *Greeks*, landing on the same Shore, was kindly entertained by him.

At length the Kingdom of *Latium* fell to *Latinus*, in whose Reign *Aeneas* came thither; and having entered into a League with *Latinus*, married his Daughter *Lavinia*; from whose Name he called a Town which he built in those Parts *Lavinium*. Then *Turnus*, King of the *Rutuli*, (being angry that *Latinus* had given his Daughter to a Stranger, rather than to him who was a Native, and to whom she was before betrothed) invaded his Country. But the *Rutuli* were overcome in Battle, and both *Turnus* and *Latinus* lost their Lives; so that the Kingdom fell to *Aeneas*, but he enjoyed it not long; for the *Rutuli*, at three Years End, came against him under the Conduct of *Mezentius*, King of the *Tyrrhenians*, now called *Tuscans*. And *Aeneas* being killed in the Battle his Son *Ascanius* took Possession of the Kingdom. He having made Peace with *Mezentius*, and quelled the rest of

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his Enemies, built a City which he called *Long Alba*, the thirtieth Year from the Building of *Lavinium*. In this City of *Long Alba* there reigned after *Ascanius* fourteen Kings, even to the Time of *Romulus* and the Foundation of *Rome*. The fourteenth of these Kings was *Amulius*, who over reached his Brother *Numitor*, to whom the Kingdom belonged by Right of Primogeniture. And to be secure of all Things, he made *Silvia*, the only Daughter of *Numitor*, a *Vestal*, that he might have no Fear of *Numitor's* Posterity. Yet *Sylvia* was got with Child by somebody, and brought forth Twins, who were called *Romulus* and *Remus*. These were exposed to the wide World by the Command of King *Amulius*, and privately nourished by *Fausulus* till they came of Years. Then being informed of their Birth and Extraction, with the true State of Things, they slew *Amulius*, and restored their Grandfather *Numitor* to the Kingdom: In the second Year of whose Reign *Romulus* built the City of *Rome*.

In the eighteenth Year of his Age *Romulus* was saluted King, when he had killed his Brother *Remus*, for leaping in Contempt over the Ditch he had made round the City, Thus he consecrated the Fortifications of the City with his own Blood. Put all this while *Romulus* had built but the Shadow of a City, since there were no Inhabitants to people and defend it. However, he quickly pitched upon a Method to supply this Defect. There was a Grove hard by, which he made a Sanctuary for all Sorts of Persons in Distress, and who were willing to make their Fortunes upon

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Hazard. This was proclaimed in the neighbouring Regions; and an innumerable Multitude of Criminals, Debtors, and Malcontents flocked thither from all Parts; besides Shepherds and other Persons, who only, through a natural Inconstancy, sought a Change of Life. So that there was a Gallimaufry of *Trojans* who came over with *Aeneas*, of *Arcadians* who followed *Evander*, and of several other Nations; besides the Natives of *Tuscany* and *Latium*. Out of these, as out of so many Elements, *Romulus* extracted the Body of a Commonwealth. But he considered withal, that this new Republick could not subsist beyond the Age and Lives of those who formed it, they being without Hopes of Posterity, as having no Women among them. To provide for this Inconveniency, they treated with the bordering People about Marriages; which being denied, they had recourse to Stratagem and Violence. They invited the *Sabines* and other Nations to come and see some Plays, which they promised to exhibit in honour of *Neptune*.

The Bait took; and Multitudes of both Sexes, especially the younger Sort, thronged hither to be Spectators of the *Roman* Novelties. When on a sudden, a certain Signal being given, the *Romans* leap'd from their Places, and rushing among the Strangers, every Man seized the Female that best pleased him, or that first came to hand, and made her his Wife. This was the Cause of speedy Wars: For the neighbouring People, who had been thus robbed of their Women, took up Arms to revenge the Injury. But they were routed, put to Flight, and one of their
Towns

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Towns laid waste. The *Romans* also took rich Spoils from them, which they consecrated to their Gods.

In the mean time, the City of *Rome* was delivered into the Hands of the *Sabines* by *Tarpeia* a Virgin; who, as some say, was corrupted with Gold by *Tatius* the Captain of the *Sabines*; whilst others affirm that she did it innocently, and with a Design to save the City instead of betraying it. For she asked, as a Reward of her supposed Treason, the Shields of the *Sabines*; thinking that being thus in part disarmed, they might easily be overcome by the *Romans*. But they, sensible of her Stratagem, promised what she demanded, and performed it accordingly; but in such a Manner, as plainly discovered their Revenge of an Injury, rather than Gratitude for a Kindness; for they threw their Shields so thick upon her, that they pressed her to Death. Then entering the City pell-mell, there commenced a furious Battle between the *Romans* and the *Sabines*. The Streets flowed with Blood, till the Wives of the *Romans*, for whose Sake this War began, came tearing their Hair, and running between the two Armies, at length brought them to a Truce and Agreement. Then a solemn League was made between *Romulus* and *Tatius*. And what is more wonderful, the *Sabines* leaving their native Seats, came with all their Wealth to live in *Rome*; communicating Part of their Riches to their Sons-in-Law, by way of Dowry. The Forces of the *Romans* being thus increased by the Accession of the *Sabines*, *Romulus* applied himself to the publick

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Administration with all Care and Policy. He appointed the Youth to be always in Arms on Horseback, that they might be constantly upon their Guard, and ready equipped against the Surprizes of War; that the chief Council of the Commonwealth should consist of the Seniors, who were called *Fathers* for their Authority, and *Senators* for their Age.

Affairs being thus disposed, one Day when there was a full Senate, *Romulus* being present, was on a sudden taken from their Sight. Some think he was murdered by Conspiracy, and cut into small Pieces by the Senators: Others say he was poisoned; but the general Report was, that he was deified. *Julius Proculus* was the Author of this; who taking notice that there arose a violent Tempest at the same Instant that *Romulus* disappeared, and that the Sun was just then eclipsed, insinuated to the People, that *Romulus* was become a God. Nay, he took an Oath, that he saw him in a much more august Form than whilst he was a Mortal, and that *Romulus* commanded them to adore him as a God, affirming, that he was called *Quirinus* in Heaven; and assuring them that *Rome* should conquer the whole Earth.

Numa Pompilius succeeded *Romulus*, being invited to the Kingdom by the *Romans*. who had a Veneration for him on the bare Fame of his Sanctity and Religion. He taught them holy Rites and Ceremonies, with whatsoever pertained to the Worship of the immortal Gods. He divided the Year into twelve months, and appointed the Holy-days. He ordained the Pontiffs, Augurs, Salii, with other Ranks of Priests

He

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He gave them the *Ancilia* and *Palladium*, which came down from Heaven; and he instituted the Vestal Fire. In a word, he persuaded them, that whatsoever he taught them he received from the Goddess *Ægira*. And this wrought so efficaciously on the Minds of the rude and ignorant People, that they came at length to govern that Empire with Justice and Religion, which they got by Robbery and Oppression. *Numa Pompilius*, as if he had made the Kingdom hereditary only to Men of Virtue, was no sooner dead, but the People elected *Tullus Hostilius* for their King, in consideration of his excellent Endowments and Merit.

He instructed the *Romans* in a more perfect military Discipline, and improv'd the Art of War. So that having trained up the Youth to a wonderful Promptness and Skill in Arms, he ventured to send a Defiance to the *Albans*, and invaded their Territories, tho' they were a stout People, and had lorded it a long time in *Italy*. But when many Battles had been fought between them, with equal Damage to both Sides; at length, to put an End to the War, and make the Losses of the Vanquished more compendious, they mutually agreed to decide the Victory, by a Combat of three Brothers on one Side against as many of the other. Those on the *Roman* were called *Horatii*, the *Alban* Brothers *Curiatii*. The Fight was fair and dubious, and had an admirable Event; for all the three *Curiatii* were wounded, and two of the *Horatii* kill'd; so that it seem'd difficult to determine which had the Advantage; one sound and

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untouch'd *Roman*, or three faint and weaken'd *Albans*. However, the surviving *Horatii* not presuming too much on his own Strength against such an unequal Number of Enemies, added Policy to his Courage, and made use of this Stratagem.

He counterfeited a Flight, that so he might separate his Adversaries, and engage with them singly one after another, according as they overtook him. His Plot took, and he vanquished all three; but he sullied his Victory with the Blood of his Sister, whom at his Return he kill'd, because she met him not with Joy and Triumph, but with Grief and Tears for the Loss of her Husband, who was one of the three *Alban* Brethren. He was call'd in question for the bloody Fact, but his Merit superseded his Crime; and the Fact which at another time would have cost him his Head, now serv'd but to augment his Glory.

Not long after this, there broke out a War between the *Romans* and the *Fidenes*, a People of *Latium* or *Tuscany*. The *Albans*, according to their late League, were obliged to aid the *Romans* in their Wars; wherefore they sent auxiliary Forces, under the Command of *Metius Suffetius*. But this Captain prov'd treacherous; for just as the two Armies were going to enter Battle, he withdrew his *Albans* to the Top of a Hill, where they stood *Neuters*, to behold the Fortune of the Fight, that so they might join the strongest Party. Which when *Tullus* perceived, he politickly cried out with a loud Voice, in the Hearing of both Armies, *That Metius had done this by his Command*. Then the *Romans* took Courage, and their Enemies being struck with Terror, were soon routed and overcome. After which

which the *Roman* King caused the Traytor *Metius Suffetius* to be tied with Cords to two Chariots, and torn in Pieces by wild Horses. He also ruin'd and quite demolish'd *Alba*, not looking on that City now as the Parent, but the Rival of *Rome*. However, he first transported to *Rome* all the Riches of *Alba*, with the Inhabitants, that so the City might not seem to perish, but only to remove its Situation, and be incorporated with *Rome*.

Ancus Martius succeeded *Tullus Hostilius*, being the Grandchild of *Numa* by his Daughter. He inherited his Qualities also as well as his Blood. He compass'd the City with Walls, and joined the Banks of *Tyber*, which ran through the Middle of it, with a Bridge. He likewise built the Port of *Ostio*, just by the Mouth of the River, where it flows into the Sea; planting there a Colony of *Romans*, as if he had then presag'd what afterwards came to pass, that the Merchandizes of the World should be brought in thither, as into the maritime Store-house of the City destin'd to conquer all things.

To him succeeded *Tarquinius*, afterwards surnamed *Priscus*. He was of foreign Extraction, yet obtained the Sovereignty by Elegance and Wit. For being the Son of *Lucumo* a *Corinthian*, who abandoned his Country and fled into *Tuscany*, where he was made King; this *Tarquinius*, polishing his *Greek* Nature with *Italian* Arts, insinuated so far with the *Romans*, that they chose him for their King. He augmented the Number of Senators, and added 300 Soldiers to the Troops that were already established; which was
all

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all he durst do, in regard *Attius Nævius*, an *Augur*; in high Request among the *Romans*, had forbid any greater Number to be added. These *Augurs* were a sort of Diviners, who foretold things to come from the Chirping, Flying, Feeding, and other Actions of Birds. *Tarquinius* one Day asked this *Attius Nævius*, “Whether the Thing could possibly be done which he then thought upon?” The *Augur*, consulting his Art, said, *It might be done*. Then said the King, “I was considering whether I could cut this Whetstone with a Razor.” *Yes you may*, replied *Attius*. And the King did it. From that Time the College of *Augurs*, first founded by *Romulus*, was held in sacred Esteem by the *Romans*. I should have call’d them the *Triumvirate* of *Augurs*; for there were but three at first out of every Tribe. But *Servius Tullius*, the next King, added a fourth. They were all Nobles. But afterwards they were increased to nine; and last of all to fifteen, in the Dictatorship of *Sylla*.

To return to *Tarquinius*: He was no less prosperous in War than in Peace; for he subdued twelve Cities of the *Tusicans*, with the Territories belonging to them. He invented Robes, and Ensigns of State; the Ivory Seats of Chariots, wherein the Senators were carried to the Council; the Gold Rings, and magnificent Horse-Trappings, which were given to the *Roman* Knights as badges of Honour: Also the Purple and Scarlet Robes; the Triumphal Chariot of Gold; the painted *Phrygian* Robe, worn by a victorious General, when he celebrated a Triumph; with many other Ornaments and publick Decorations, to set forth
the

the Majesty and Grandeur of the *Roman* State. *Tarquinius* being mortally wounded, his Wife *Tanaquil* perswaded the People, that all was well with him; that his Wounds were not dangerous; that he was only laid in a Slumber; and that in a little Time they should see him well again: In the mean while, she said, it was his Will and Pleasure that they should obey *Servius Tullius*, a Favourite of her's, who would administer Justice, and govern the People justly, during the King's Illness.

This *Servius Tullius* was the Son of a Prince of *Latium*, who being kill'd in a Battle with the *Romans*, his Wife was carried Captive to *Rome*; and being presented to Queen *Tanaquil*, liv'd free from Servitude under her Protection, and being with-Child, was deliver'd of *Servius Tullius* in *Tanaquil's* Palace. The Queen took a singular Fancy to the noble Infant, and gave him Royal Education, presaging from a Flame which she saw environing his Head, that he would be a famous Man in time. It was for this Reason that she perswaded the People to receive him as the King's Substitute, or Deputy for a while, not doubting, but that after they had tasted the Sweetness of his Government, and the Death of *Tarquinius* should be known, they would easily submit to him as *Tarquinius's* Successor. Her Stratagem had its desired effect; for *Servius Tullius* improv'd his Time so well in pleasing the People, that the Kingdom, which he obtained by Craft, was acknowledged by all as due to his Merit and Virtues. He first brought the People of *Rome* under an Assessment, whereby every Man's Estate was valued:

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valued : He divided them into Classes, Wards, and Colleges. And the Commonwealth was brought into such Order, by the exquisite Policy of this King, that the Difference of every Man's Patrimony, Dignity, Age, Trade, and Office, was registered in publick Tables, which rendered the Oeconomy of this great State as regular and easy as that of a private Family or House.

The last of all the Kings was *Tarquinius*, surnamed the *Proud*, from the morose and disdainful Haughtiness of his Temper. He married the Daughter of *Servius Tullius*, in hopes of succeeding in the Kingdom. But he not having Patience to wait for the natural Death of his Father-in-Law, hired Ruffians to murder him, and then seized upon the Kingdom by Violence. Neither did he govern the State with less Wickedness and Cruelty than that by which he obtained it ; for he denied Burial to his murder'd Father-in-Law, saying, " that he deserved not better " Usage than *Romulus*, who perished without a Sepulchre." He also slew the Chiefs of the Nobles whom he suspected to be in *Servius's* Interest. And his Wife *Tullia* was as bad as he : For as soon as she had saluted her Husband by the Title of *King*, she caused herself to be driven in a Chariot over the Carcase of her dead Father. Both of them exercised great Cruelty, and massacred many of the Senators. But the Pride of *Tarquin* was intolerable to all. Till at length, when he had spent enough of his Rage at home, he turned it against his foreign Enemies abroad, and took many strong Towns in *Latium*. How-
ever,

ever, notwithstanding all his Vices, he gave the World this Proof of his Piety, that out of the Spoils which he took from his Enemies, he raised Money, and finished therewith the Temple of *Jupiter* in the Capitol, which his Father *Tarquinius Priscus* had begun. The Story says, that as they were laying the Foundation of this Temple, they found the Head of a Man; which they interpreted as a good Omen, that *Rome* should be the Seat of a vast Empire, and Mistress of the whole Earth, as it afterwards came to pass.

The People of *Rome* bore with the Pride of *Tarquin*, but would not bear with the Lust and Tyranny of his Sons; one of which ravished *Lucretia*, a Woman of admirable Beauty and Virtue. The chaste Matron expiated the Disgrace by stabbing herself; and as she breathed her last, she charged *Brutus* and *Collatinus*, two Princes, to revenge her Cause. Wherefore they stirred up the People to assert their Liberty, and abrogate the kingly Government, which was as readily done as mentioned. And here was an End put to the Tyranny of their Kings.

The People of *Rome* having abolished the Government of Kings, transferred the Sovereignty on *Brutus* and *Collatinus*, the Champions of their Liberty, altering both their Right and Title. For they called them Consuls, not Kings; and ordained that their Powers should last but a Year; which being expired, new ones were elected in their stead. And the Reason why they had two, was, that if one proved guilty of evil Administration, Injustice, or Tyranny, the
other,

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other, having equal Power, might curb him, and rectify the publick Affairs. They were also called Consuls, to put them in mind that they were to do nothing arbitrarily, but in all Things of Importance to consult their Fellow Citizens. So great was the Joy of the *Romans*, upon this Recovery of their Freedom, that they could scarce believe it was true. But as it usually falls out in any surprizing Happinefs, all seemed as a Dream. And so inveterate was their Aversion for Kings, that they expelled *Collatinus* from the City, only because he was Nephew to *Tarquinius the Proud*; whose Name he also bore. *Valerius Publicola* was substituted in his stead; a Man singularly devoted to the publick Good. He owned himself the Creature of the People, and gave Power of appealing from him to them. And lest he might offend them by the lofty Building of his House; which also standing on a Rock, seemed as a strong as a Castle; he pulled down the upper Stories, and made it level with ordinary Houses. *Brutus's* Colleague was no less studious than he, to gain the Favour of the Citizens, even with the Destruction and Slaughter of his own Children. For when he perceived his Sons conspiring to restore the abrogated Monarchy, he brought them forth into the *Forum*, or Market-Place; and having caused them to be scourged with Rods, he beheaded them: Thus demonstrating, that as a Parent of the People, he adopted them in the Room of his perfidious Children.

The *Romans* being from this Time made perfectly free, first took Arms in Defence of their new-gotten Liberty,

Liberty, against the neighbouring King, next for the Bounds of their Dominions, then for their Confederates, and last of all, for Glory and Empire: Being on every Side invaded and molested by the adjacent People: For they had no Territories without the Walls of their City; so that they were no sooner out of the Gates, but they were exposed to the *Tuscans* and *Latins*, between whom the City was seated, as it were in the Middle. Therefore resolving to enlarge their Territories, they took one City and Province after another, till at length they became Masters of all *Italy*. Their first Expedition was against *Porfenna* King of the *Tuscans*, who took the Field with a great Army, having the *Tarquins* along with him, whom he undertook to re-establish in the Throne of their Fathers. He made fierce and resolute Advances, possessing himself of the Hill of *Janiculum*, and the Avenues of the City; where he besieged them close, and pressed them with Famine. Yet the *Romans* sustained all with admirable Bravery; and their stout Resistance had this Effect, that at length *Porfenna*, when he had almost vanquished them, made a League of Peace. He was chiefly moved to this by those Prodigies and Miracles of Roman Fortitude, *Horatius Cocles*, *Mutius Scaevola*, and *Clelia*. The first of which, when he was not able to keep off the unequal Throng of his Enemies, every where crowding on him, at length broke down the Bridge, and swam cross the *Tyber* with his Weapons in hand; the second attempting to kill *Porfenna* in his Camp, when by Mistake he had, instead of the King, stabbed his Visier or Secretary, and
for

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for that Fact was seized, he thrust his Right-hand, that was guilty of the Error, into the Fire, saying with a menacing Voice, " Think not thyself the safer, O King, because thou hast escaped my Hand, since " there yet remain 300 *Romans* who have all sworn " to make the same Attempt." *Porfenna* trembled, and was astonished at the Boldness of the Man ; whilst *Mutius* stood still undaunted, with his Hand broiling in the Fire, as a Demonstration of his invincible Constancy, and of the Truth of what he affirmed : Thus did those two famous Men behave themselves. And, as if a glorious Envy had fermented the Virtue of the Female Sex, a certain noble Virgin, who was given in Hostage to King *Porfenna*, escaped her Guards by Night ; and mounting a Horse which she found in the Way, swam over the *Tyber* on him. *Porfenna*, as if he was terrified at the Fortune and stupendous Resolution of the *Romans*, consented to a Peace. But the *Latins* would not let them rest so ; for they also attempted to restore the *Tarquins*, not so much in Love to them, as out of spite to the Inhabitants of *Rome*, being desirous to see that People at least subjugated at home, who lorded it so abroad. There was a bloody Fight between them ; and the Fame goes, that two Gods, *Caster* and *Pollux*, were present on white Horses, as Spectators of the Combat. Wherefore, after the *Romans* had gotten the Victory, they built a Temple to these warlike Deities, as a Stipend or Reward to their Champions. And thus far they fought for Liberty ; which having
been

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been successfully asserted and established, they were involved in fresh Wars, about the Confines of their Dominions. It would be too tedious to rehearse the various Battles and Encounters between them and the neighbouring Nations, wherein at last they always got the Victory, and extended the Limits of their Dominions far and wide. Such also, and so prodigious were the Actions, Exploits, and hardy Performances of this stout People, that when King *Pyrrhus* considered it, he broke forth into this Exclamation, “ How easy
“ were it, said he, to obtain the Empire of the
“ World, were *Pyrrhus* King of the *Romans*, or the
“ *Romans* Soldiers to *Pyrrhus* !”

Yet as fast as this victorious People enlarged their Territories abroad, so did their Seditions and Tumults increase at home; raised by the Ambition of some, and Discontent of others, till at length they had subdued all *Italy* to their Obedience: In which Enterprize they spent five hundred Years before they brought it to Perfection. Then, like a Fire which devours all the Wood it meets in its Way, till its Fury be stopt by the Intercourse of some River; so the *Romans* cease not to conquer to the very Shores of *Italy*. But when they considered *Sicily* as a most rich and plentiful Island, only rent as it were by some injurious Stroke of Time, or Fate, or Chance, from their Continent; they resolved to unite these again by Arms and War, which could not be joined together by Bridges or Piers. And a very favourable Opportunity presented for this Purpose;
while

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whilst the confederate People of *Messina*, the chief Mart of that Island, complained of the Tyranny practised by the *Carthaginians*.

At that Time *Rome* and *Carthage* were emulous of each other; both equally Rivals for *Sicily*, and the Empire of the World. Therefore under a Mask of helping their Friends and Allies, the *Romans* betook themselves to the Sea, but with real Design to enrich themselves with Booty, and add this Island to their Empire; whilst the *Carthaginians* appeared like open Enemies and Pirates, without any Disguise. These having lost their Fleets in various Conflicts, their Fate yielding to that of *Rome*, the *Romans* made *Sicily* a tributary Province, and then reduced *Sardinia* and *Corfica*. Thus having expelled the *Carthaginians* out of all the Islands of the *Mediterranean* Sea, there remained for them to conquer on that Side but *Africk* itself; where also they landed, and took above 300 Places of Strength in a short Time, though they were stoutly opposed, not only by Men, but also by Monsters: For a stupendous great Serpent, a hundred and twenty Feet in Length, annoyed their Camp very much, near the River *Bragada*; as if this dreadful Beast had come into the World on Purpose to be the Champion of its native Country, and defend or revenge oppressed *Africk*. But *Regulus*, whose victorious Arms neither Men, nor Monsters, nor Fate could hitherto resist, made no Stop till he came with his Army before the Walls of *Carthage* itself, the Root of all this War. Here Fortune began to fall off from him,

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him, and proved his Enemy; yet so as only to give Occasion for the *Roman* Virtue to appear more illustrious: For though by the good Conduct of *Xantippus*, the *Lacedemonian* General, thirty thousand *Romans* were killed in one Fight, and *Regulus* himself taken Prisoner; yet so great a Misfortune could not make him lose himself, or sink into any Passion beneath the Constancy of an invincible Hero. The *Carthaginians* sent him as their Ambassador to the Senate of *Rome*, to propose a Peace, and the Exchange of Captives. But he was of a contrary Sentiment, and dissuaded the Senators from hearkening to any such Overtures; chusing rather to return to his former Captivity, there to be crucified, than be instrumental, in Word or Deed, to the least Dishonour or Disadvantage of his Country; so that, though vanquished, he yet seemed to triumph over his Conquerors. And his lamented Fate had this Influence on the *Romans*, that it made them prosecute the War with more Fierceness and Ardour to revenge the Blood of *Regulus*, than in hopes of Conquest. So deep are the Impressions of Love which a good General, living or dead, makes in the Hearts of his Soldiers. Thus the War was renewed again in *Sicily*, wherein the *Romans* came off Conquerors; and as an Evidence of the Greatness of their Victory, they shewed an hundred and twenty Elephants taken from the Enemy in the Field. Which would have been a great Prey, had they been taken in hunting, but now served only as a Trophy of a more expensive Conquest. This Victory was obtained in the Consulship
of

of *Mitellus*, which was followed by a terrible Overthrow at Sea, in that of *Appiu. Claudius*: Where the *Romans* seem'd not so much overcome by their Enemies, as by the Profaneness of their General, or the divine Vengeance: For he consulting the *Augurs* before he began the Engagement, Chickens were let out of their Coops to observe the wish'd-for Trepidation of the Corn they were to feed on. But the oraculous Birds would not taste a Grain: The General, disgust-ed at the fatal Omen, commanded them to be drown-ed in the Sea, saying with an impious Jest, *Since they will not eat, let them drink their Fill*. On the same Place was the *Roman Navy* sunk and destroyed.

There were many such Encounters as these between them for the Space of four and twenty Years and upwards; even to the Consulship of *Lutatius Catulus*; when the Enemy seem'd not to advance with a Fleet of Ships, well man'd and rigg'd, with all Necessaries, but all *Carthage* appeared upon the Sea with the Woods and Forests round about it. This proved its Ruin: For they were too heavy for Service; whereas the *Roman Navy* was light and expeditious, like a removing Camp in the Sea. In a word, they set upon the *Carthaginians* so furiously, and shattered their Vessels with such Speed, that all the Sea between *Sardinia* and *Sicily* was covered with dismal Wrecks. And this Victory was so great, that they had no farther Thoughts of sailing to *Africk*, and razing the Walls of their Enemies; that being counted needless, since *Carthage* was now extinguished in the Sea.

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After this War was finished, the *Romans* enjoyed a short Rest, as it were to breathe themselves. And as a Demonstration of Peace, the Temple of *Janus* was shut up, it having been constantly open before from the Reign of *Numa Pompilius*. And this Distinction was the publick Emblem of Peace and War.

You will not have the Patience to read, neither is any thing very remarkable or entertaining in their Wars with the *Ligurians*, *Gauls*, *Illyrians*, *Macedonians*, *Syrians*, *Germans*, *Spaniards*; and, in fine, with the most potent Nations on Earth. It will be as irksome to be detained with a Rehearsal of their domestick Seditions and Changes of Government. Suffice it to say, that they grew worse by the Increase of their Empire: And after they had subverted *Carthage*, *Corinth*, *Numantia*, and other famous Cities of *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*: After they had subdued *Gaul*, *Thrace*, *Cilicia*, *Capadocia*, *Armenia* and *Britain*, and many other rich and opulent Provinces abroad, they began to make War among themselves, their former Virtues turned into Vices: The Seditions, Conspiracies, and Emulations of the *Triumviri*, the Tribunes, of *Cataline*, *Marius*, *Sylla*, *Antony*, *Pompey*, and a thousand other popular Commotions, helped towards the Confusion of this Empire, which seemed to be the Support of all Things: And this vast Empire is now become but a shatter'd Skeleton of ancient *Rome*.

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